

No. 9

FEB.

# AMAZING-MAN COMICS

10¢



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# AMAZING-MAN

## COMICS

10¢



AMAZING MAN #9 CCA 2/40  
 COVER BILL EWERT ★ 215 4TH ED -  
 IF C PETER ★ BUT NOT H.G. ~~PETER~~ GEO. LLOYD JACQUEST  
 AM 26. MAN BILLEWERT ★ BUS. MOR.  
 KING OF SMITHS & HAROLD HUGHES ★ RAYM KELLY  
 JUNGLE BATTLES R. L. GORDEN ★ A/LA ERNST +  
 IRON SKULL BURGOS ★ ~~MISSPELLED!~~ CHRISTMAN  
 MAGICIAN FROM MARS GUINIA ★ + M. MIRANDO ★  
 MINIMIDGET JOHN F. KOLB + EXT 110 S.G. ★  
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State of New York } ss  
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph J. Hardie, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the AMAZING MAN COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Joseph J. Hardie, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Lloyd Jacquet, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Raymond J. Kelly, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the name and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Corporation of America, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Joseph J. Hardie, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Raymond J. Kelly, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; E. L. Angel, 220 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOSEPH J. HARDIE, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1939.

BERTA M. HOLCEPL, Notary Public.  
Kings County Clerk's No. 337, Register's No. 1009  
New York County Clerk's No. 15, Register's No. 1H11  
Commission expires March 30, 1939.

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# AMAN - THE AMAZING-MAN

By  
**BILL EVERETT**

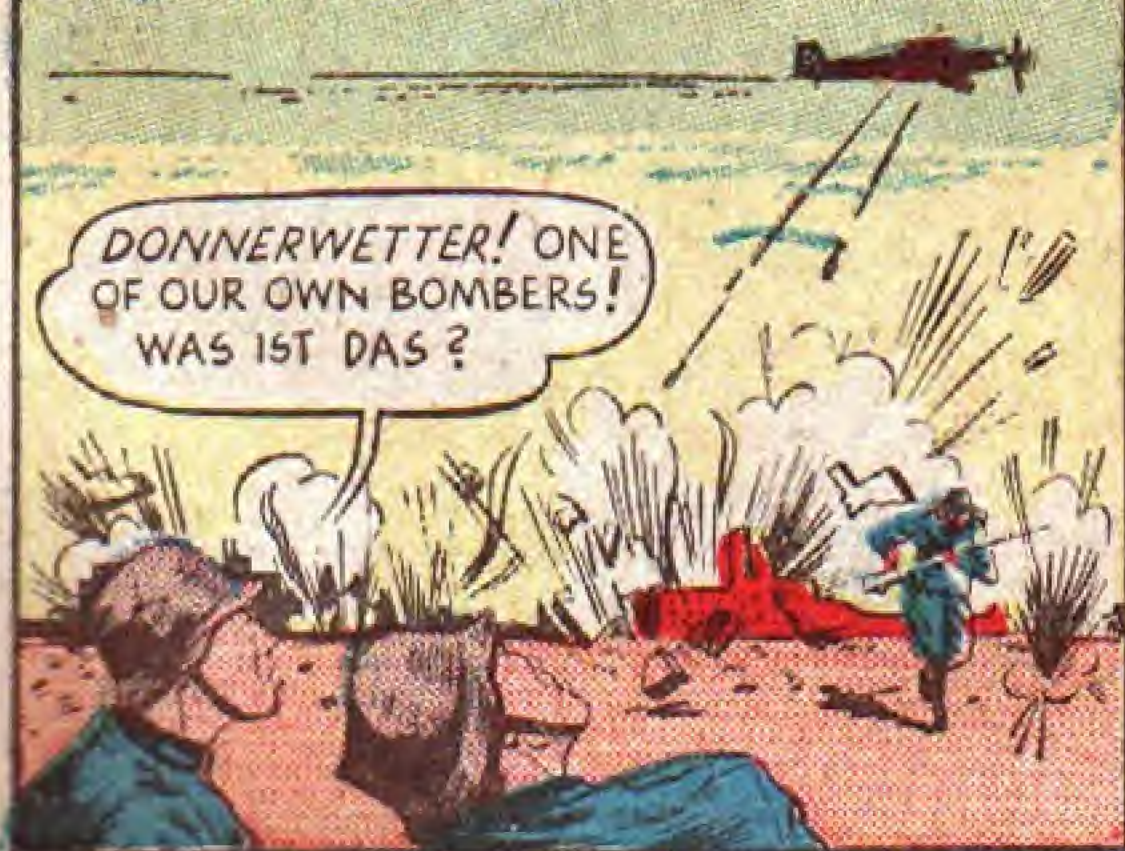
AMAN, THE "AMAZING-MAN" HAVING ABANDONED HIS PLAN TO AVENGE THE MISDEEDS OF "THE GREAT QUESTION," BECAUSE OF THE INTRODUCTION OF WAR IN EUROPE, STEALS HIS OWN PLANE FROM THE HANDS OF THE POLICE, AND FLIES IT TO THE BATTLE AREA IN FRANCE. HE HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY THE GERMANS, BUT ESCAPED WITH THE USE OF "THE GREEN MIST" ..... NOW WE FIND HIM IN A STOLEN GERMAN PLANE, BOMBING HIS WAY TO THE CAPITOL, BERLIN.....



THE PILOT AND OBSERVER ARE DEAD... IT'S UNFORTUNATE, BUT THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN IN MY WAY. I SHALL HAVE TROUBLE ENOUGH GETTING TO BERLIN IN ANY EVENT!



COLDLY, AMAN DROPS BOMBS ON EVERY BUILDING IN SIGHT!

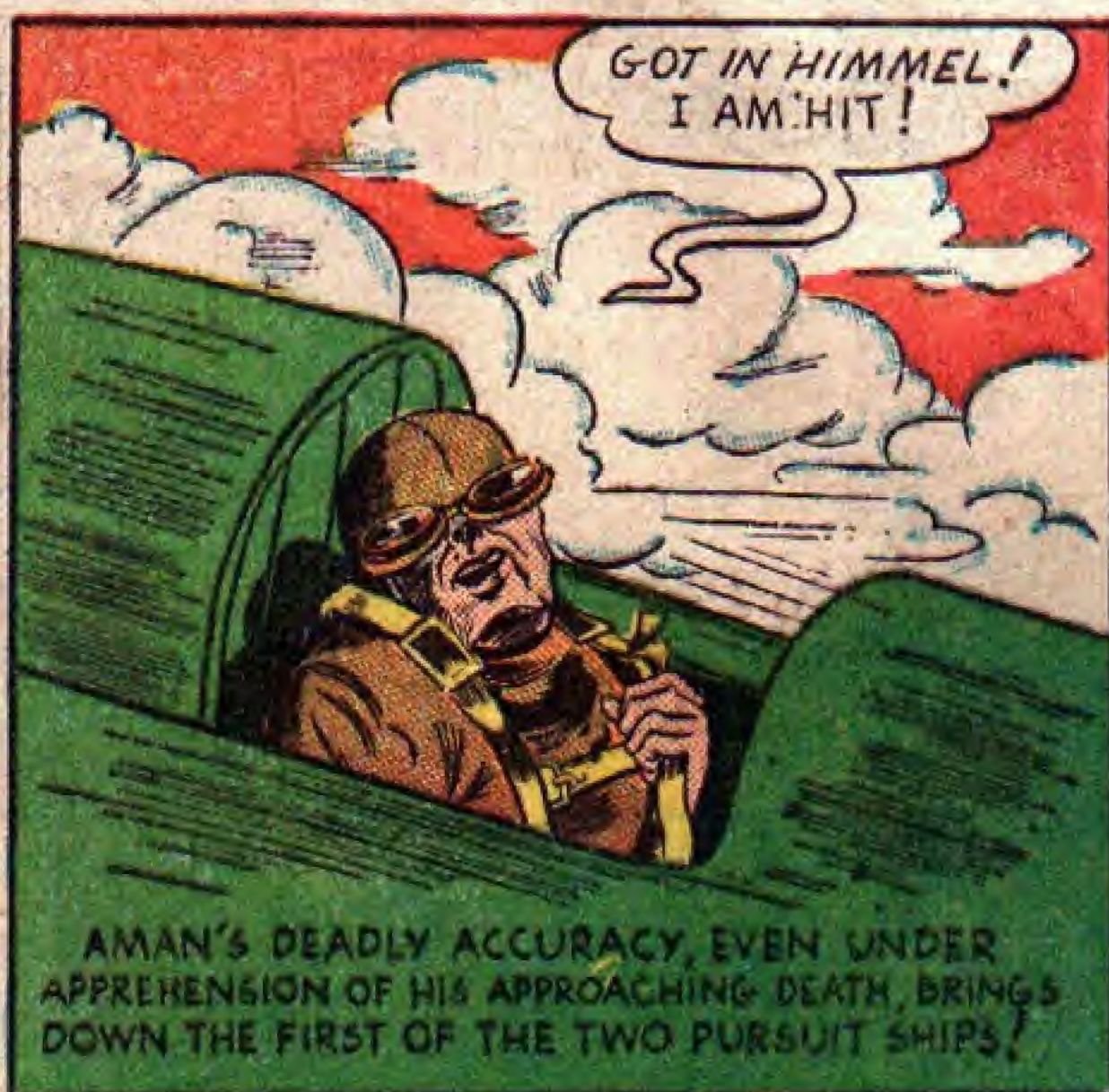
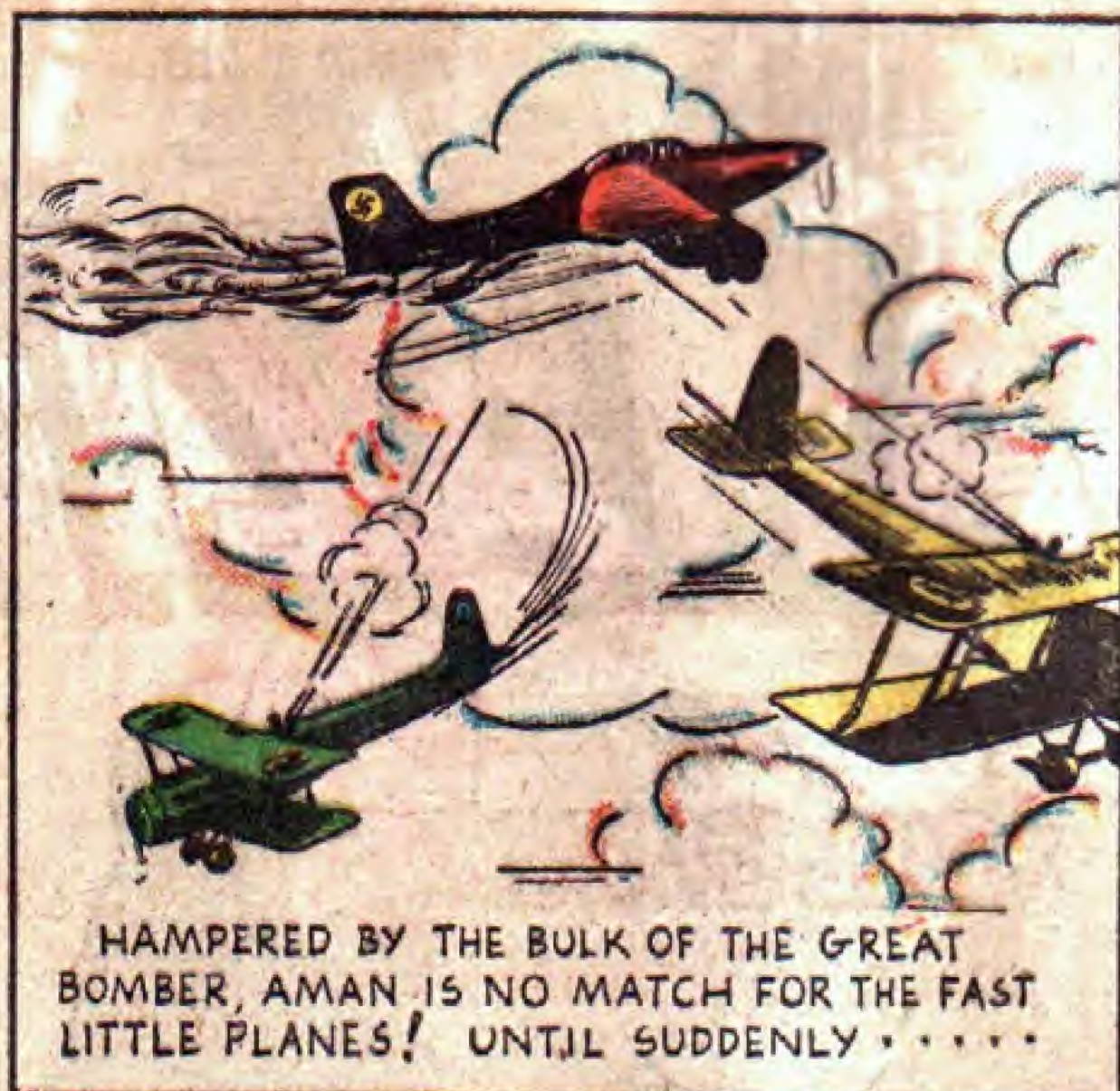


DONNERWETTER! ONE OF OUR OWN BOMBERS! WAS IST DAS?

MY SUPPLY OF BOMBS IS GETTING LOW, AND IT'S STILL MANY KILOMETERS TO BERLIN. I'LL HAVE TO... OH-OH! - HERE COMES TROUBLE!









INTENSE HEAT HOLDS THE GERMANS BACK, BUT SUDDENLY ONE OF THEM SPIES AMAN'S BODY LYING SEVERAL YARDS AWAY FROM THE PLANE...



GOTT! HE IS A TERRIBLE SIGHT! BUT I THINK HE IS NOT DEAD... HELP ME CARRY HIM TO THE GUARD-HOUSE, HERMAN



HE IS NOT A GERMAN, HERR LIEUTENANT... HE HAS A SLIGHTLY ORIENTAL LOOK ABOUT HIM... LIKE THAT OF A MONGOLIAN OR TIBETAN. I CANNOT UNDERSTAND HOW HE COMES TO HAVE BEEN IN OUR BOMBER!



IT IS A RIDDLE, HERMAN! I HAVE HEARD THAT THE INFAMOUS "AMAZING-MAN" IS RUNNING RAMPANT ON THE FRONT LINES, AND IT MAY BE THAT THIS IS HE. THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGELY FAMILIAR ABOUT HIS FACE. PERHAPS I HAVE SEEN HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPERS...



THEN IF THIS IS THE AMAZING-MAN, WE'RE IN FOR PLENTY OF TROUBLE, WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT!

HO! YOU JEST, HERMAN! WE ARE NAZIS... AND HE IS POWERLESS!



POWERLESS?... PERHAPS. BUT IT IS TERRIBLE TO THINK OF WHAT HE HAS DONE! WHEN DER FÜHRER LEARNS OF HIS CAPTURE, WE WILL BE WELL REWARDED, HERR LIEUTENANT!



AND AS THE OFFICERS TURN AWAY, AMAN RISES TO HIS ELBOW, STILL STUNNED BY THE SHOCK OF THE CRASH.

OH-OH! TROUBLE AGAIN! WHAT NOW?



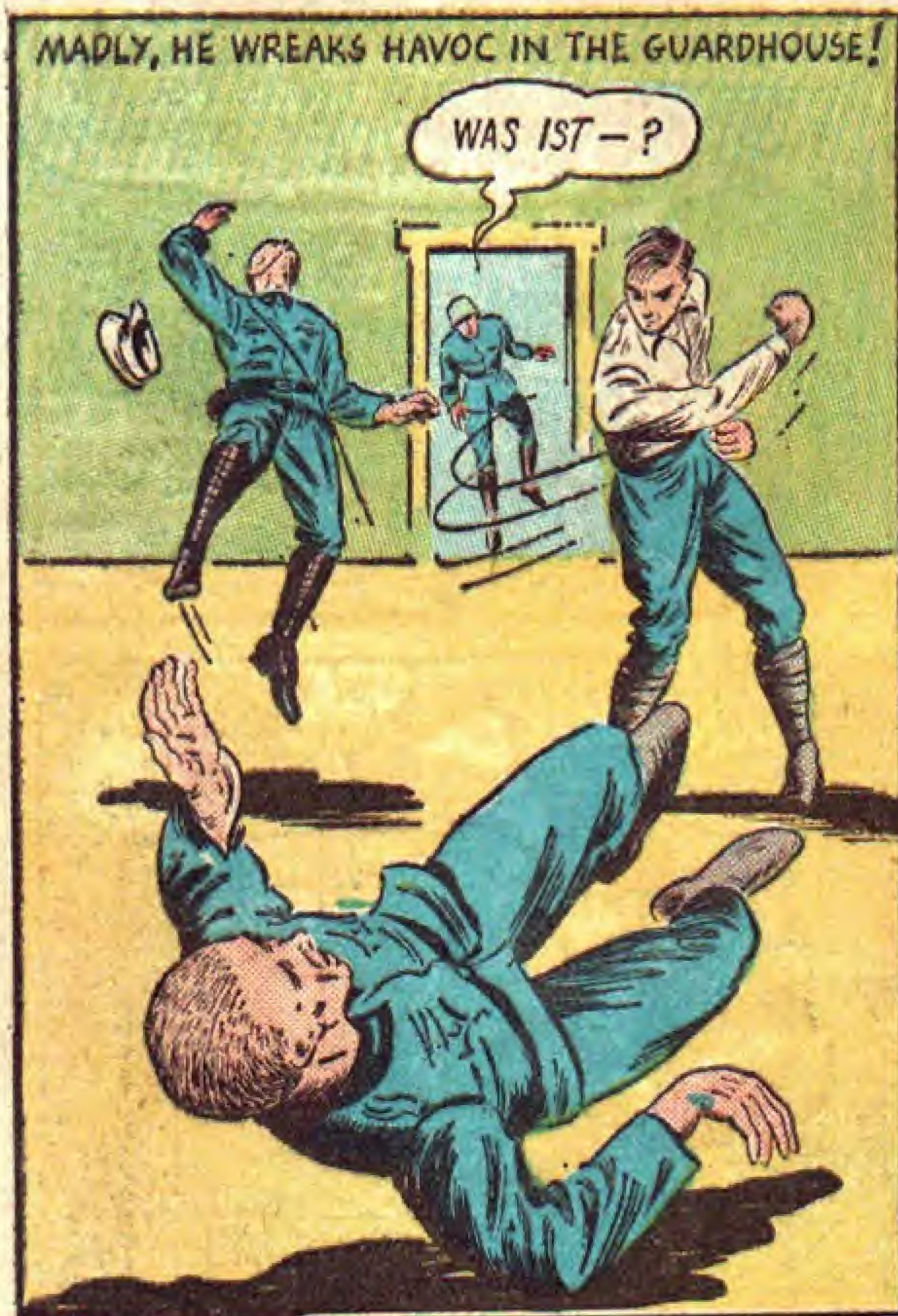




HE IS CONSCIOUS,  
LIEUTENANT,  
**LOOK OUT!**



AMAN, SUMMONING HIS DEPLETED STRENGTH,  
LEAPS AT THE NAZI CAPTORS!



MADLY, HE WREAKS HAVOC IN THE GUARDHOUSE!

WAS IST — ?



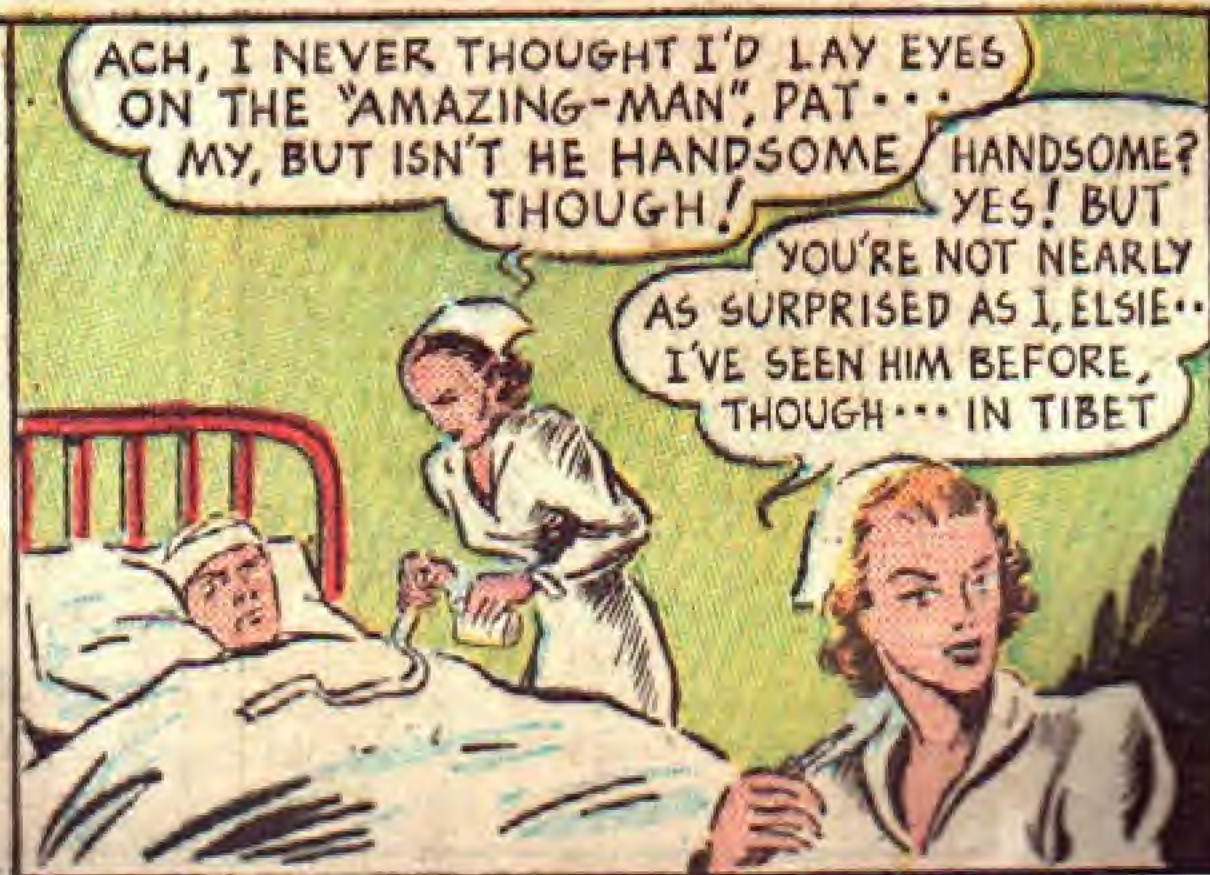
THANK THE LORD YOU  
CAME, KARL! HE NEARLY  
HAD US FINISHED! BUT HE IS  
IN BAD SHAPE... WE MUST  
GET HIM TO A FIELD  
HOSPITAL.

BUT IN HIS WEAKENED CONDITION, HE IS OVER-  
WHELMED WHEN ANOTHER GUARD ENTERS . . . .



DONNERWETTER! IT IS THE  
"AMAZING-MAN"! HOW DID  
YOU EVER CAPTURE HIM,  
HERR LIEUTENANT?

TWENTY MINUTES  
LATER, AMAN  
IS ADMITTED  
TO THE NAZI  
FIELD HOSPITAL  
MANY FEET  
BELOW THE  
SURFACE OF THE  
GROUND IN THE  
MODERN  
FORTIFICATIONS  
OF THE  
SIEGFRIED LINE



ACH, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LAY EYES  
ON THE "AMAZING-MAN", PAT...  
MY, BUT ISN'T HE HANDSOME  
THOUGH!

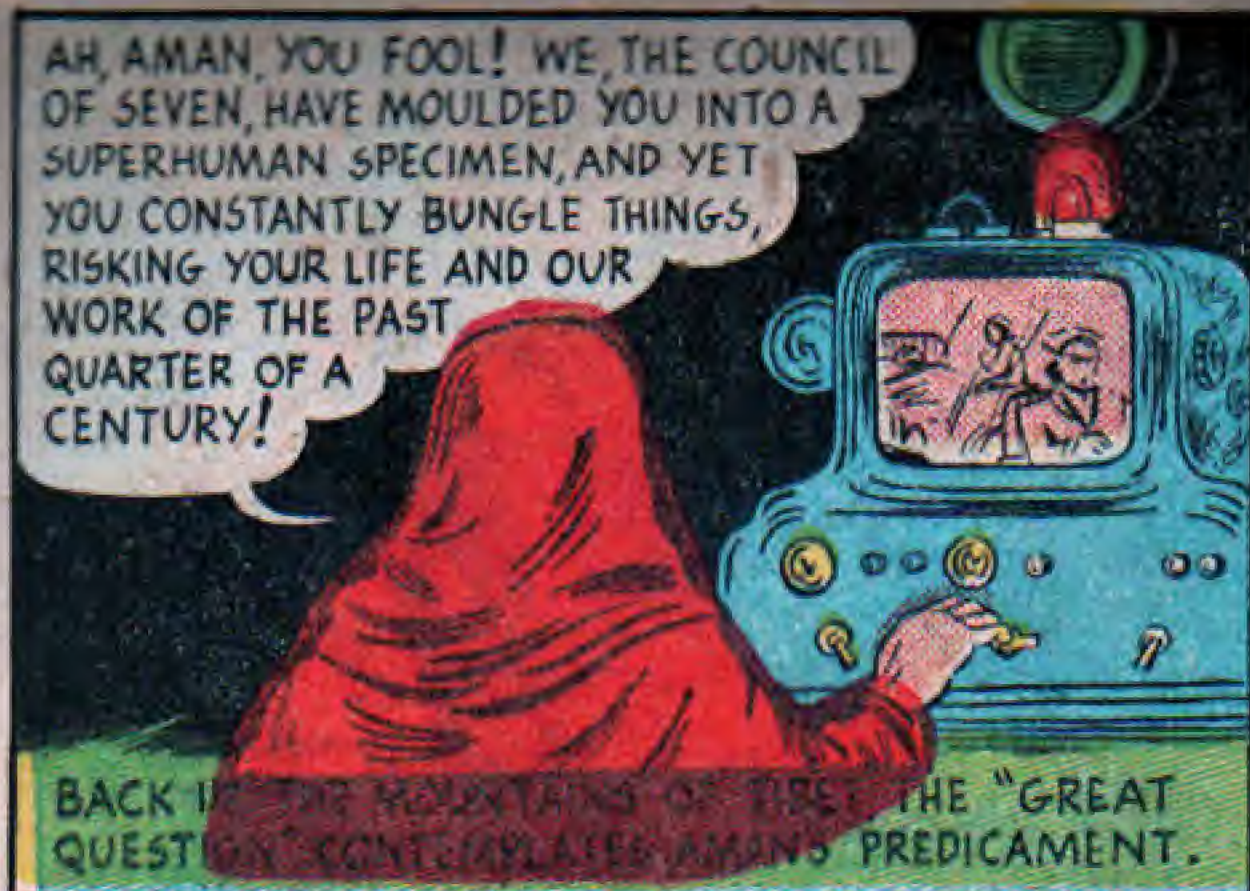
HANDSOME?  
YES! BUT

YOU'RE NOT NEARLY  
AS SURPRISED AS I, ELSIE...  
I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE,  
THOUGH... IN TIBET



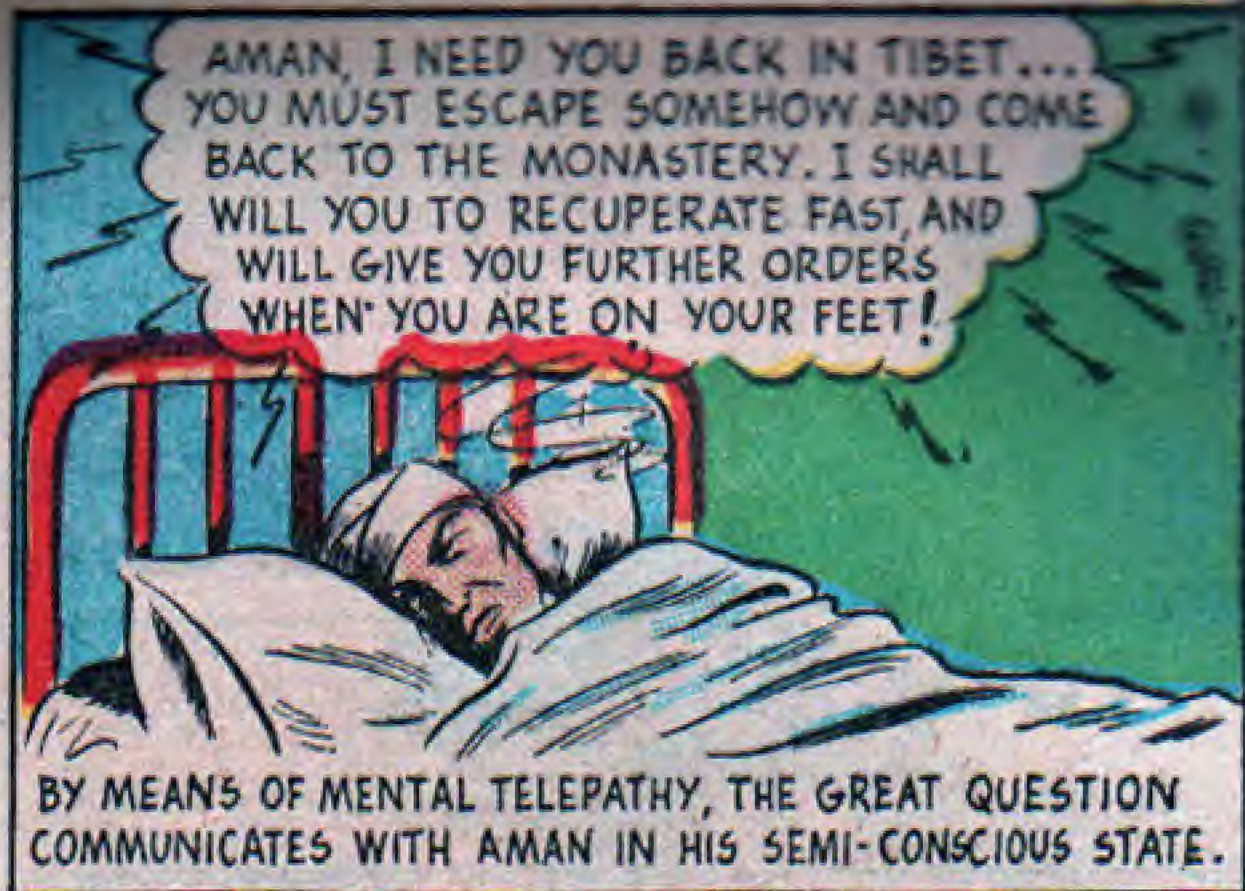
TWO YEARS AGO I WAS IN TIBET  
WITH MY FATHER, AN EXPLORER.  
WE SAW THE AMAZING-MAN THEN,  
WHEN HE WAS STILL IN TRAINING.  
HE'S A REMARKABLE  
BOY, AND HE IS...  
HANDSOME!





AH, AMAN, YOU FOOL! WE, THE COUNCIL OF SEVEN, HAVE MOULDED YOU INTO A SUPERHUMAN SPECIMEN, AND YET YOU CONSTANTLY BUNGLE THINGS, RISKING YOUR LIFE AND OUR WORK OF THE PAST QUARTER OF A CENTURY!

BACK IN THE MOUNTAINS OF TIBET THE "GREAT QUESTION" CONTEMPLATES AMAN'S PREDICAMENT.



AMAN, I NEED YOU BACK IN TIBET... YOU MUST ESCAPE SOMEHOW AND COME BACK TO THE MONASTERY. I SHALL WILL YOU TO RECUPERATE FAST, AND WILL GIVE YOU FURTHER ORDERS WHEN YOU ARE ON YOUR FEET!

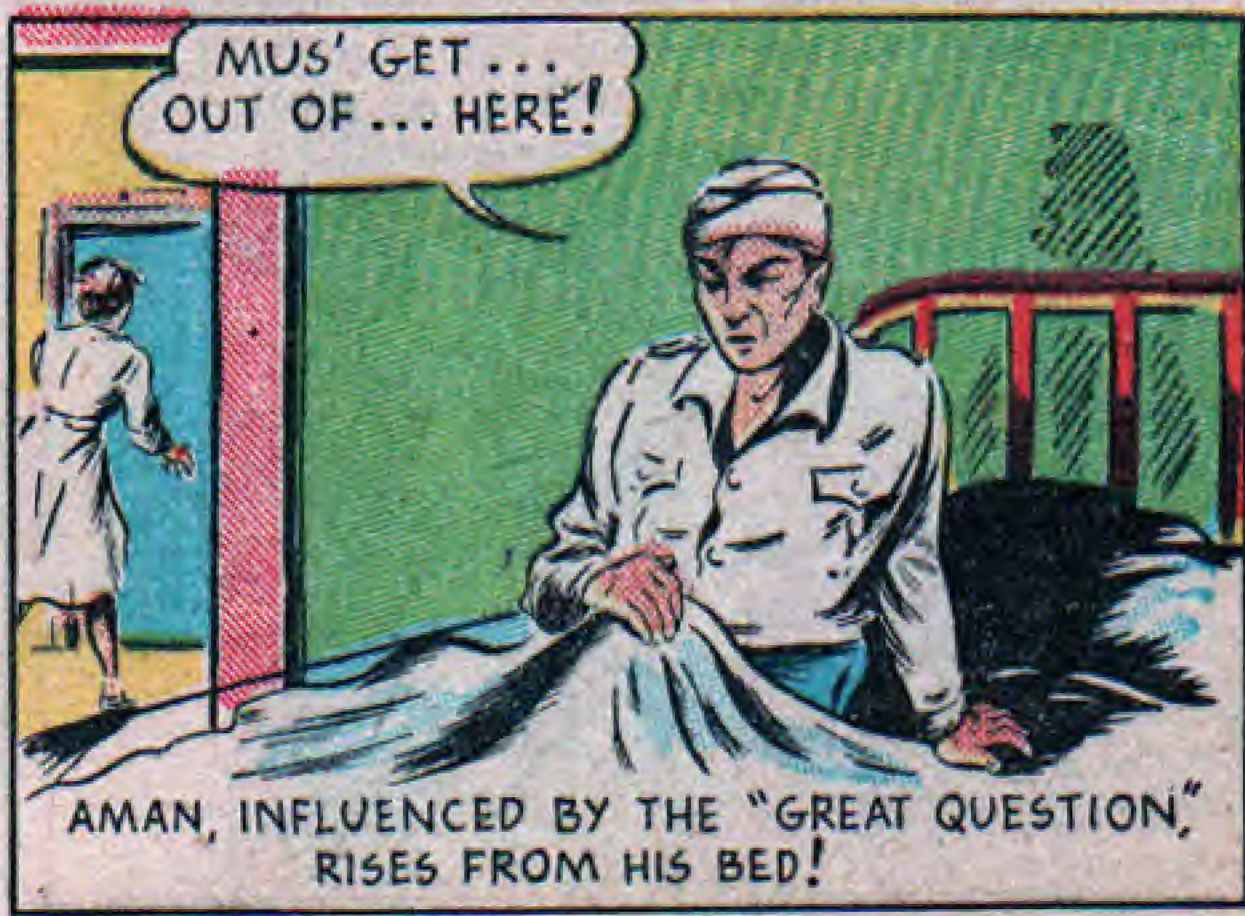
BY MEANS OF MENTAL TELEPATHY, THE GREAT QUESTION COMMUNICATES WITH AMAN IN HIS SEMI-CONSCIOUS STATE.



HE'S ACTING DELIRIOUS, PAT.... SHALL WE CALL THE DOCTOR?

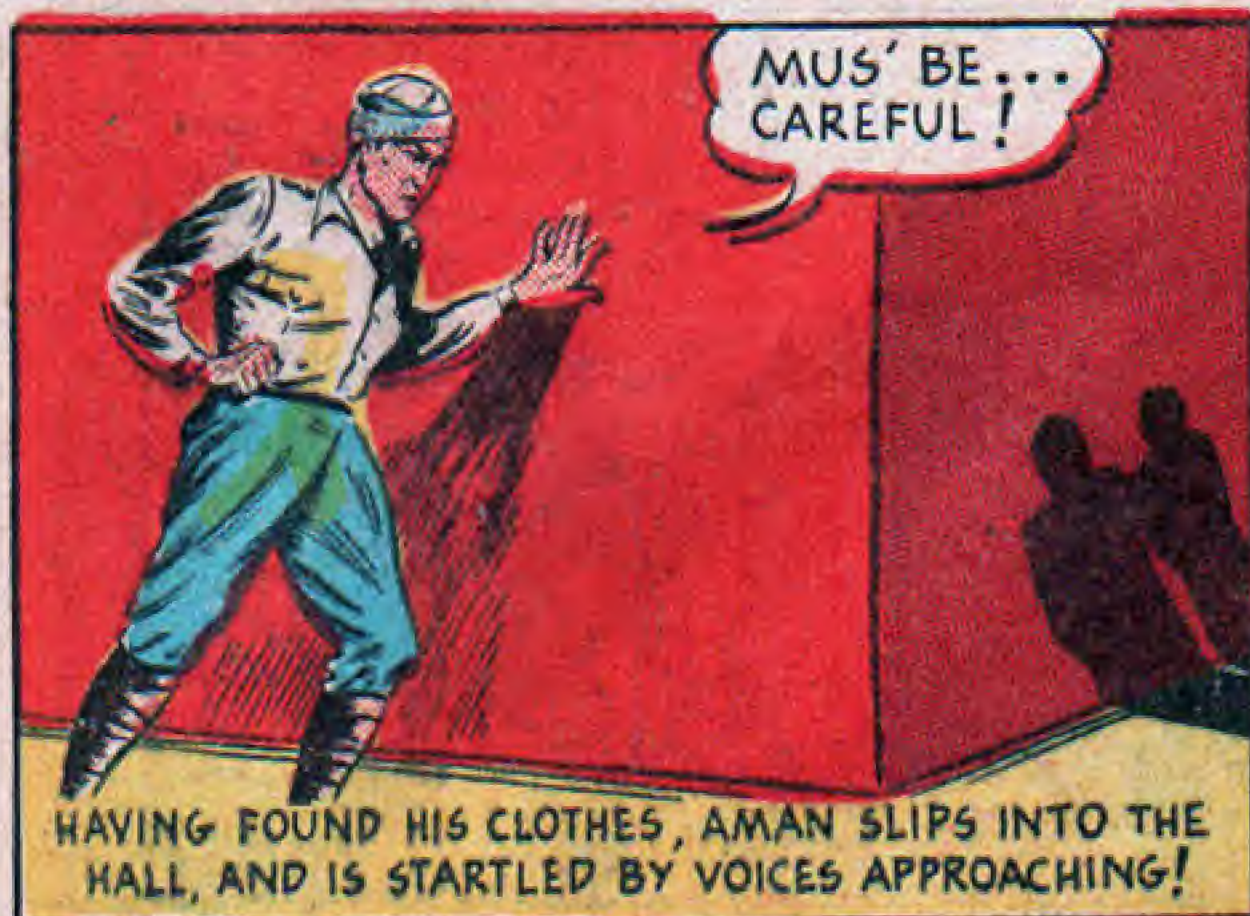
Y-YES! I'M C-COMING!

YES! YOU PREPARE A HYPO.... I'LL GET HIM!



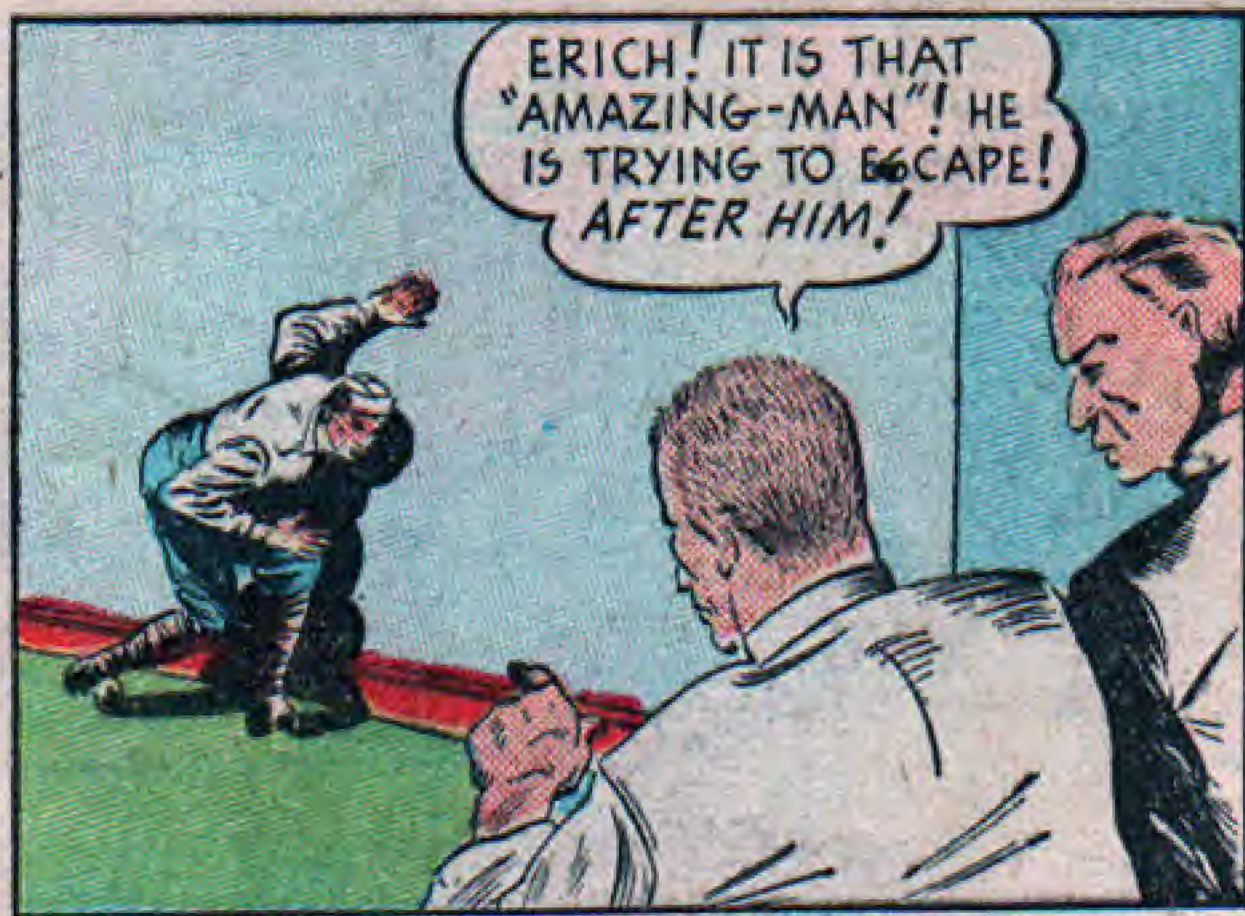
MUS' GET ... OUT OF ... HERE!

AMAN, INFLUENCED BY THE "GREAT QUESTION," RISES FROM HIS BED!



MUS' BE ... CAREFUL!

HAVING FOUND HIS CLOTHES, AMAN SLIPS INTO THE HALL, AND IS STARTLED BY VOICES APPROACHING!



ERICH! IT IS THAT "AMAZING-MAN"! HE IS TRYING TO ESCAPE! AFTER HIM!



DIVE FOR HIM, ERICH!



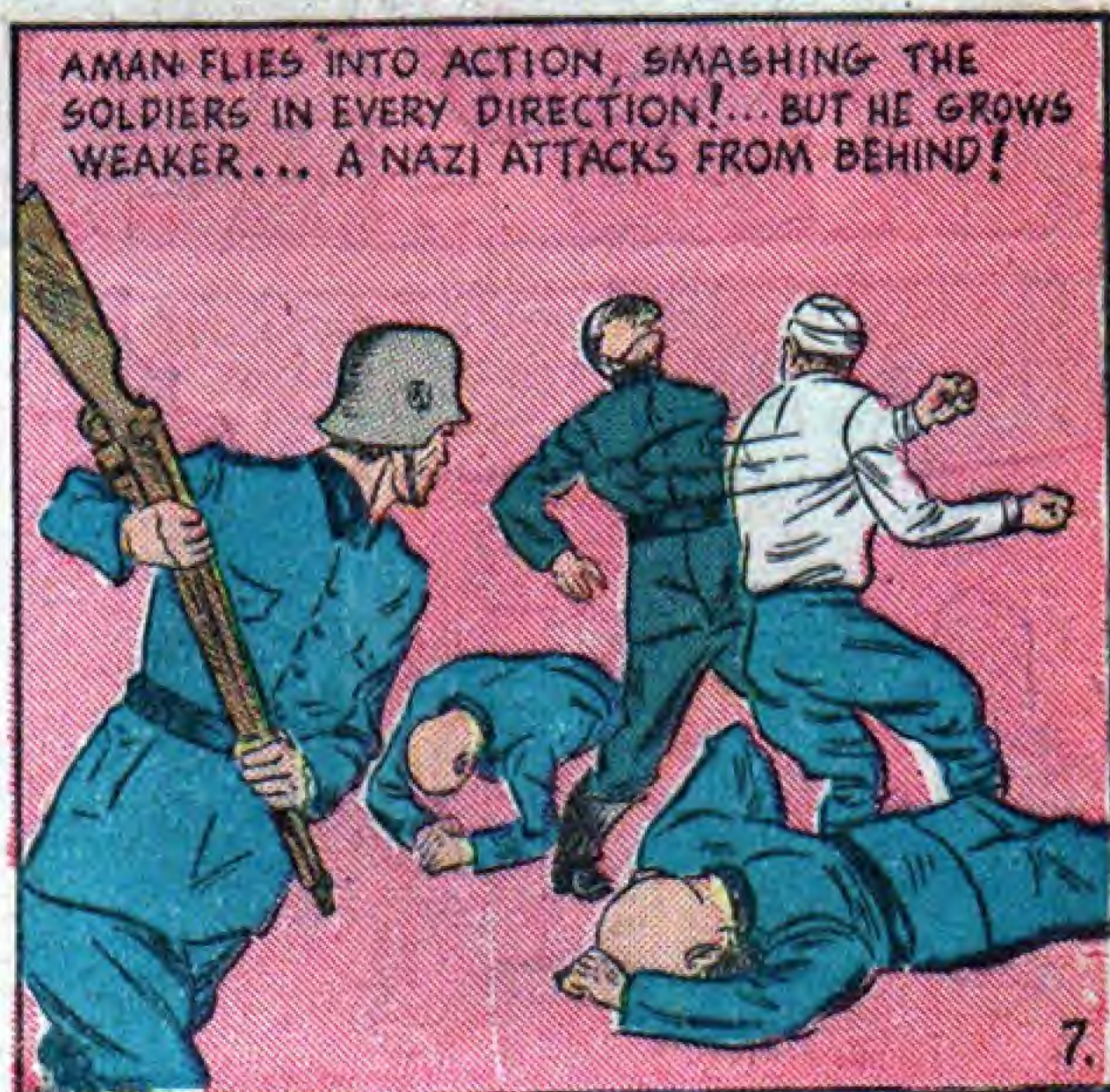
NOT SO FAST, MY FRIENDS!

THE FIGHT IS ON! AMAN WITH THE SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH OF A MADMAN, RIPS INTO HIS OPPONENTS WITH A VENGEANCE!

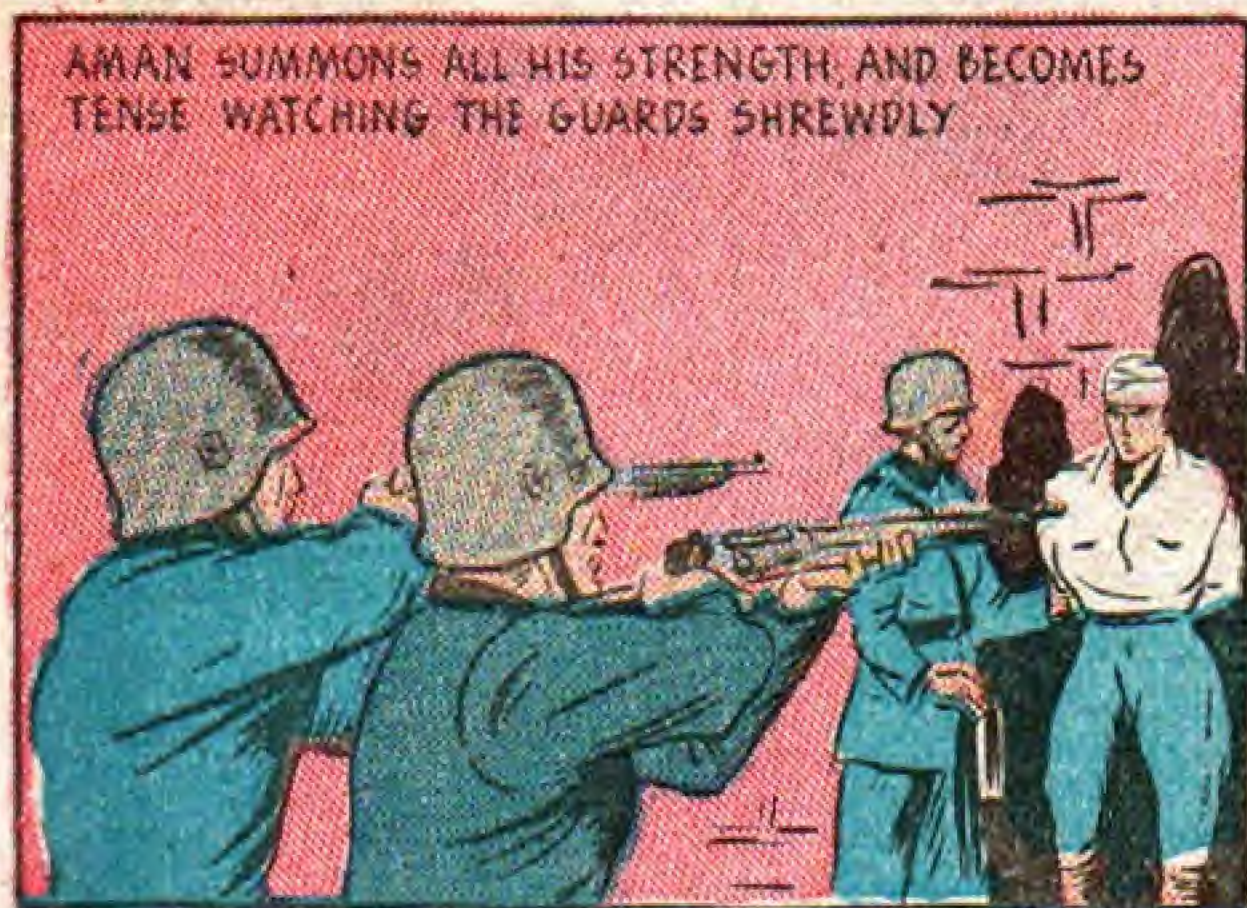
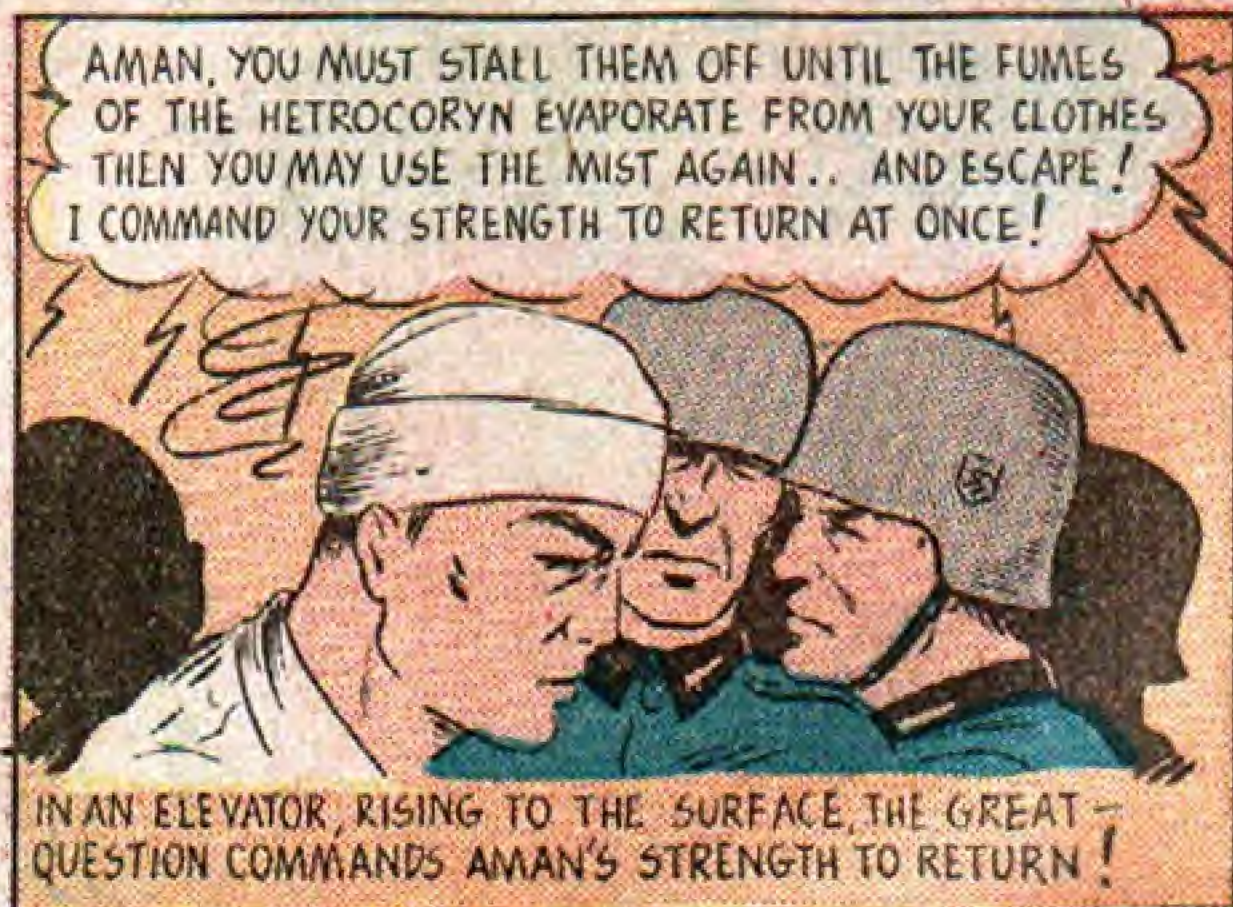
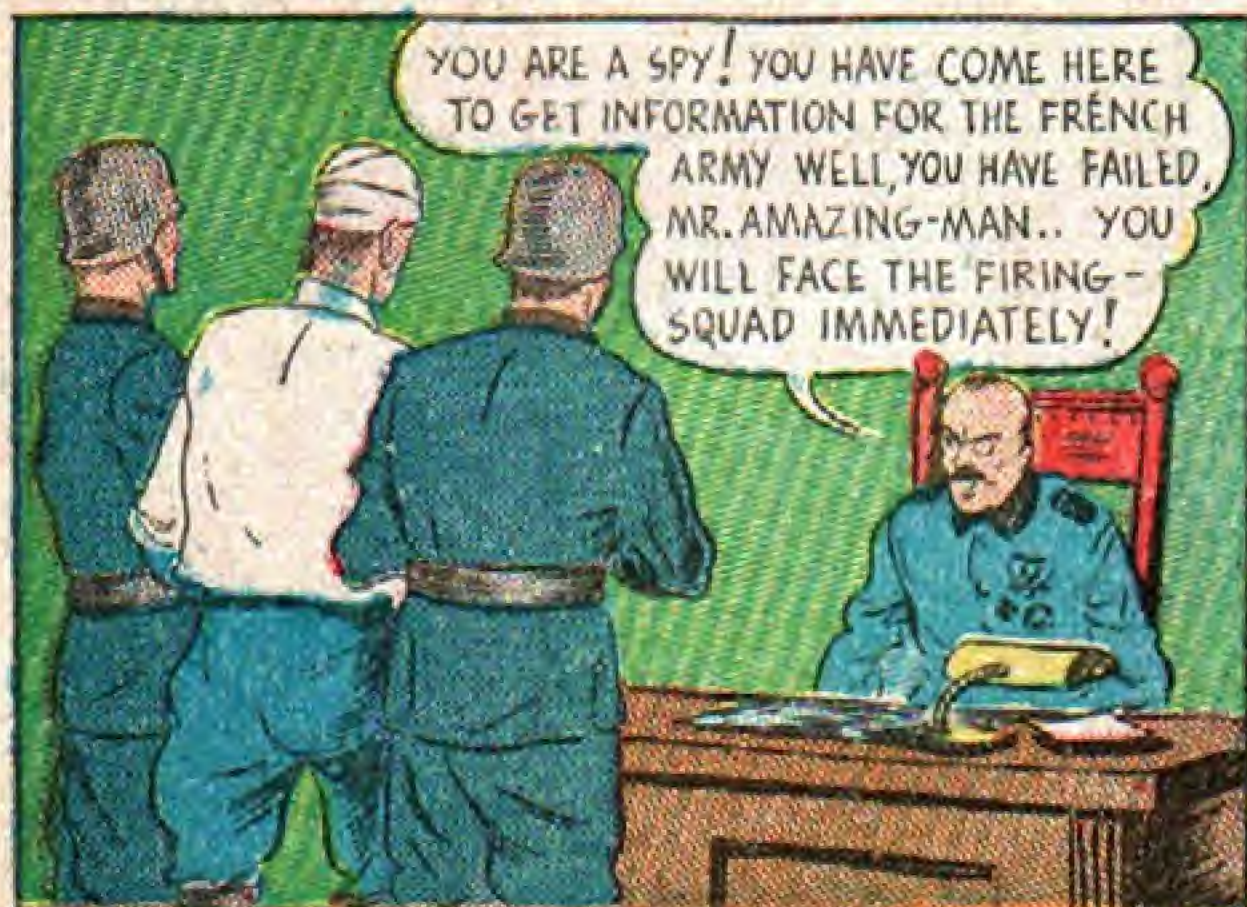




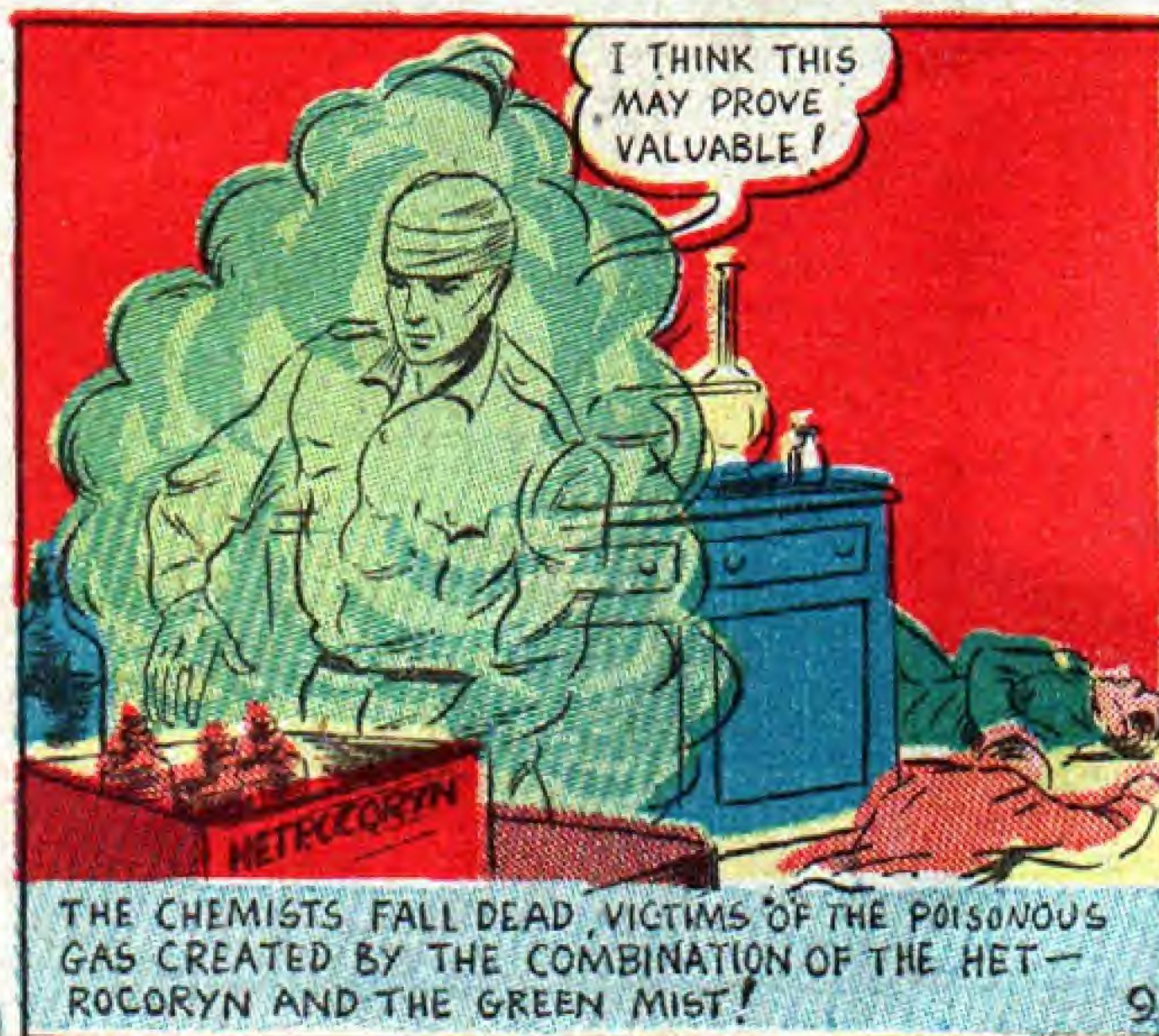
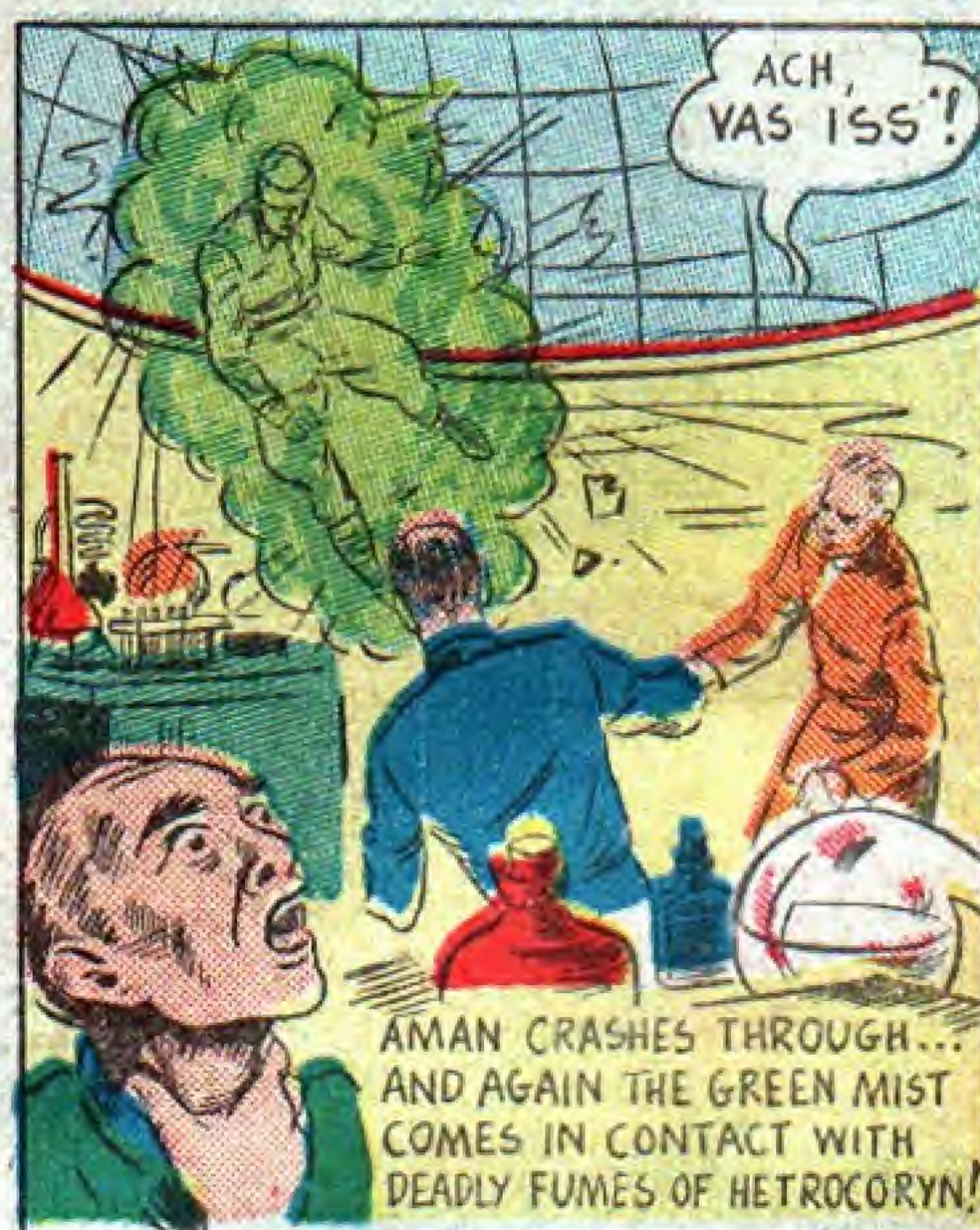
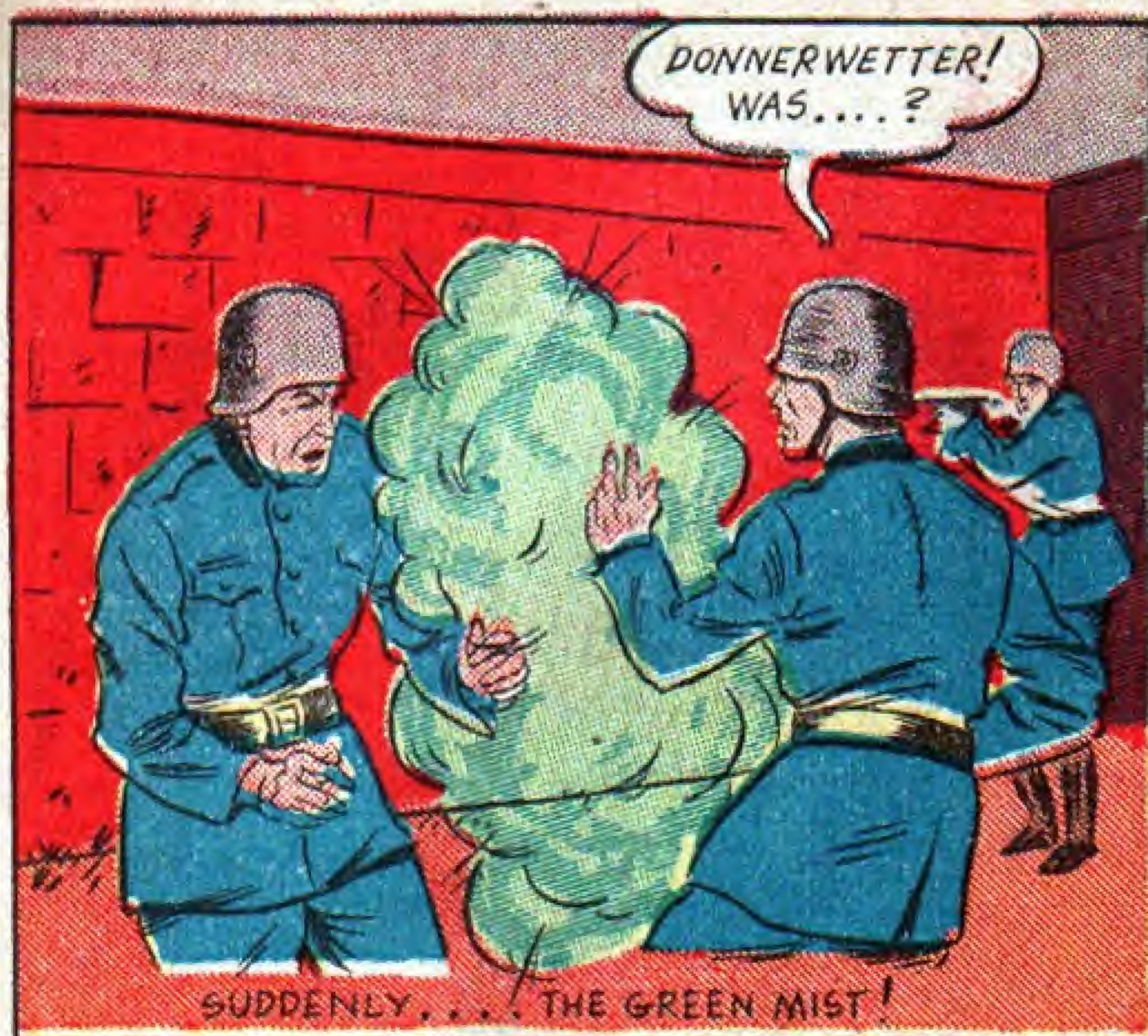




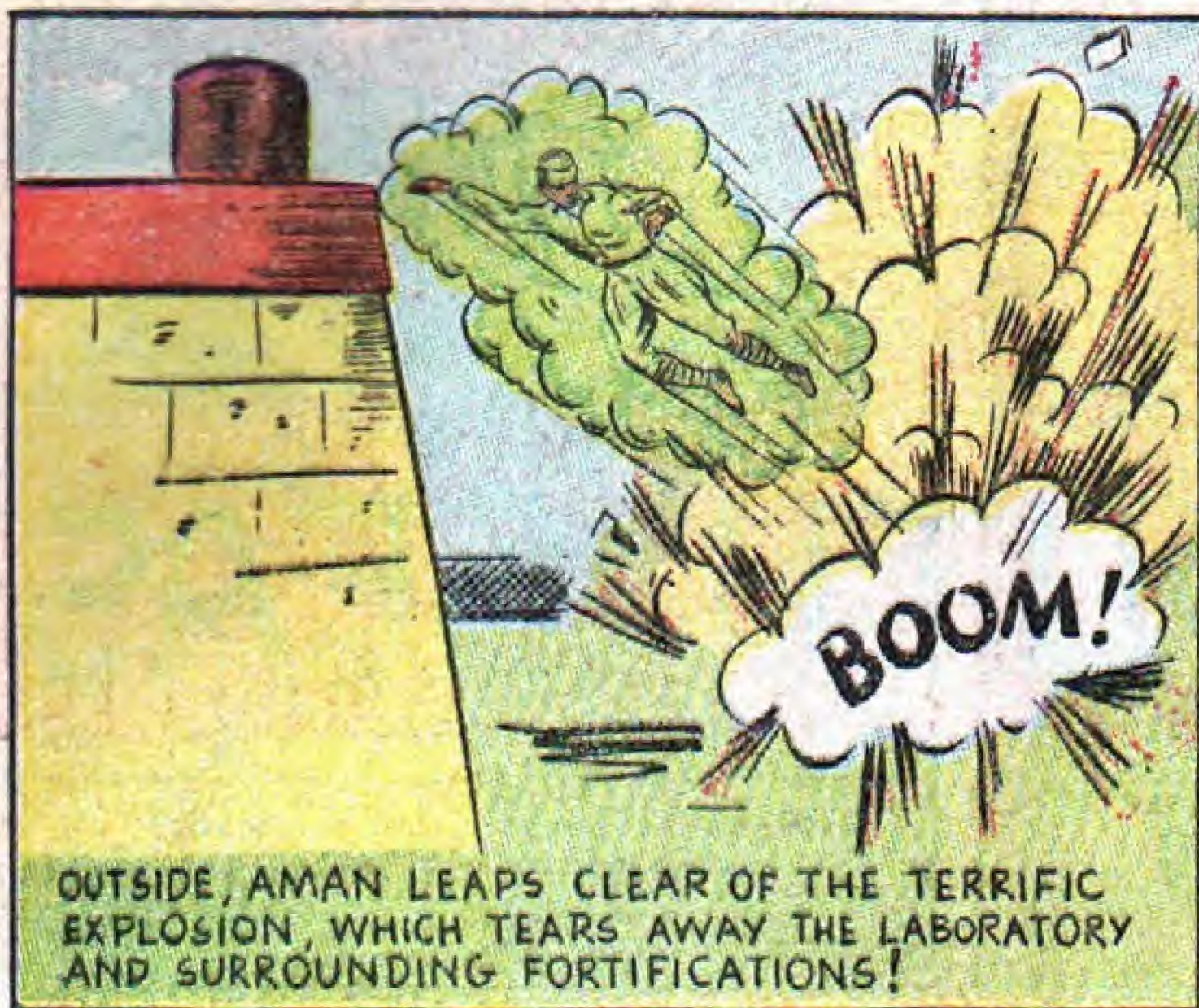








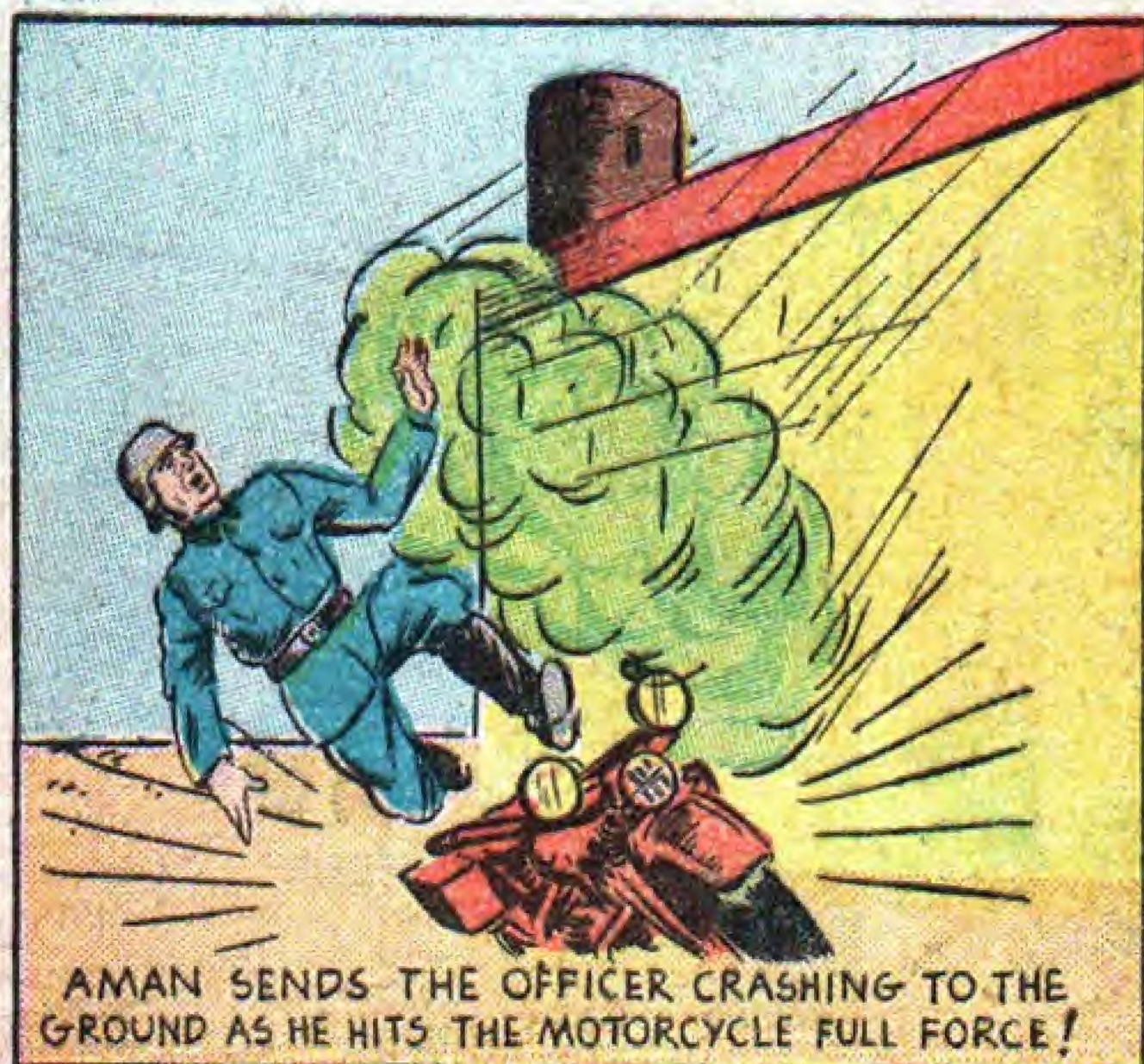




OUTSIDE, AMAN LEAPS CLEAR OF THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION, WHICH TEARS AWAY THE LABORATORY AND SURROUNDING FORTIFICATIONS!



AH! A MEANS OF RAPID ESCAPE... THE MOTORCYCLE!



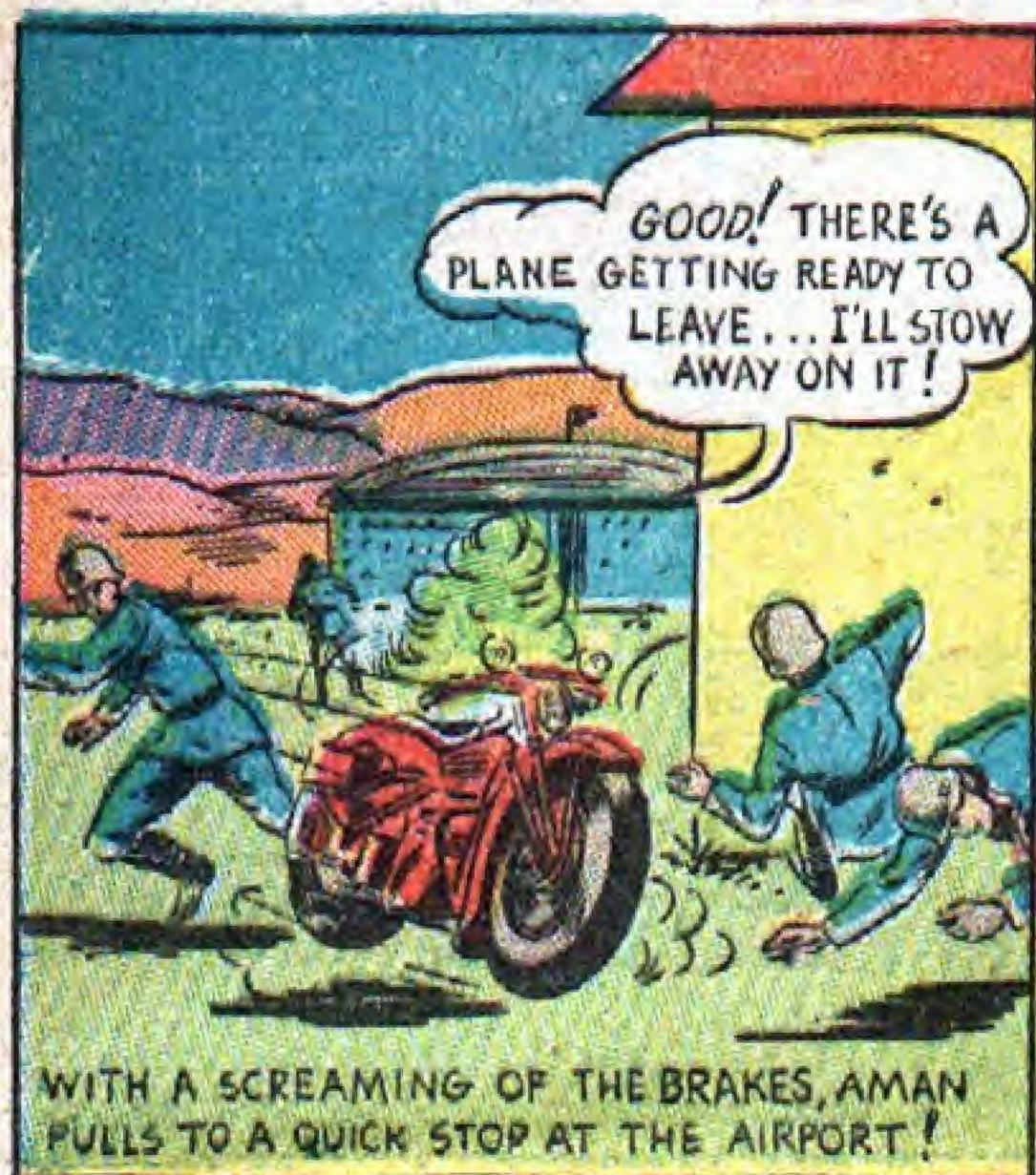
AMAN SENDS THE OFFICER CRASHING TO THE GROUND AS HE HITS THE MOTORCYCLE FULL FORCE!



DONNERWETTER! DID YOU SEE THAT, WILHELM?

I'LL HEAD FOR THE AIRPORT... I CAN GET A PLANE THERE, TO CARRY ME AWAY FROM THIS NEST OF RATS!

THREE MINUTES LATER, AMAN SPEEDS PAST A TRAIN OF ARMoured CARS AND TANKS....



GOOD! THERE'S A PLANE GETTING READY TO LEAVE... I'LL STOW AWAY ON IT!

WITH A SCREAMING OF THE BRAKES, AMAN PULLS TO A QUICK STOP AT THE AIRPORT!



ARE YOU READY, JOSEPH? THIS FLIGHT LEAVES FOR MOSCOW IN THREE MINUTES.. YOU'D BETTER TAKE YOUR PLACE... THE MOTORS ARE WARM

AMAN SNEAKS BEHIND THE OFFICERS, AND ENTERS THE PLANE UNNOTICED...



THIS IS WONDERFUL! MOSCOW! THE FIRST STEP EAST ON MY RETURN TO TIBET... I WONDER WHAT WILL HAPPEN ON THIS FLIGHT?

WILL AMAN GET TO TIBET WITHOUT MISHAP? LOOK FOR YOUR NEXT ISSUE OF... AMAZING-MAN COMICS!



# THE KING

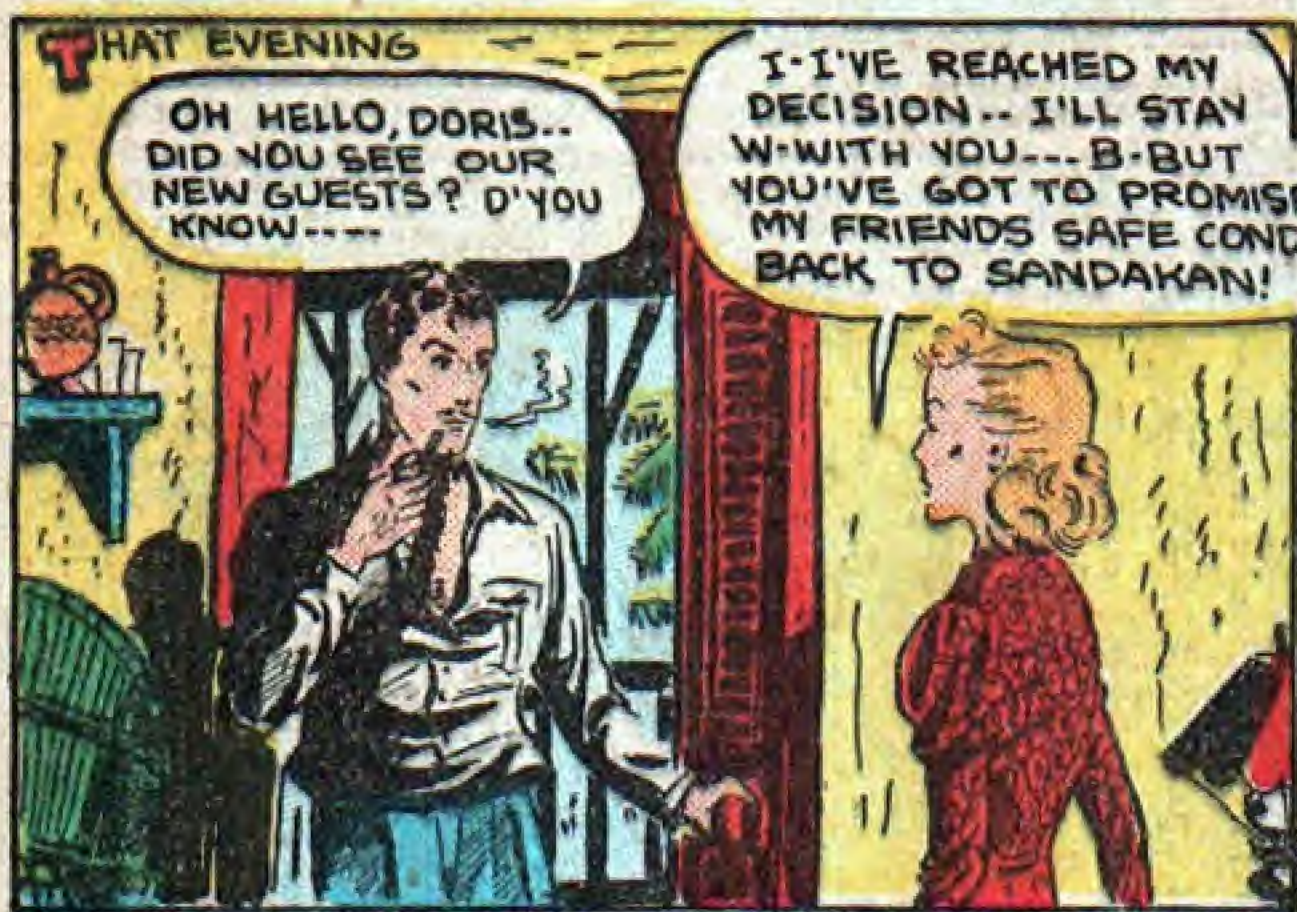
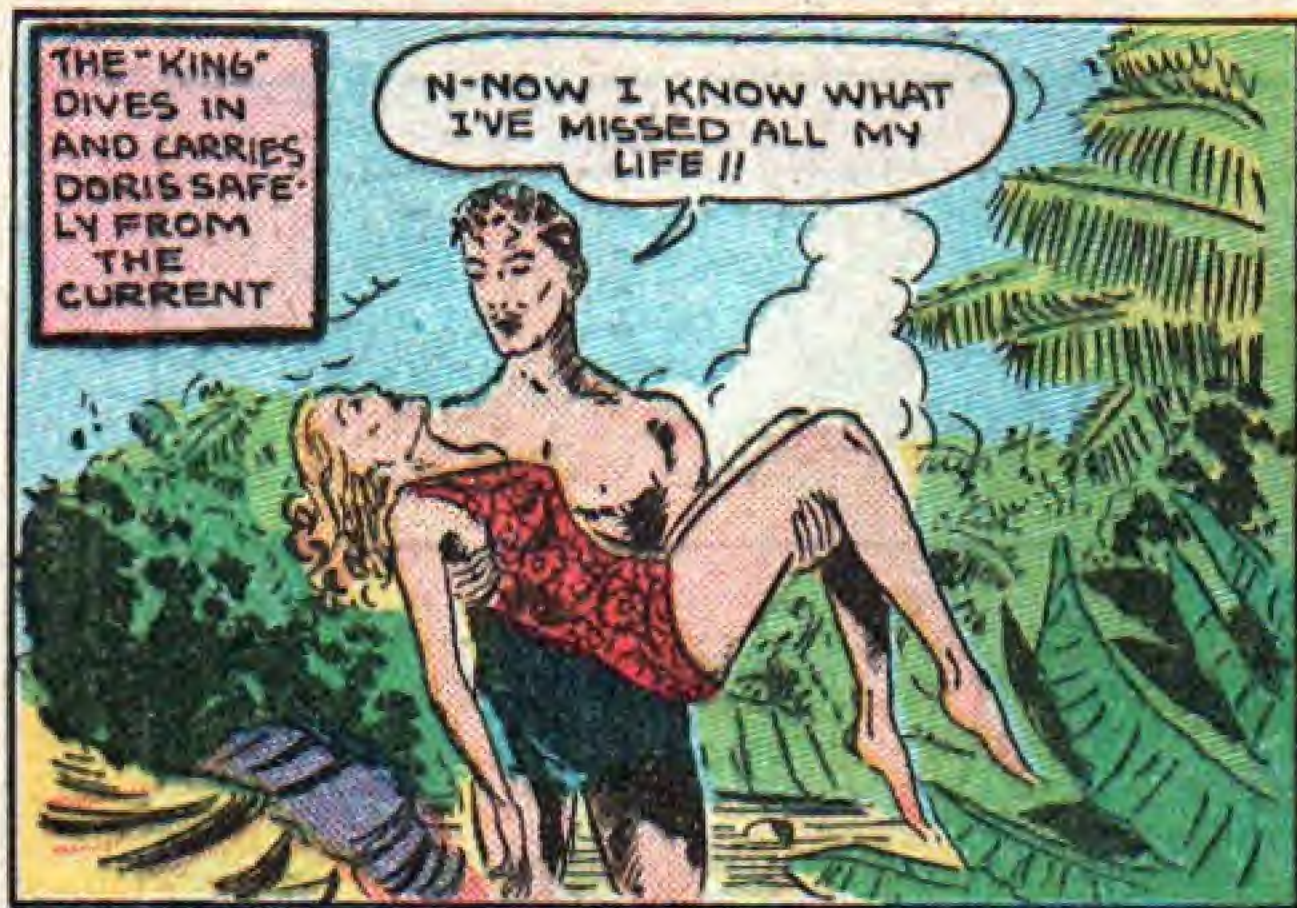
OF THE  
By Harold Hughes

DORIS, SIR OLIVER KING, FIRST MATE JEFFERS, AND A MR. DITES, AFTER THE DISASTER OF THE "SO CHUNG" ARE TAKEN CAPTIVES BY THE "KING" WHO PROVES TO BE A WHITE MAN!!!

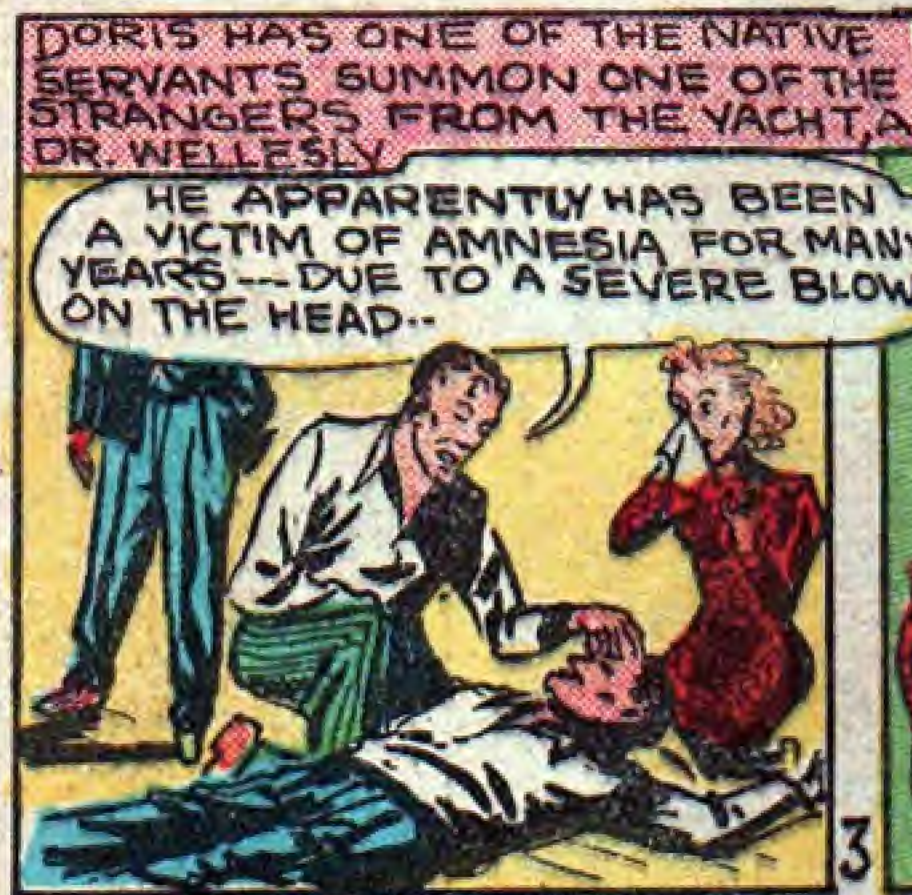
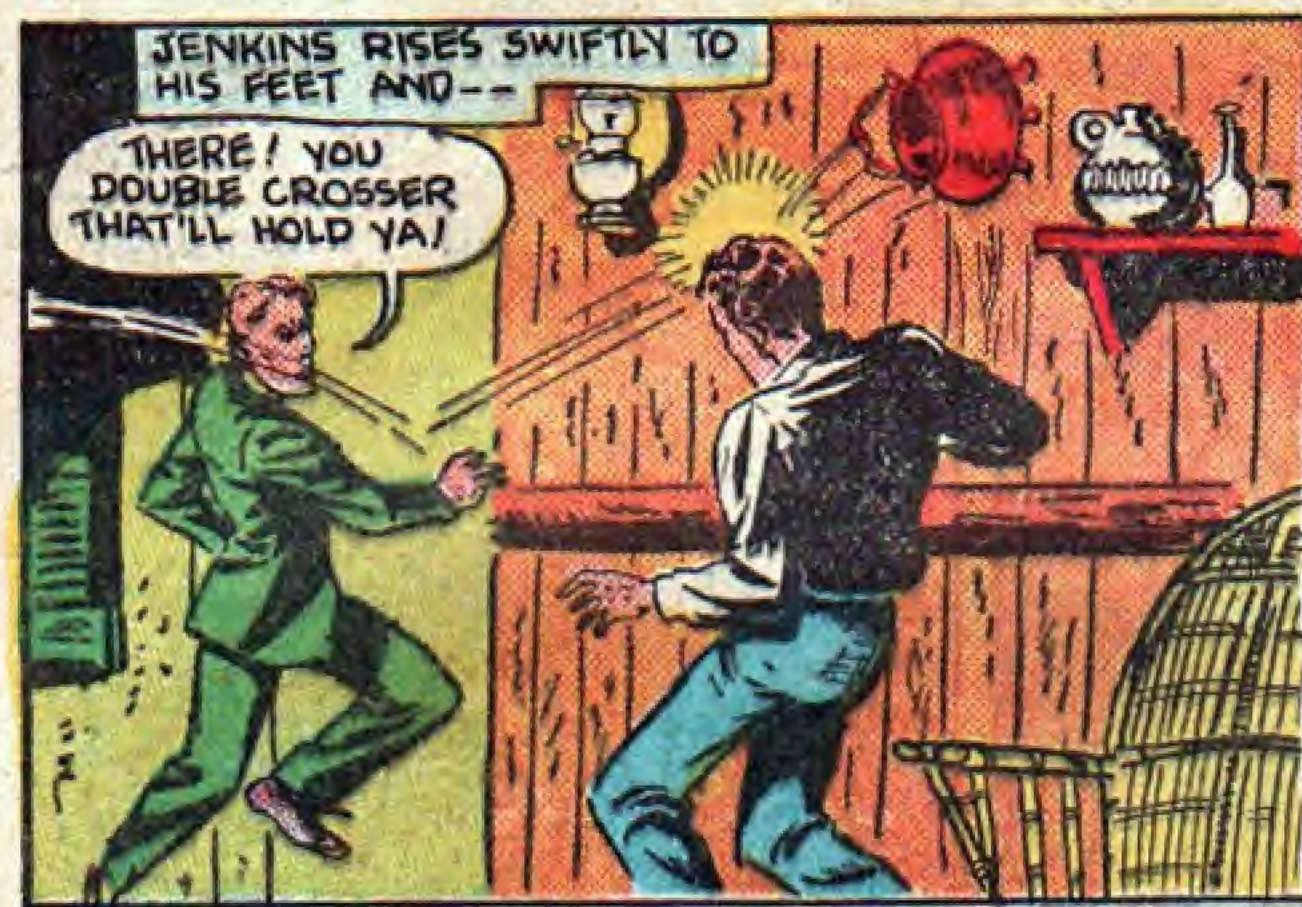
# SOUTH SEAS



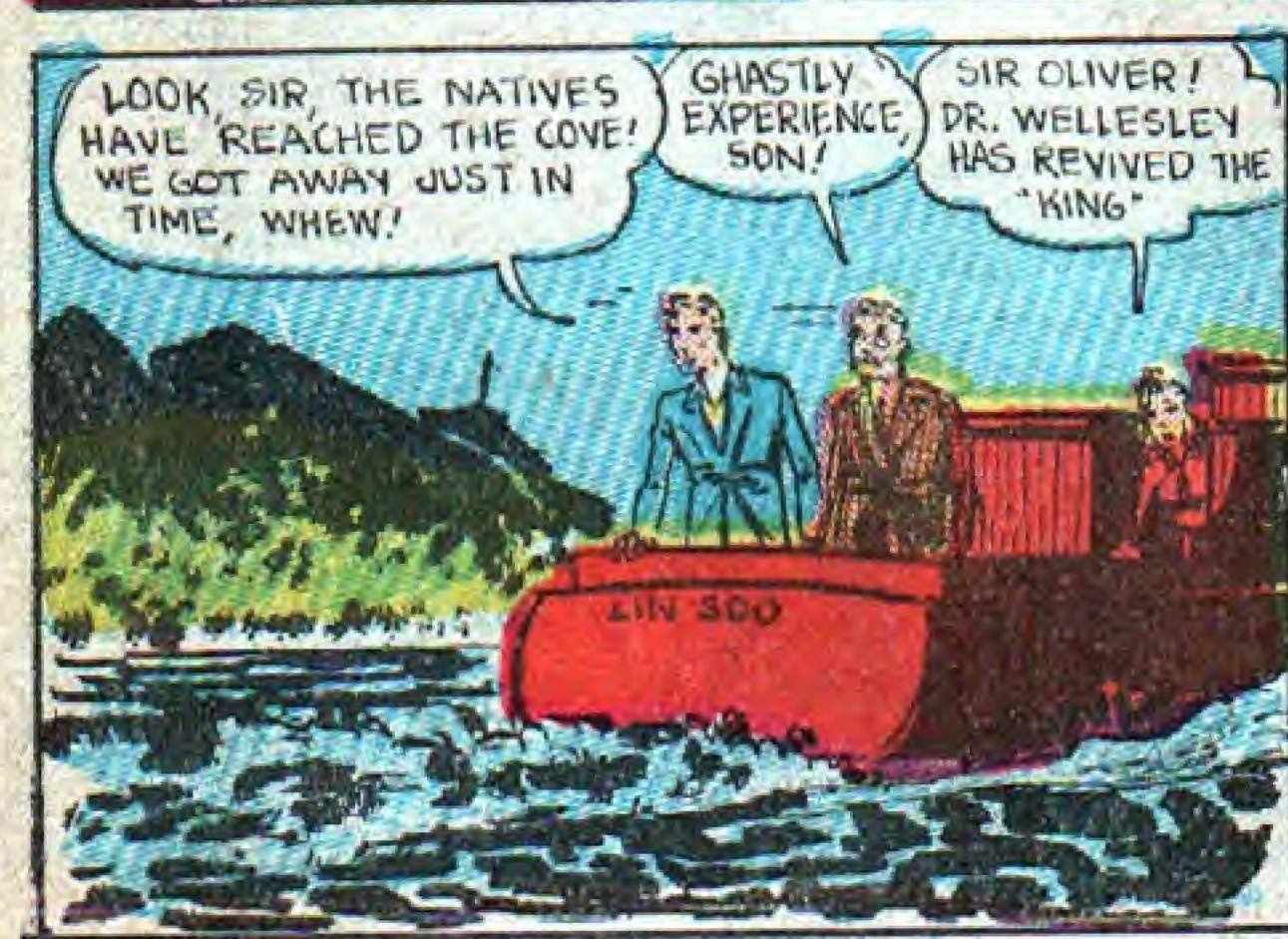
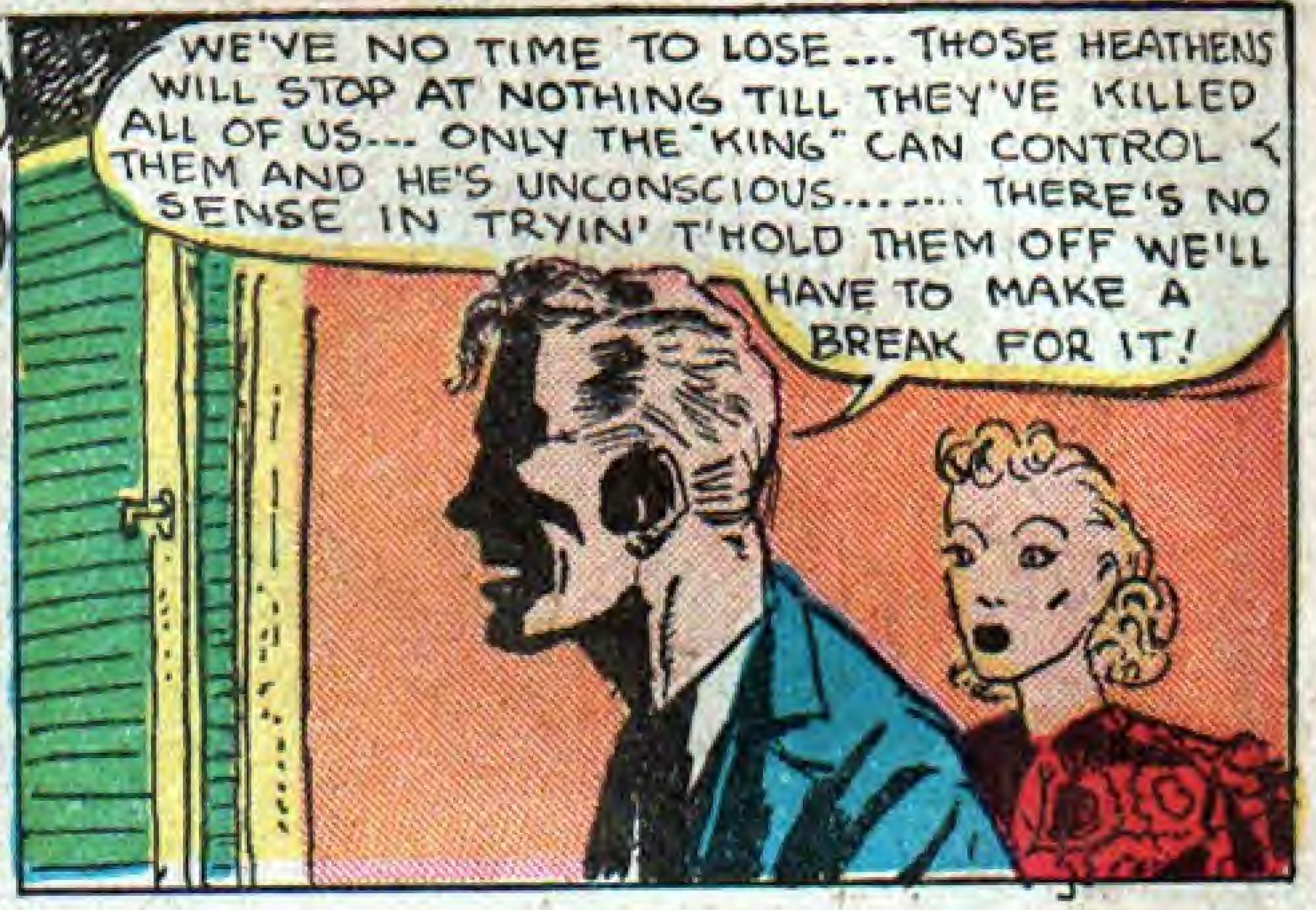














A COMPLETE JAY DOUGLAS NOVELETTE

# JUNGLE BATTLES

BY ROBERT LOUIS GOLDEN

IN THE FAR OFF JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA, A HUGE, SHAGGY GORILLA SWINGS THROUGH THE TREES!

SUDDENLY THE BEAST STOPS ABOVE A NATIVE!

NEARBY - JAY DOUGLAS, FAMED PALEONTOLOGIST, AND HIS FAITHFUL HAND KELINGO, ARE STARTLED!

WELL, WE'VE BEEN HERE A WEEK - AND NO TRACES OF DINOSAURS YET - WHAT'S THAT CRY! IT'S KA-NO! COME ON!

HERE KA-NO'S PAIL AND GUN!

GOOD HEAVENS! LOOK!

HIGH IN THE TREES JAY DOUGLAS AND KELINGO BEHOLD -

I'M GOING AFTER THEM!

NO! MAS'R! YOU BE KILLED!

JAY DOUGLAS DROPS HIS RIFLE IN HIS HASTE UPWARD!

A MOMENT BEFORE HE REACHES THE GREAT BEAST -

NOW THE MONSTER TURNS UPON THE EXPLORER WHO JUMPS FOR A THICK VINE!











WHAT A BREAK THIS TURNS OUT TO BE, KELINGO! IN A SHORT WHILE THE FLESH EATERS WILL DEVOUR THIS FELLOW AND LEAVE US THE BONES —

AFTER PUTTING KA-NO TO BED —



MAS'R!  
MAS'R!  
HELP!

GOOD LORD!



--- JAY DOUGLAS FIRES SHOT AFTER SHOT IN RAPID SUCCESSION!



WOUNDED IN THE HEAD, THE PLATED LIZARD REARS UP IN CONFUSION



MAS'R/ YOU RISK LIFE FOR KA-NO?

IN A FLASH THE EXPLORER GRABS THE WEAK KA-NO---



RECOVERING SLIGHTLY, THE DINOSAUR SEES THE THREE MEN IN THE DISTANCE



IT'S COMING CLOSE!

THERE ARE THE TENTS! IF WE CAN ONLY REACH THEM IN TIME!



JAY DOUGLAS WHIPS OUT HIS HUNTING KNIFE AND SPRINGS UPON THE GREAT SERPENT!



SUDDENLY A BULKY CREATURE LEAPS FROM THE TREES INTO THE FRAY!

THE FIERCE BEAST TARS THE SERPENT'S JAWS AND



THIS IS THE SAME GORILLA WE ENCOUNTERED BEFORE WE SAVED HIS LIFE — AND NOW HE SHOWS HIS GRATITUDE!



DAYS LATER—

WELL, WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO THE COAST TO DISPOSE OF THE STEGOSAURUS SKELETON — BUT WE'LL BE BACK SOON — WITH OUR MIGHTY JUNGLE FRIEND!

The End





# THE IRON SKULL



LATE IN THE YEAR 1970, TWENTY YEARS AFTER THE SECOND WORLD WAR, A NEST OF FOREIGN AGENTS ONCE MORE SPREAD TERROR THROUGH-OUT THE UNITED STATES. CAN THE IRON SKULL STOP THIS?

BURGOS

AT THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE BUREAU IN PASADENA.

WHERE CAN I FIND MR. RYAN, MY NAME'S LEIGHTON-

-OH YES, MR. LEIGHTON -MR. RYAN IS IN OFFICE 3.



-HELLO MR. LEIGHTON, I SEE YOU'RE ON TIME!

-YES, AND I HAVE BAD NEWS!



-RYAN.....ANOTHER TEST PLANE DISAPPEARED, AND WITH IT MY ENTIRE CREW! -THERE'S NOT A TRACE OF THE SHIP OR THE MEN! -THEY JUST VANISHED!



-THAT MEANS BUT ONE THING!- SOME FOREIGN COUNTRY IS SECRETLY ARMING AGAINST THE WORLD!

- WORDS! - WORDS!- I WANT ACTION!

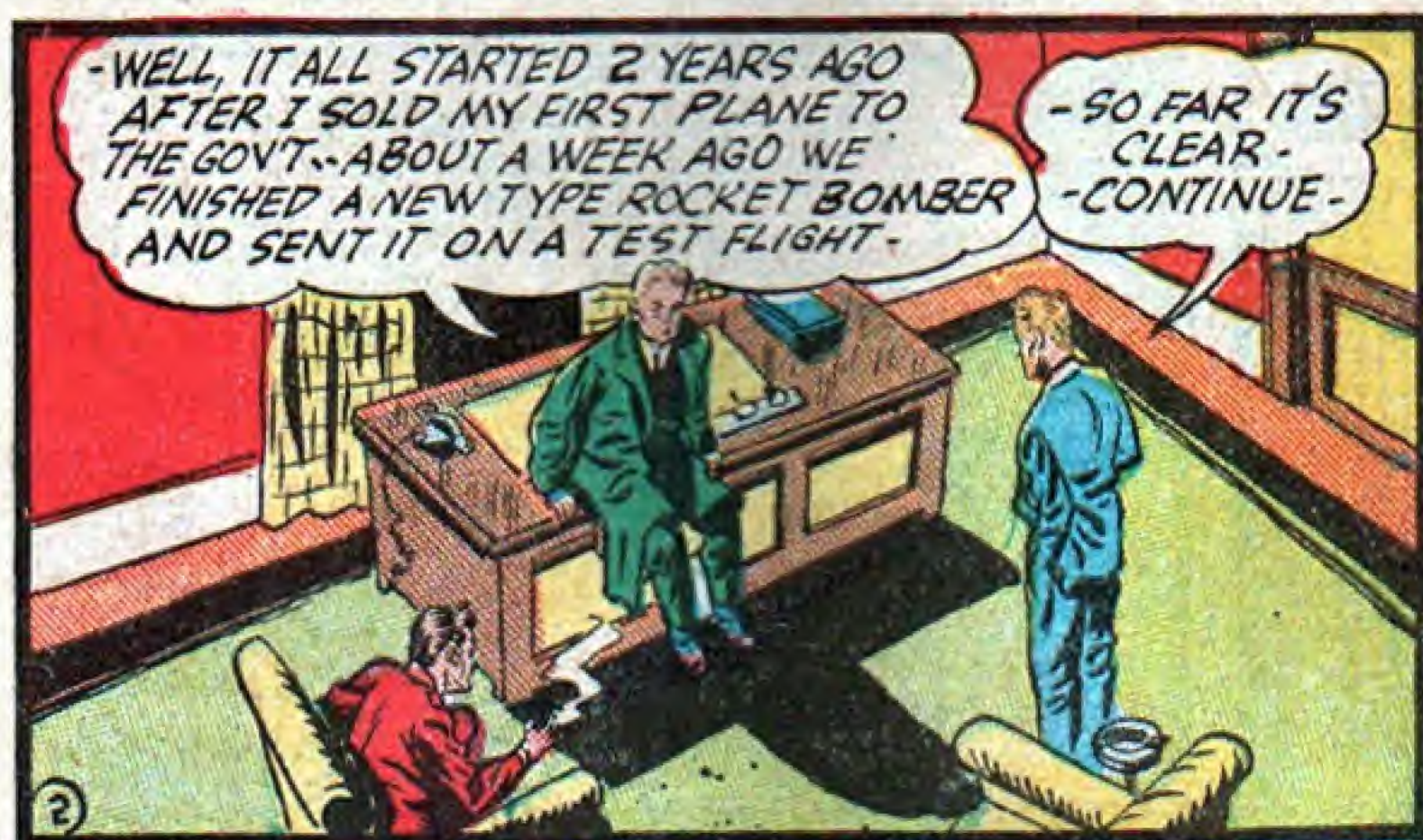


- HAH!- SO WOULD ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND OTHER EUROPEAN NATIONS!... THEIR PLANES AND CREWS HAVE ALSO BEEN VANISHING!

- WHAT? - AND I THOUGHT IT WAS A LOCAL MATTER. - WELL, WHAT CAN WE DO TO STOP IT!















-YOU'RE SURE THAT WE'RE GOING OVER THE SAME ROUTE PLANES 1 AND 2 TOOK?

-LEIGHTON TOLD ME WHAT IT WAS, AND THIS IS IT!



-MEANWHILE, FAR OFF THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA, A SALVAGE BOAT ROLLS LAZILY IN THE BLUE WATERS, WHEN SUDDENLY-



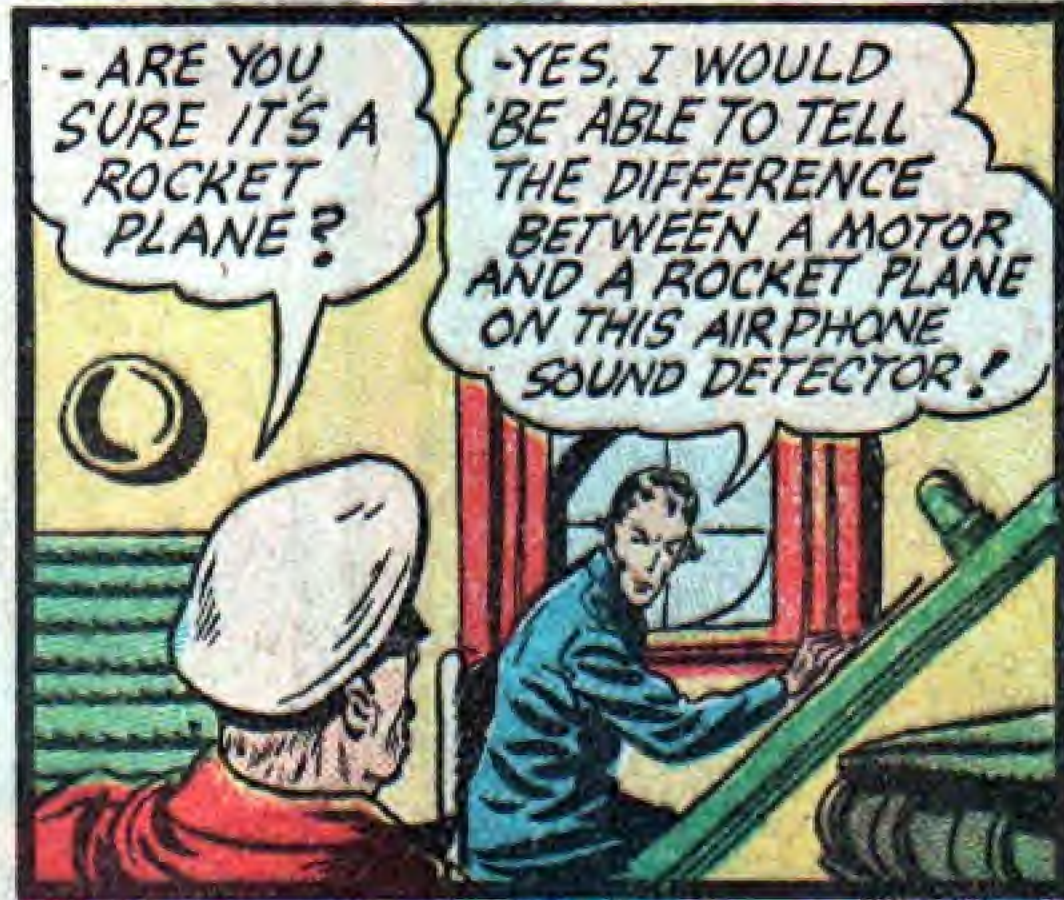
-LUDWIG, THE AIRPHONE OPERATOR REPORTS A ROCKET PLANE 3 POINTS SOUTH!

VOT?



-JA!- IF YOU LIE, I BREAK YOU IN HALF!

-W-WHY DON'T YOU ASK THE OPERATOR?



-ARE YOU SURE IT'S A ROCKET PLANE?

-YES, I WOULD BE ABLE TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MOTOR AND A ROCKET PLANE ON THIS AIRPHONE SOUND DETECTOR!



-ACH, I SEE IT NOW. -THERE MUST BE 3 SUCH SHIPS UND VE THOUGHT THERE WERE ONLY 2- DER VONS VE GOT!

-GET DER RAY GUN TRAINED ON DER ROCKET!



-HAH!-DER IN-VISIBLE RAY VILL KILL DER MOTOR, UND DEN, I SHALL BRING HOME 3 INSTEAD OF 2!-



-FIRE!!



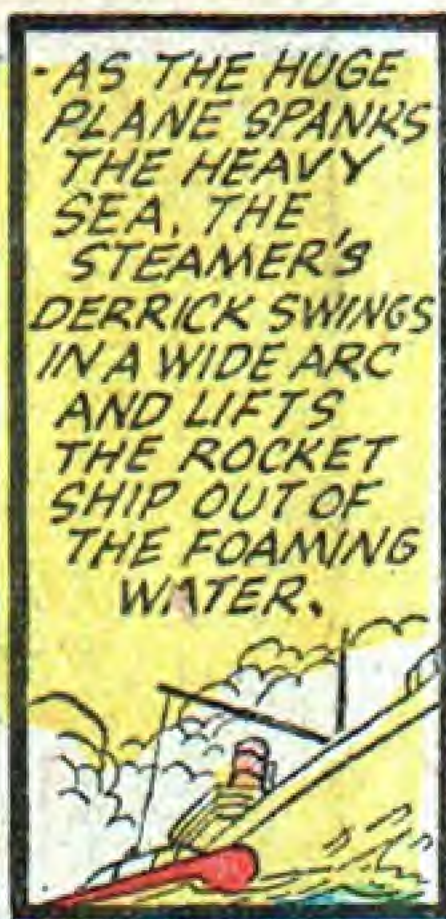
-WHAT TH!- OUR ROCKET POWER WENT DEAD! -AND MILES FROM NO WHERE!

-MAKE A DEAD STICK LANDING!-THERE'S A TRAMPER ALMOST BELOW US!



-UND HERE'S DER SHIP! GET DERRICK READY TO HAUL UP!

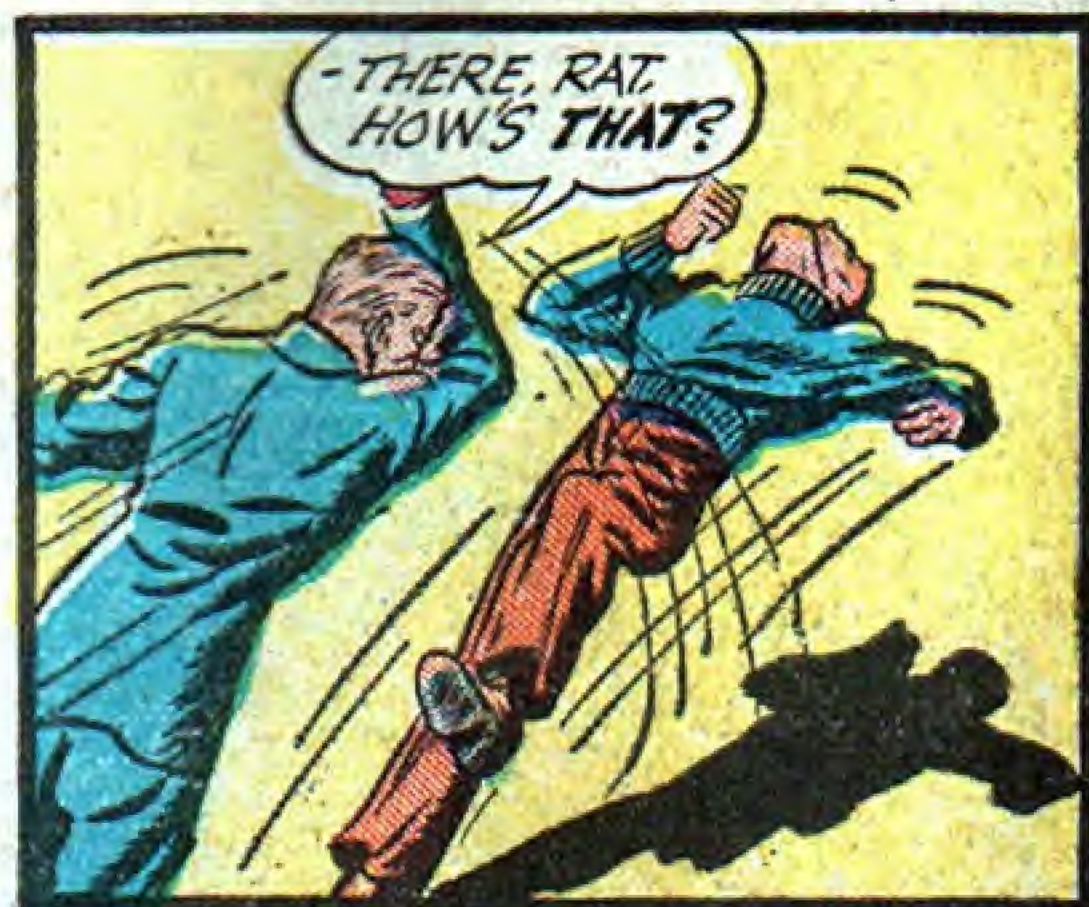




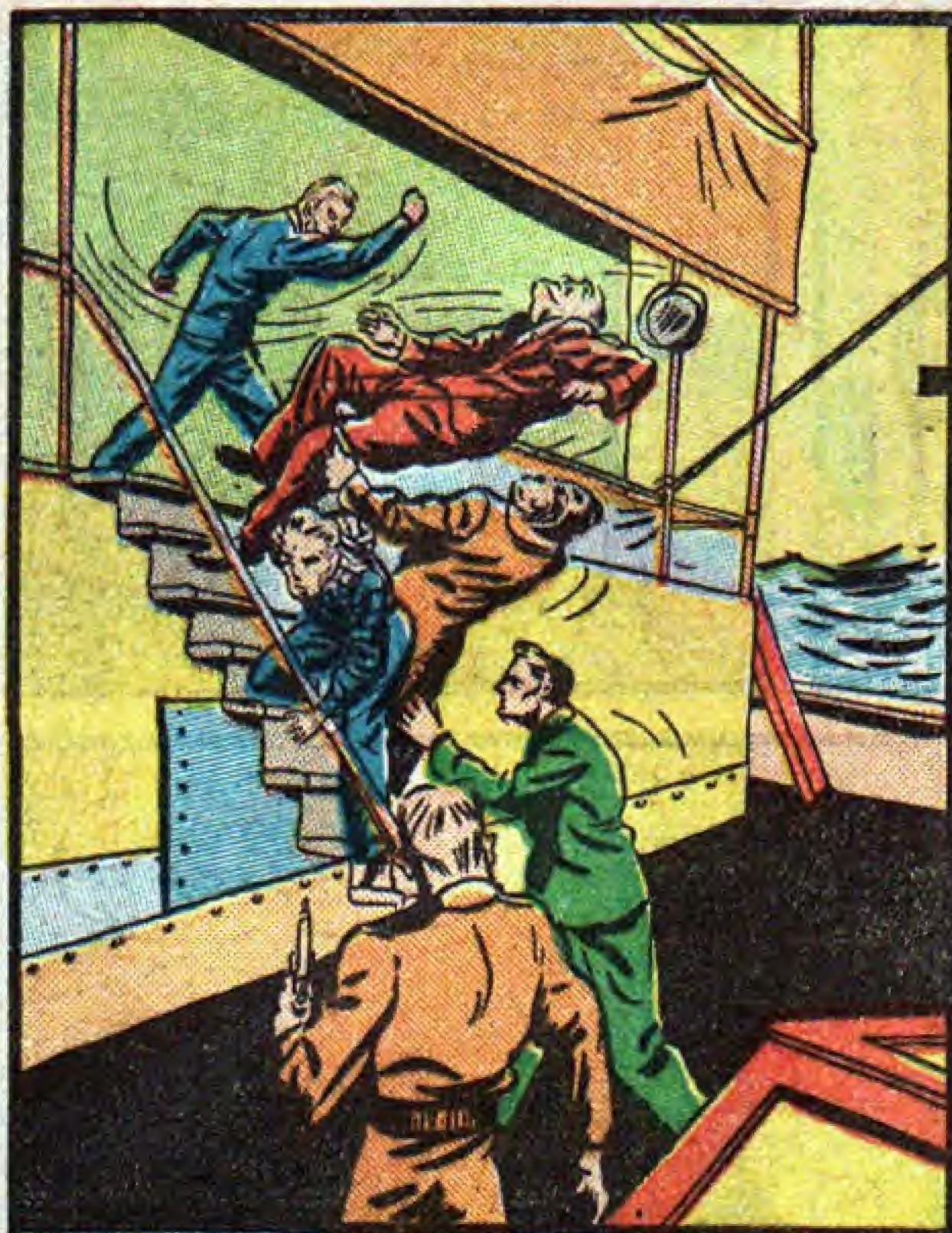
-LUDWIG WAITS 'TILL THE MEN ARE OUT OF THE PLANE AND THEN BARKS THE ORDER TO -FIRE!- THE PILOTS, TAKEN BY SURPRISE, DROP LIKE FLIES-



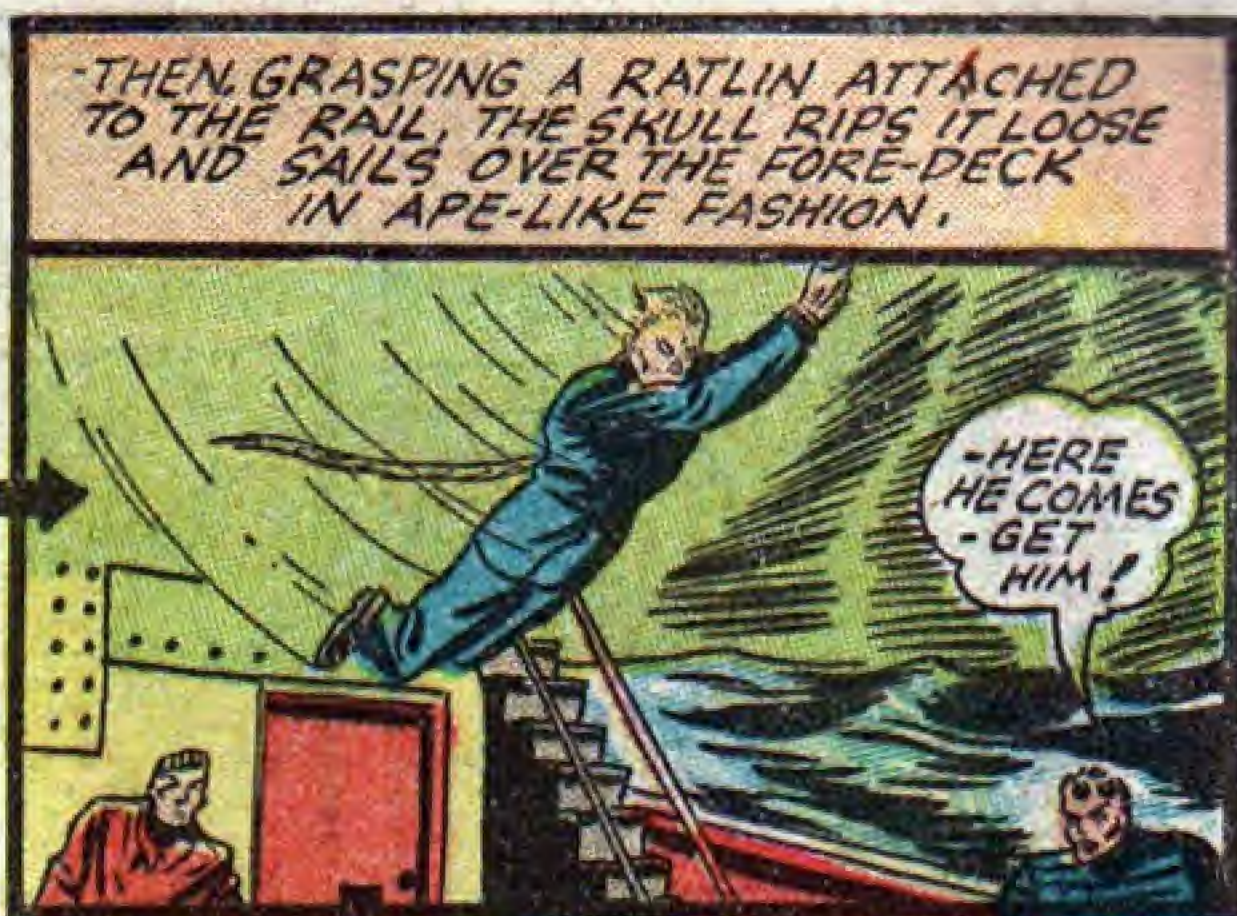
-WHILE THE SKULL, WITH BULLETS CLANKING OFF HIS HEAD, MAKES A MAD RUSH FOR THE GUNNER.





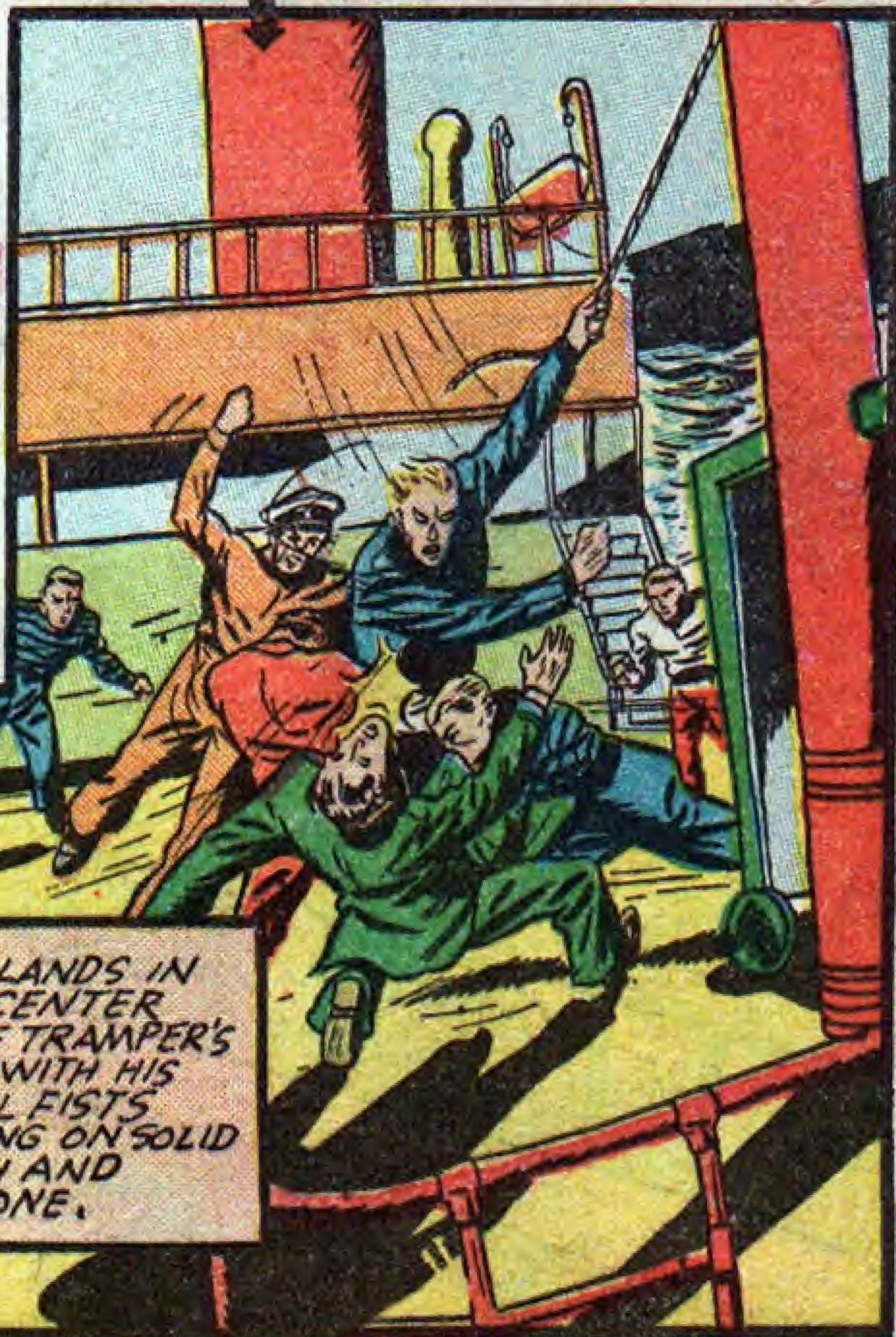


- THEN, TURNING TO LUDWIG, CRASHING  
BLOWS LAND ON THE HARDENED SKIPPER,  
SENDING HIM OFF THE BRIDGE.



- THEN, GRASPING A RATLIN ATTACHED  
TO THE RAIL, THE SKULL RIPS IT LOOSE  
AND SAILS OVER THE FORE-DECK  
IN APE-LIKE FASHION.

- HERE  
HE COMES  
- GET  
HIM!



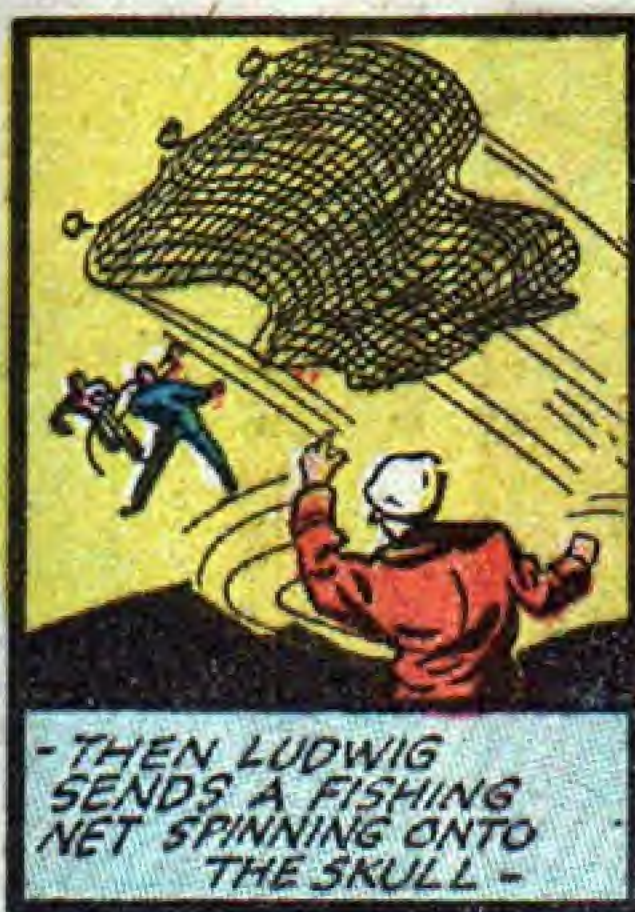
- AND LANDS IN  
THE CENTER  
OF THE TRAMPER'S  
CREW WITH HIS  
STEEL FISTS  
LANDING ON SOLID  
FLESH AND  
BONE.



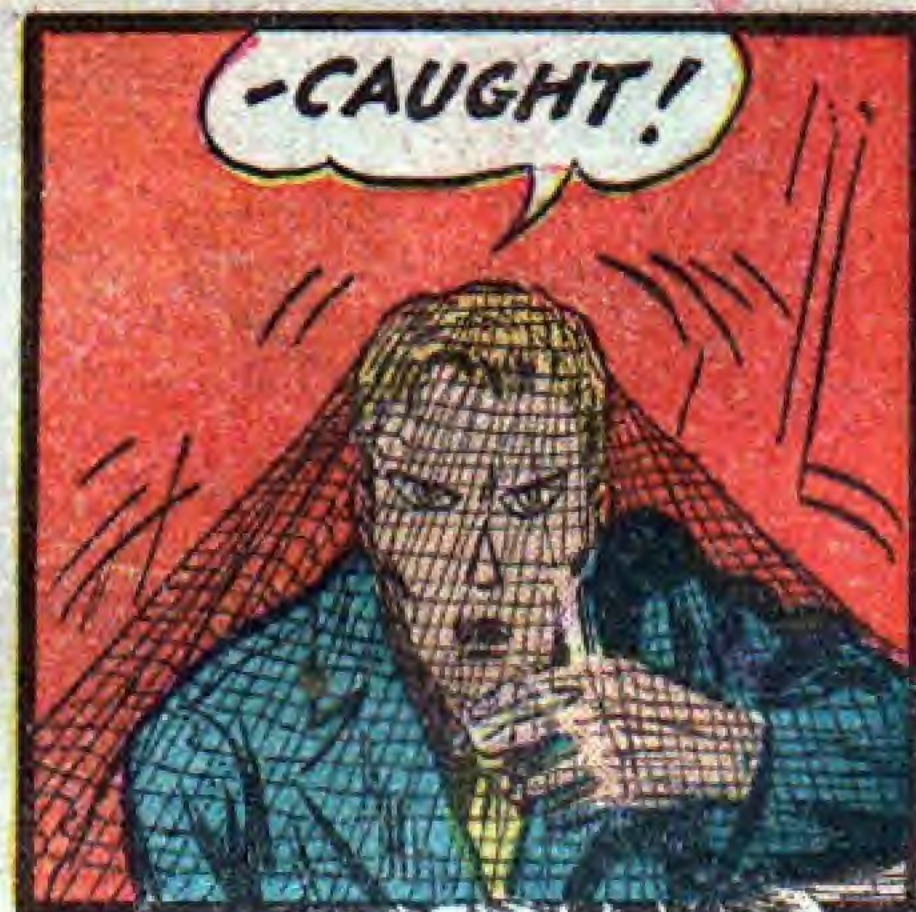
- I WANT HIM ALIVE, SO  
I CAN TEACH HIM THE  
TERROR OF THE GREAT  
LUDWIG!



- MEANWHILE  
THE SKULL  
SENDS THE  
CREW FLYING  
IN ALL  
DIRECTIONS!

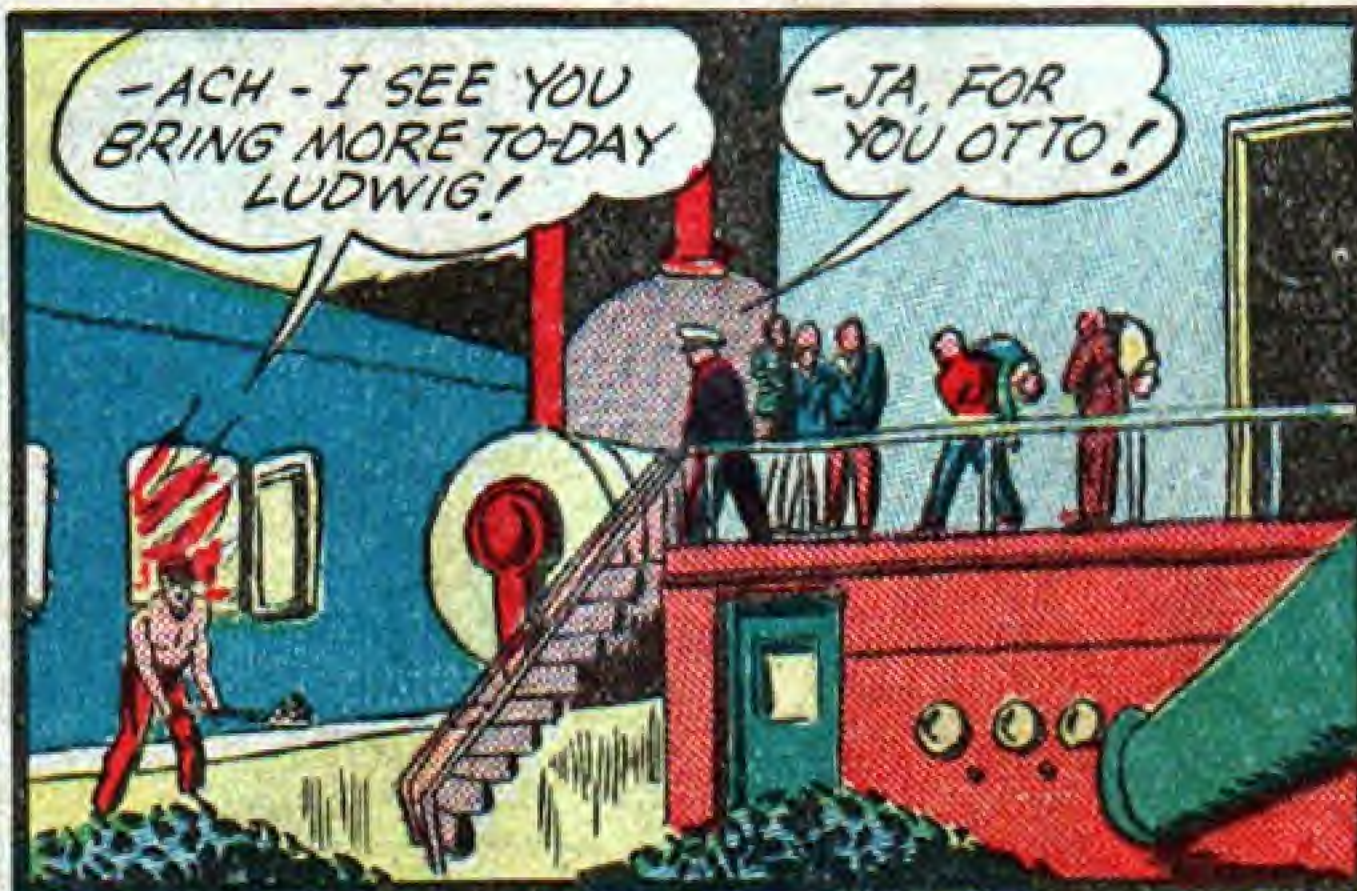
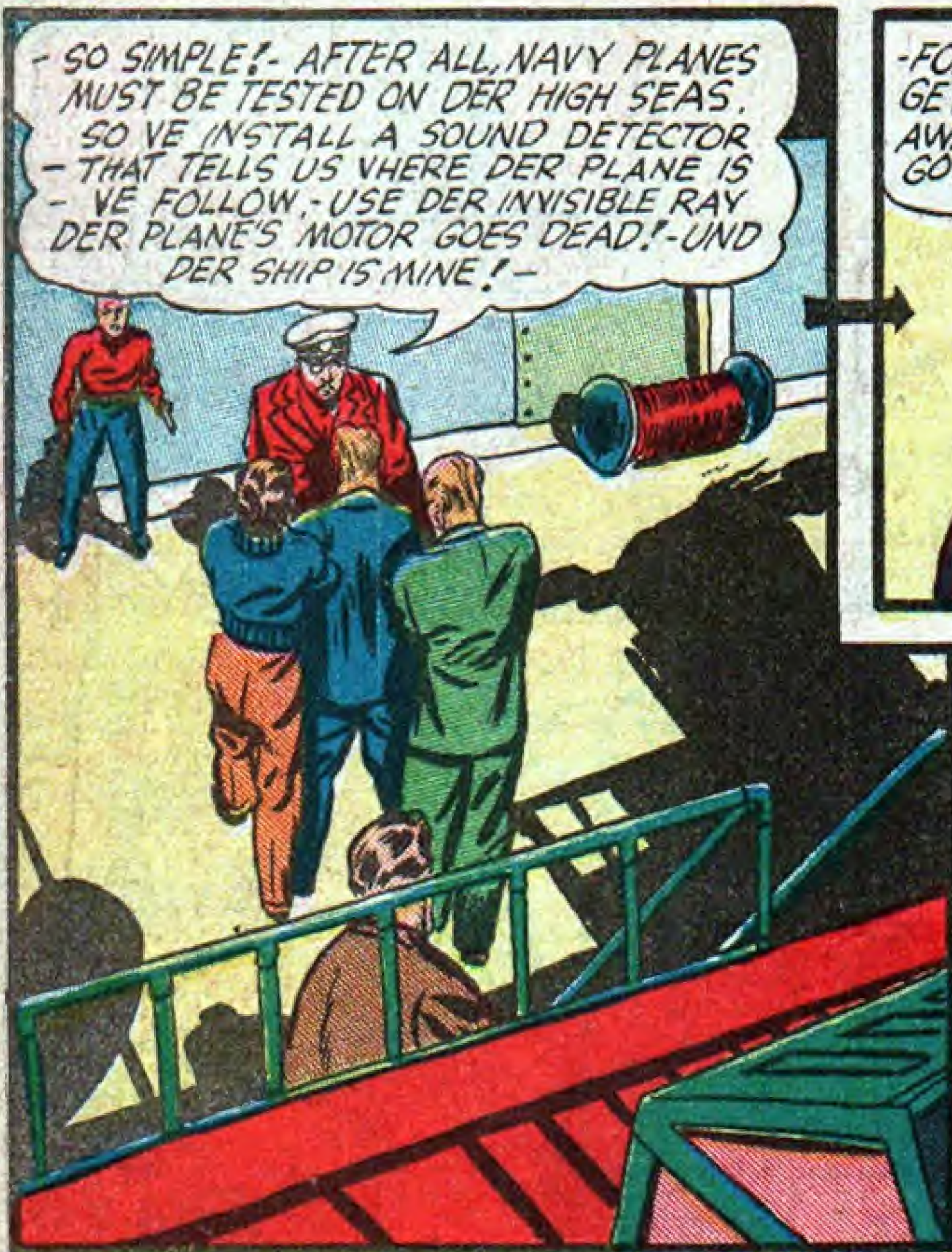


- THEN LUDWIG  
SENDS A FISHING  
NET SPINNING ONTO  
THE SKULL -

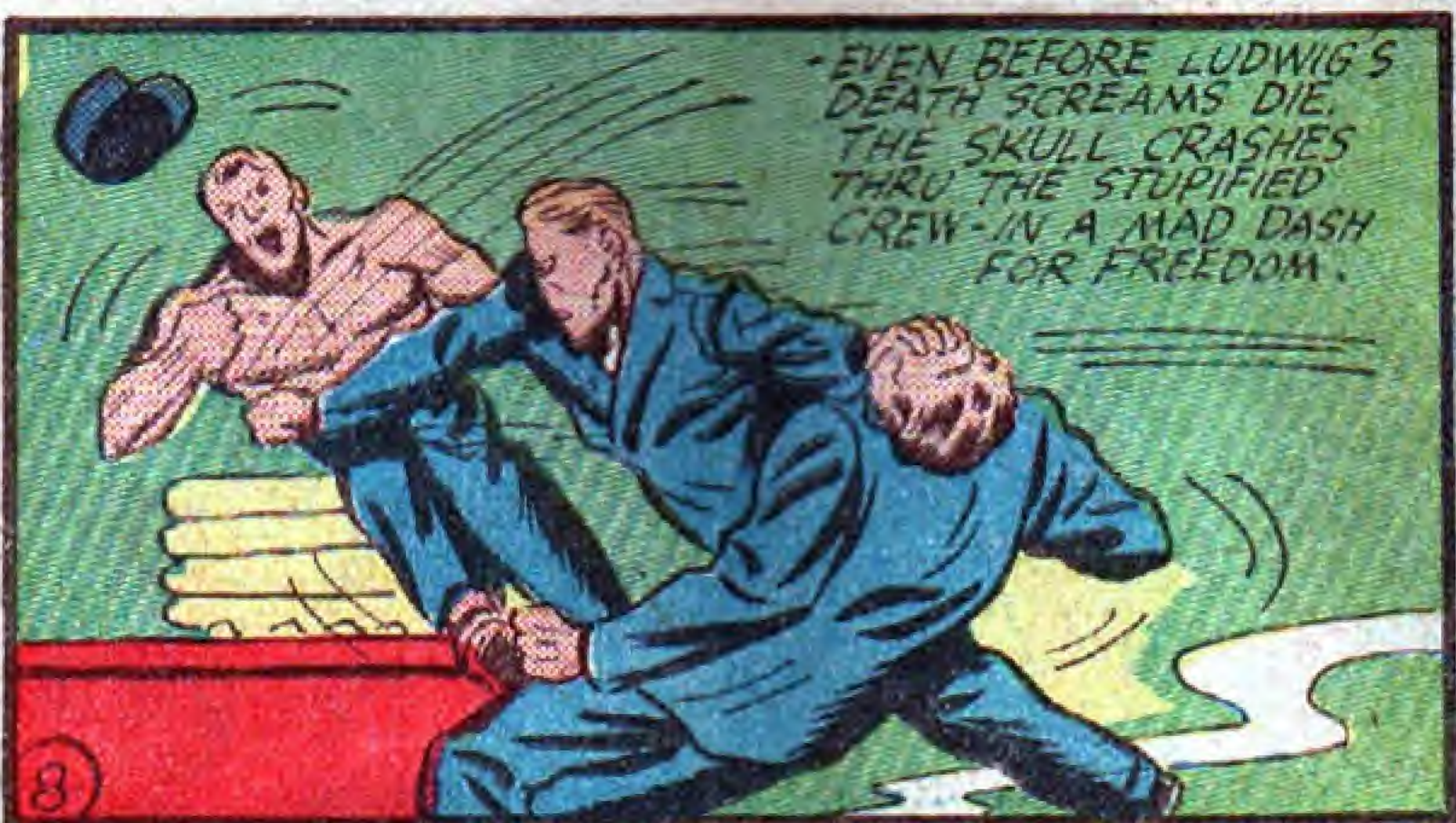
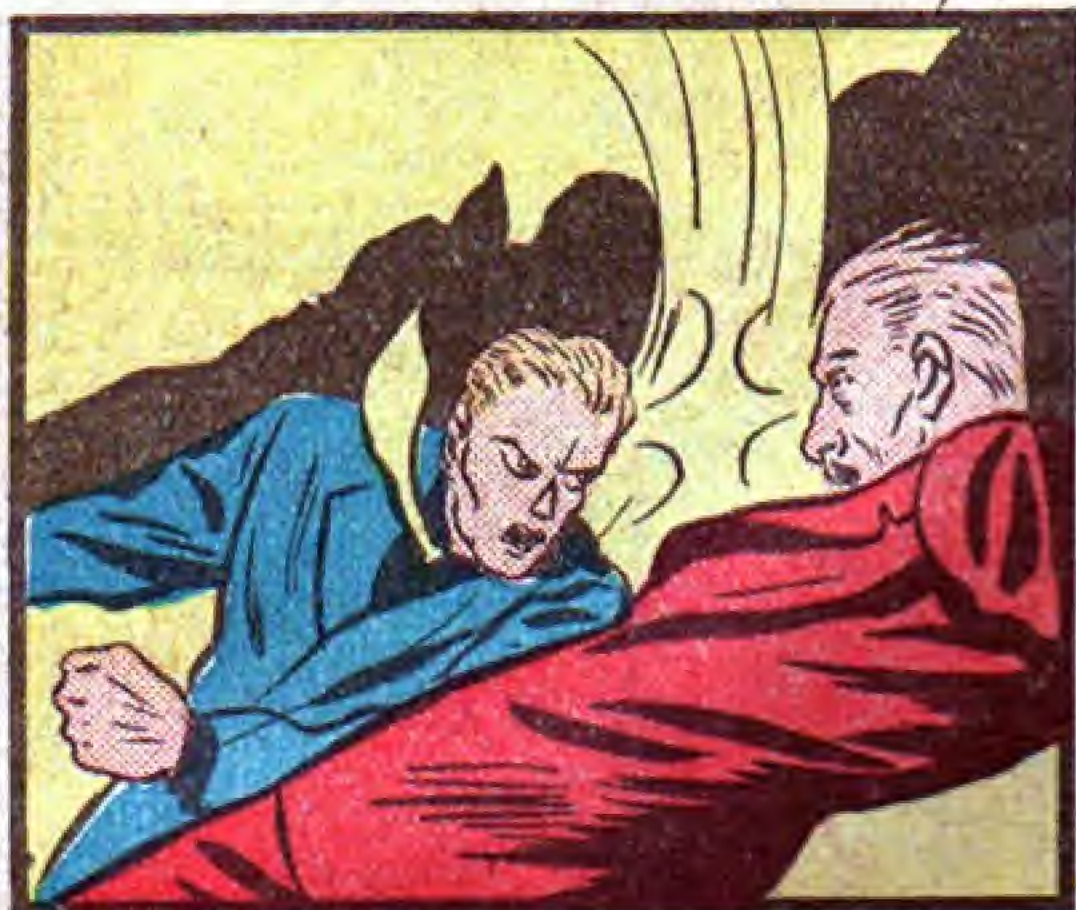
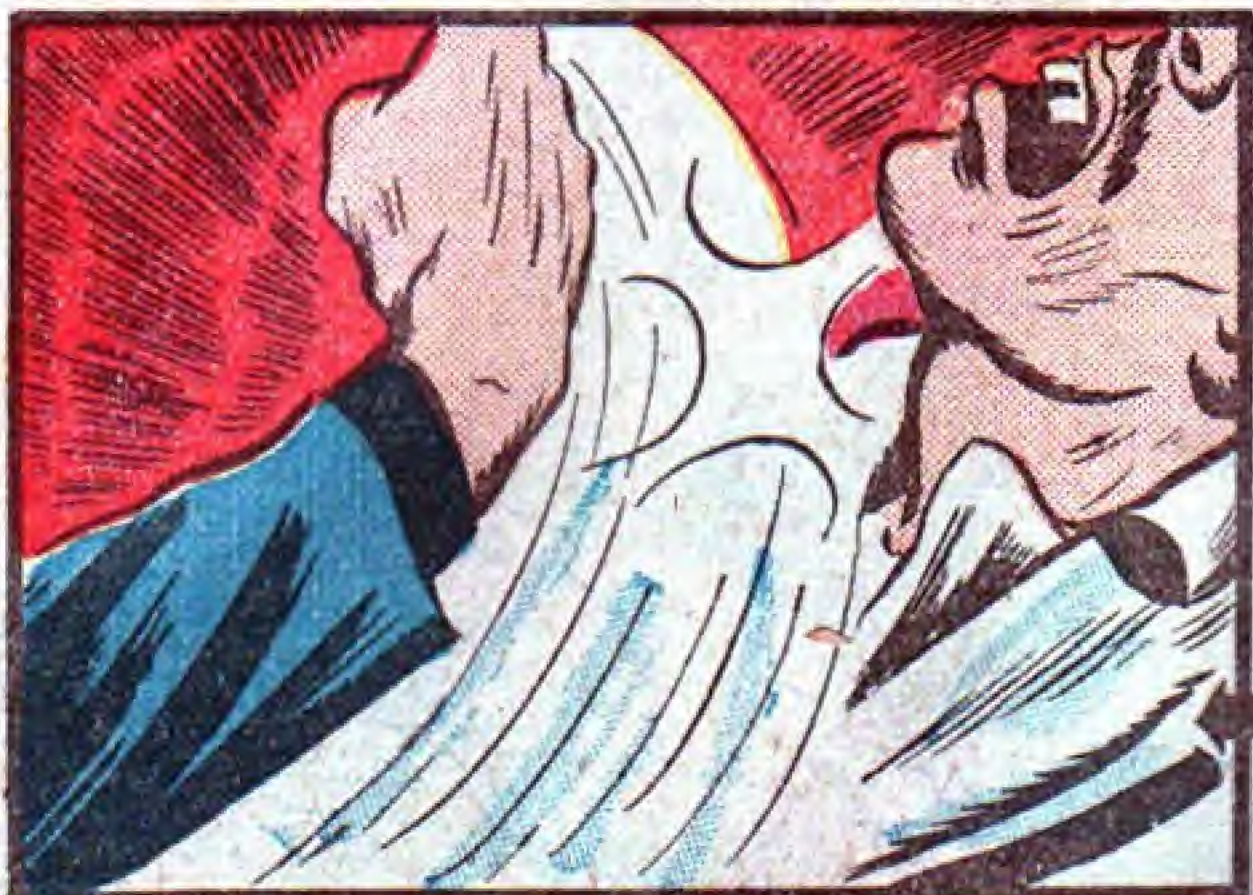


- CAUGHT!

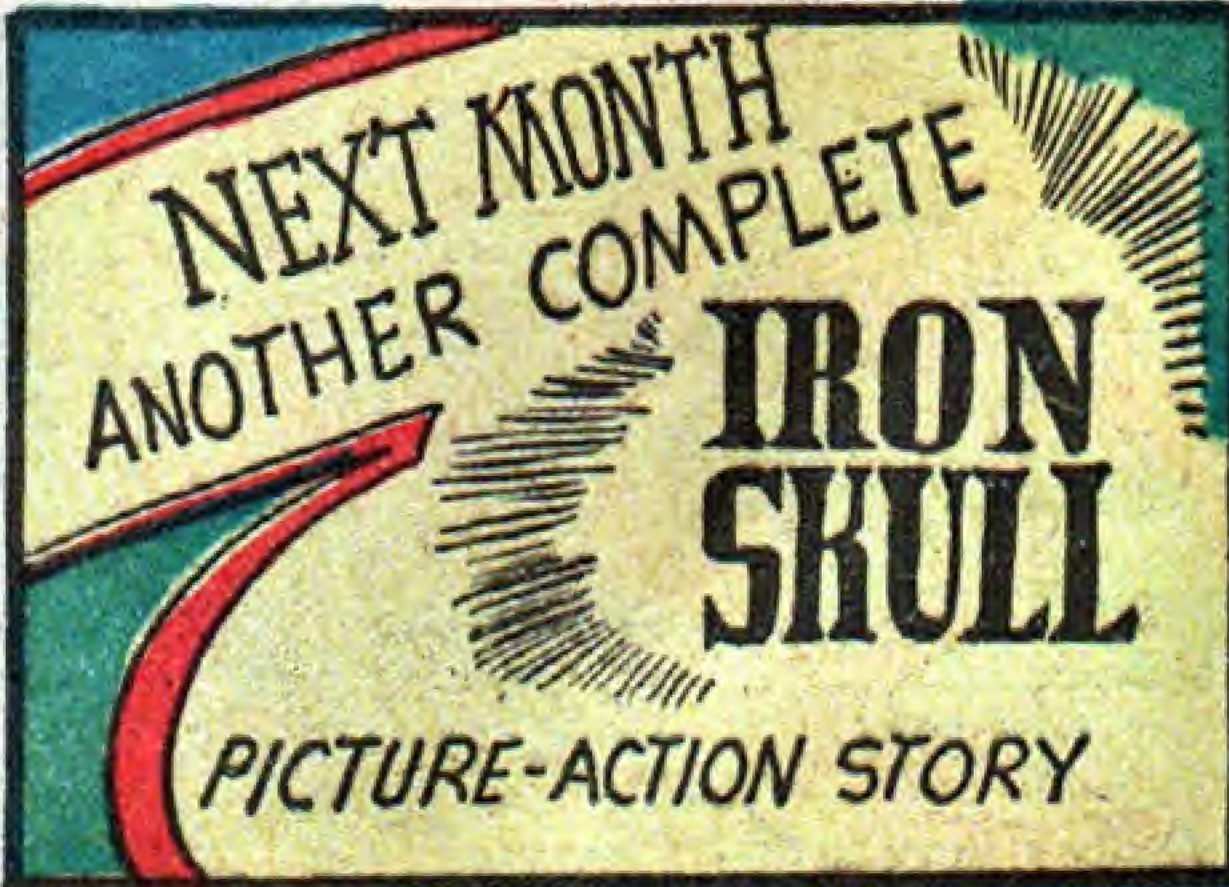
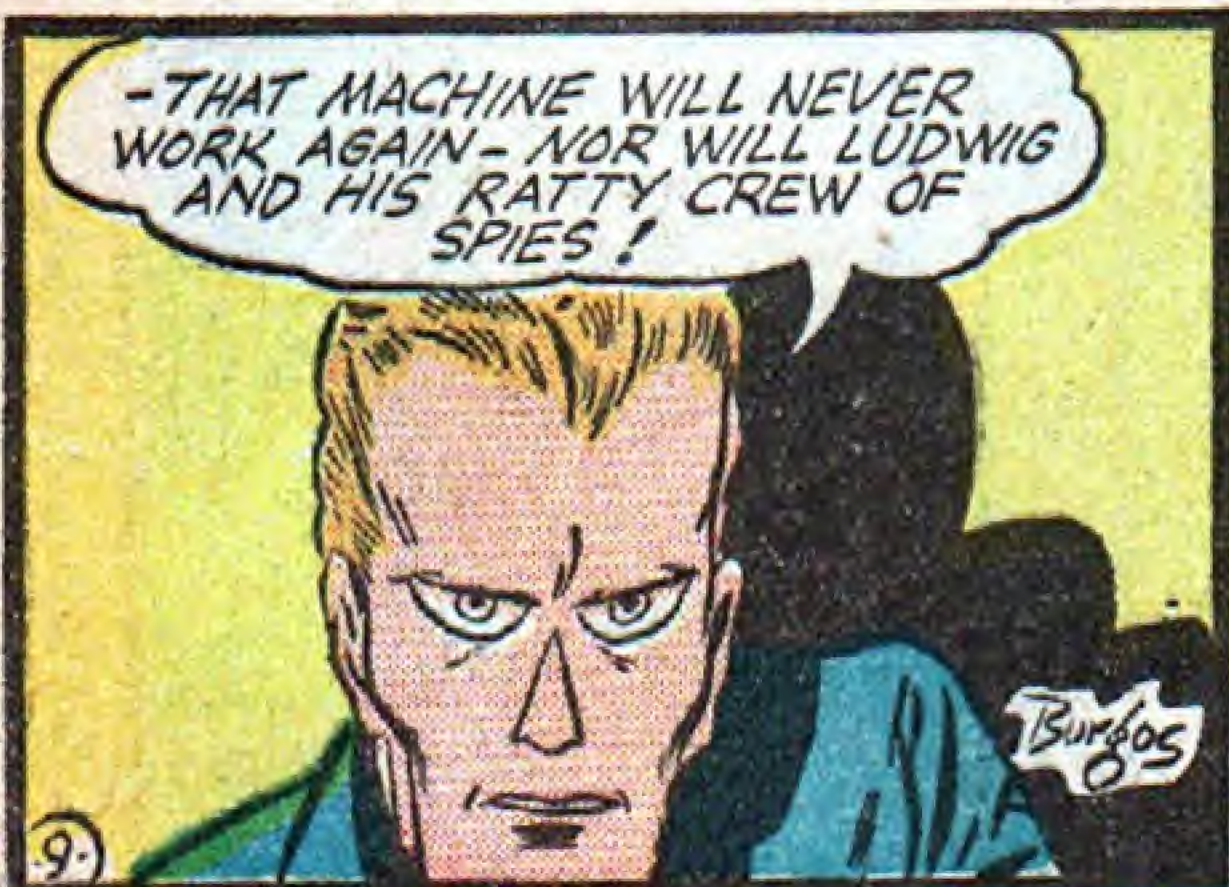
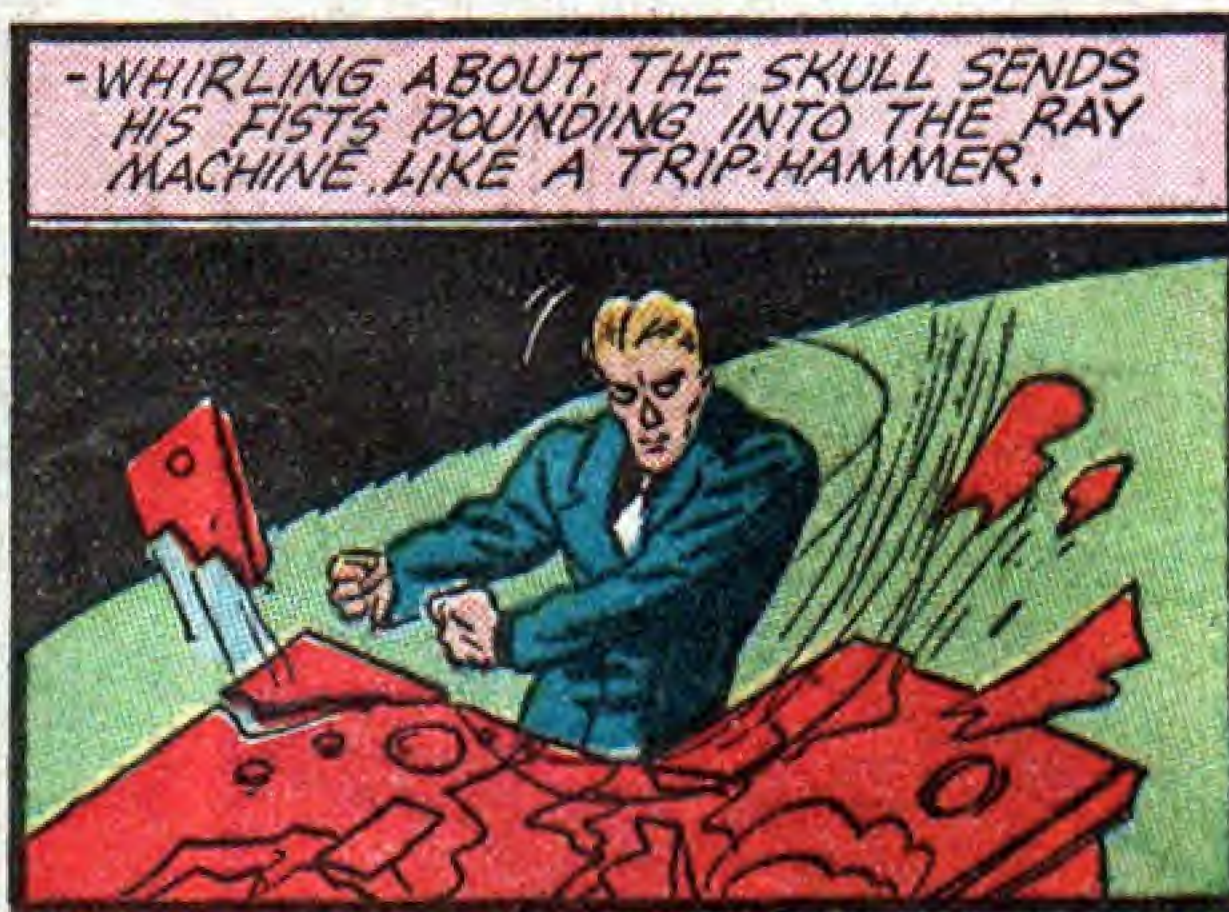
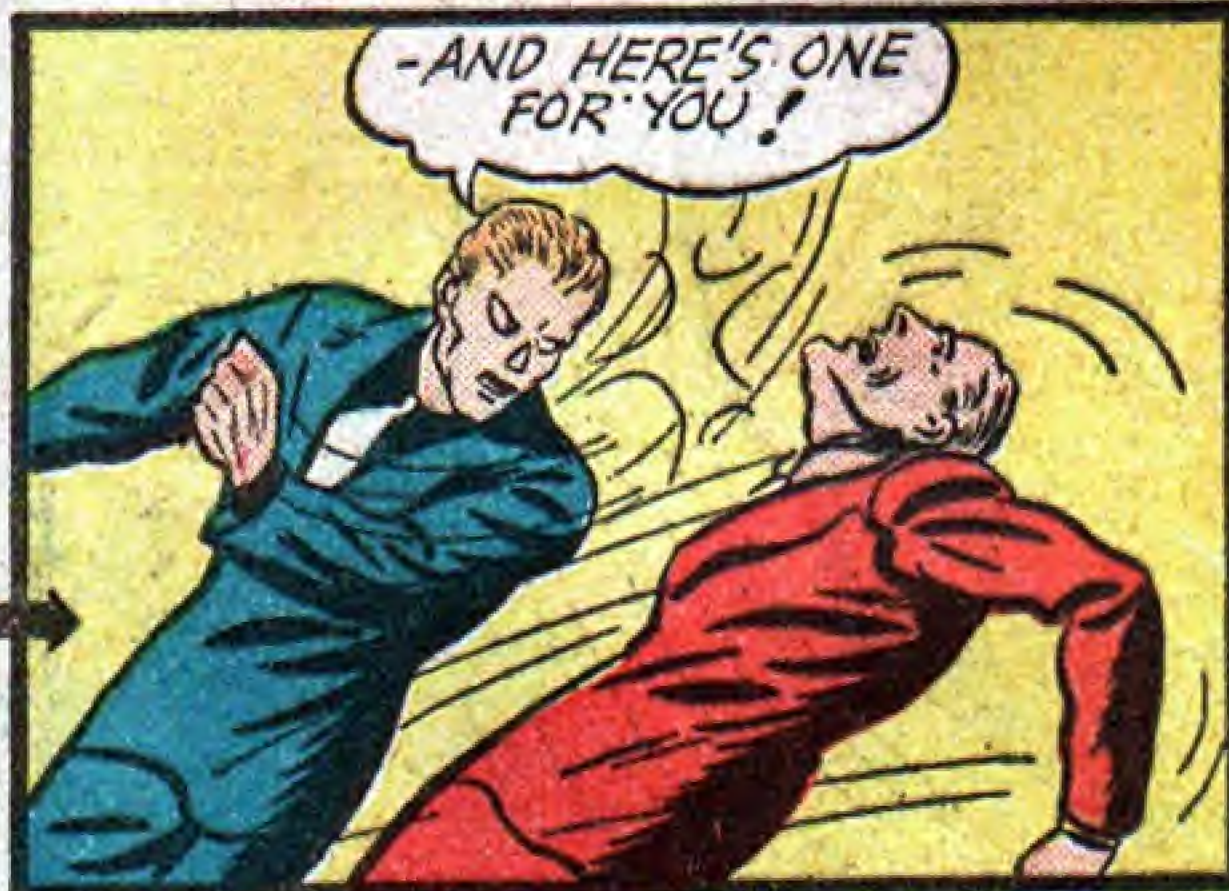
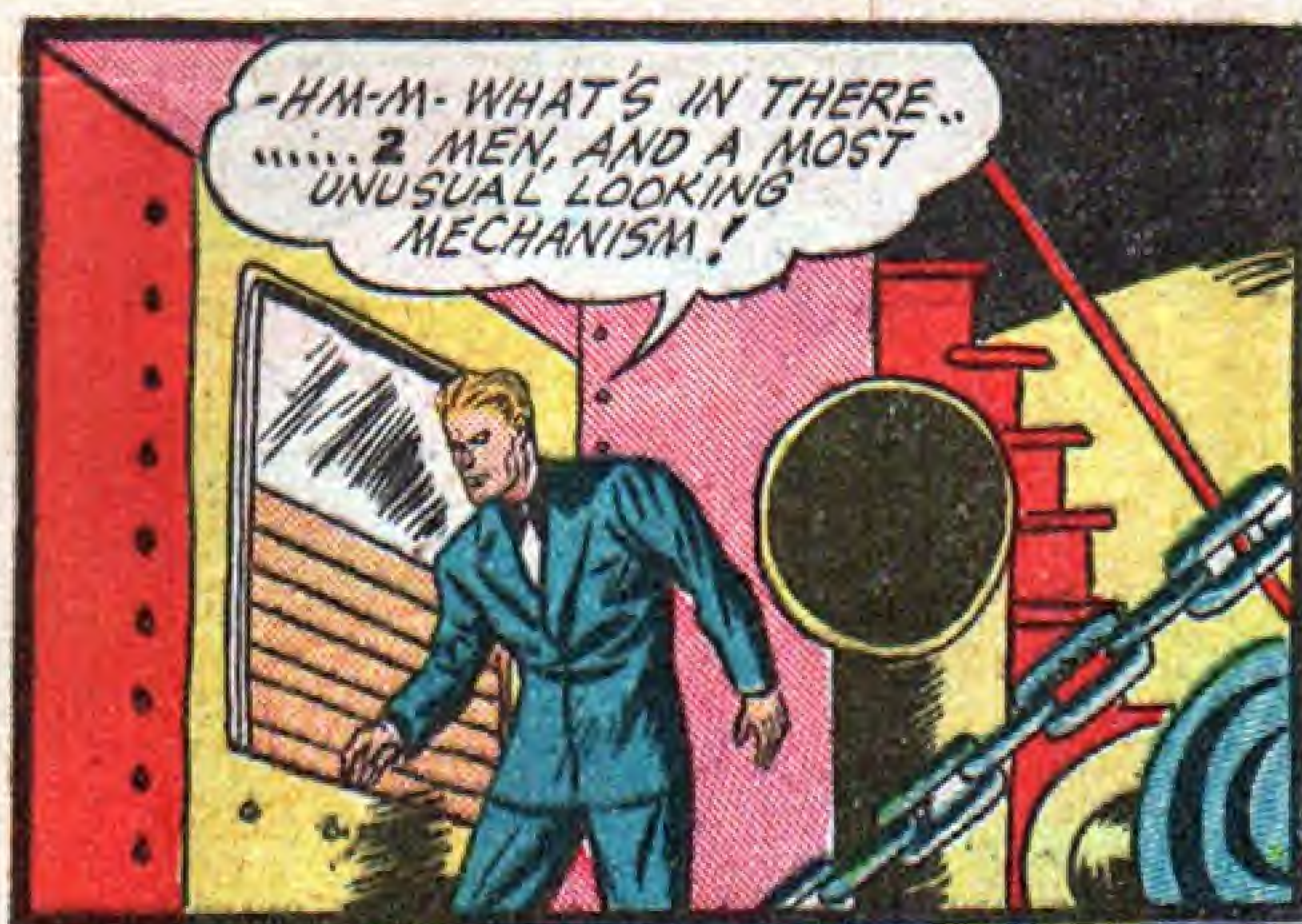














# The **MAGICIAN**

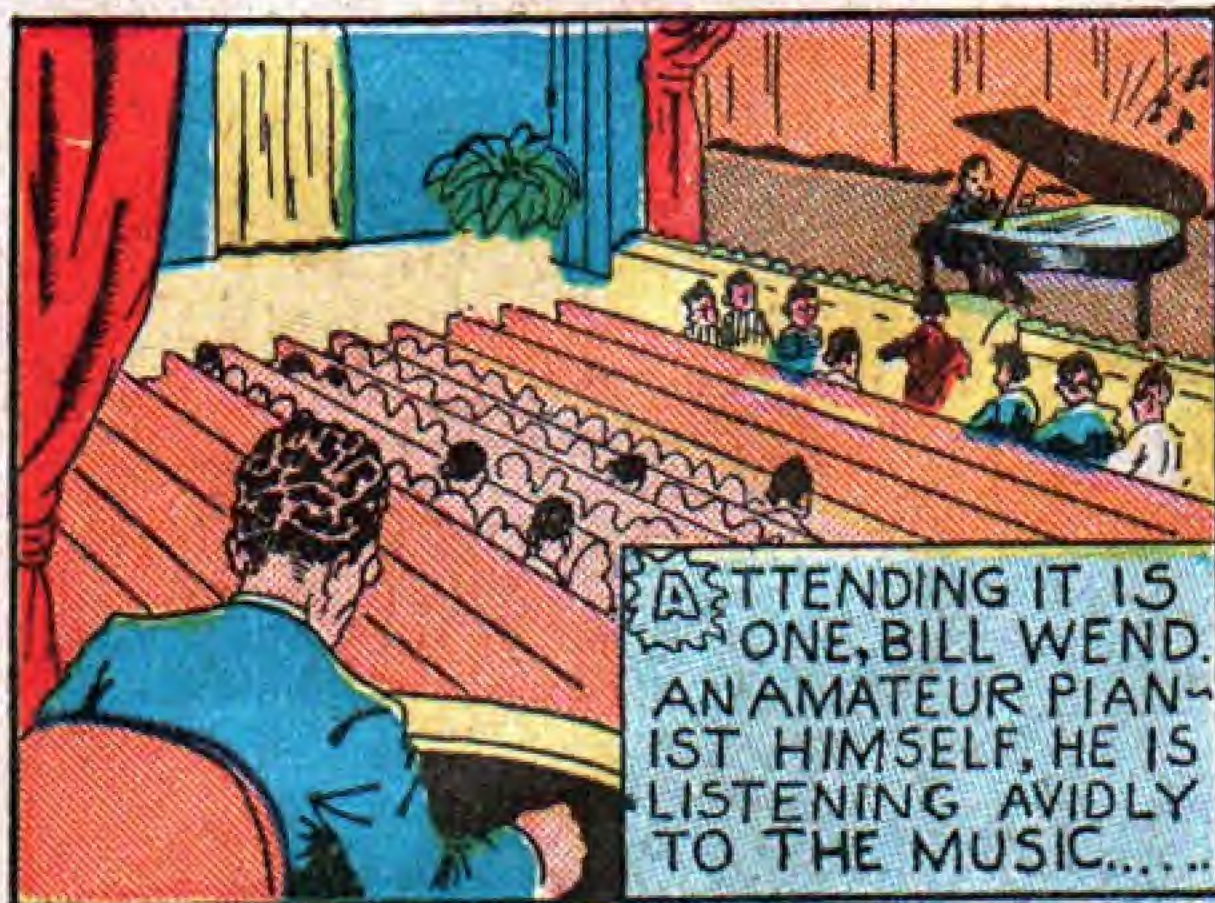
from

# MARS

by

JOHN GUINTA  
MICHAEL MIRANDO

THE STORY STARTS  
IN A SMALL RURAL  
TOWN. THE SCENE:  
A PIANO CONCERT  
IS BEING HELD IN  
"CONCERT HALL."



ATTENDING IT IS  
ONE, BILL WEND.  
AN AMATEUR PIAN-  
IST HIMSELF, HE IS  
LISTENING AVIDLY  
TO THE MUSIC.....

WHEN SUDDENLY HE FEELS AN IRREST-  
SISTIBLE URGE TO PLAY. SOMETHING SEEMS  
TO BE PUSHING HIM ON. FINALLY NOT  
BEING ABLE TO STAND IT ANY LONGER  
HE RUSHES TO THE STAGE.....

"PLEASE SIR! I AS-  
SURE YOU, IT WILL BE  
WORTH YOUR WHILE."

"IT IS HIGHLY  
IRREGULAR, BUT  
GO AHEAD."



BILL WEND SITS DOWN AND PLAYS, PLAYS  
AS HE NEVER PLAYED BEFORE. THE  
AUDIENCE SITS ENTHRALLED, AS AN  
EERIE SPINE CHILLING MUSIC ENSUES  
FROM HIS SUBTLE AND  
INSPIRED FINGERS.



...THEN A MIST  
TAKES SHAPE  
ON THE STAGE.  
DANCING IN  
CANDENCE  
WITH THE  
EERIE AND  
CHILLING  
MUSIC OF...





DOOM! FOR OUT OF THE SWIRLING MIST RISES AN UNEARTHLY CREATURE OF HORROR. A CREATURE OF AN ALIEN WORLD. A MALIGNANCE YET NOT BORN, EMERGING FROM THE NON-EXISTING WORLD OF SHRIeking DEMONS. LOST DERELICTS ON THE HATE WASHED SHORES OF ETERNITY. THAT'S WHAT THIS THING WAS! AN **ELEMENTAL!** NEEDING ONLY A KEY TO ENTER OUR WORLD OF SOLIDNESS IT HAD SECURED THAT KEY, *BILL WEND!* AS THE AUDIENCE STANDS STOCK STILL WITH FEAR, IT GROWS LARGER & LARGER, FEEDING ON HUMAN ENERGY. THEN TERROR STRIKES TO THE VERY CORE OF THE HUMAN BEINGS & A MAD RAMPAGE FOR ESCAPE STARTS....



FOOD! FOOD!  
HAW! HAW!



FOOD! FOOD!  
CRUVELYPOOO

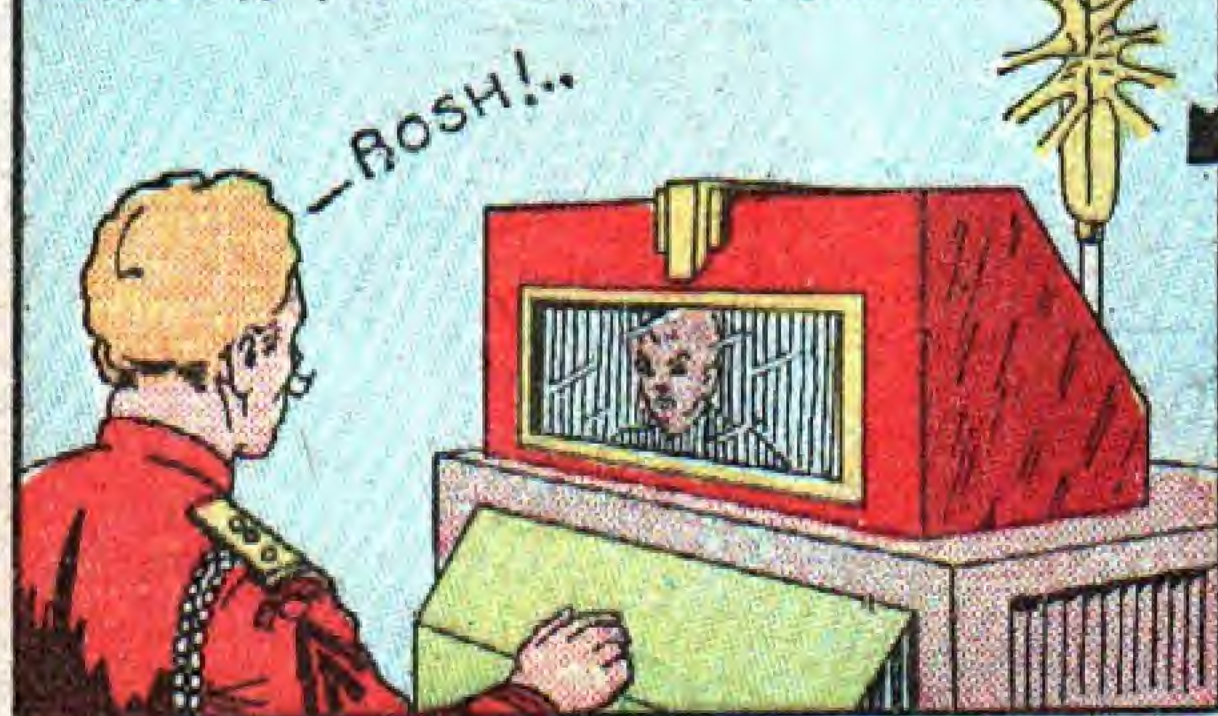
YEOOOOW

THE ELEMENTAL SOON GROWS TO AMAZING PROPORTIONS & TRAMPLES THE VILLAGE BENEATH HIS FEET..... WITH SNARLS OF HATE.



HAWR.....  
HAWW!

ARMY HEADQUARTERS RECEIVES THE NEWS BUT IS SKEPTICAL THINKING IT A GIGANTIC HOAX....

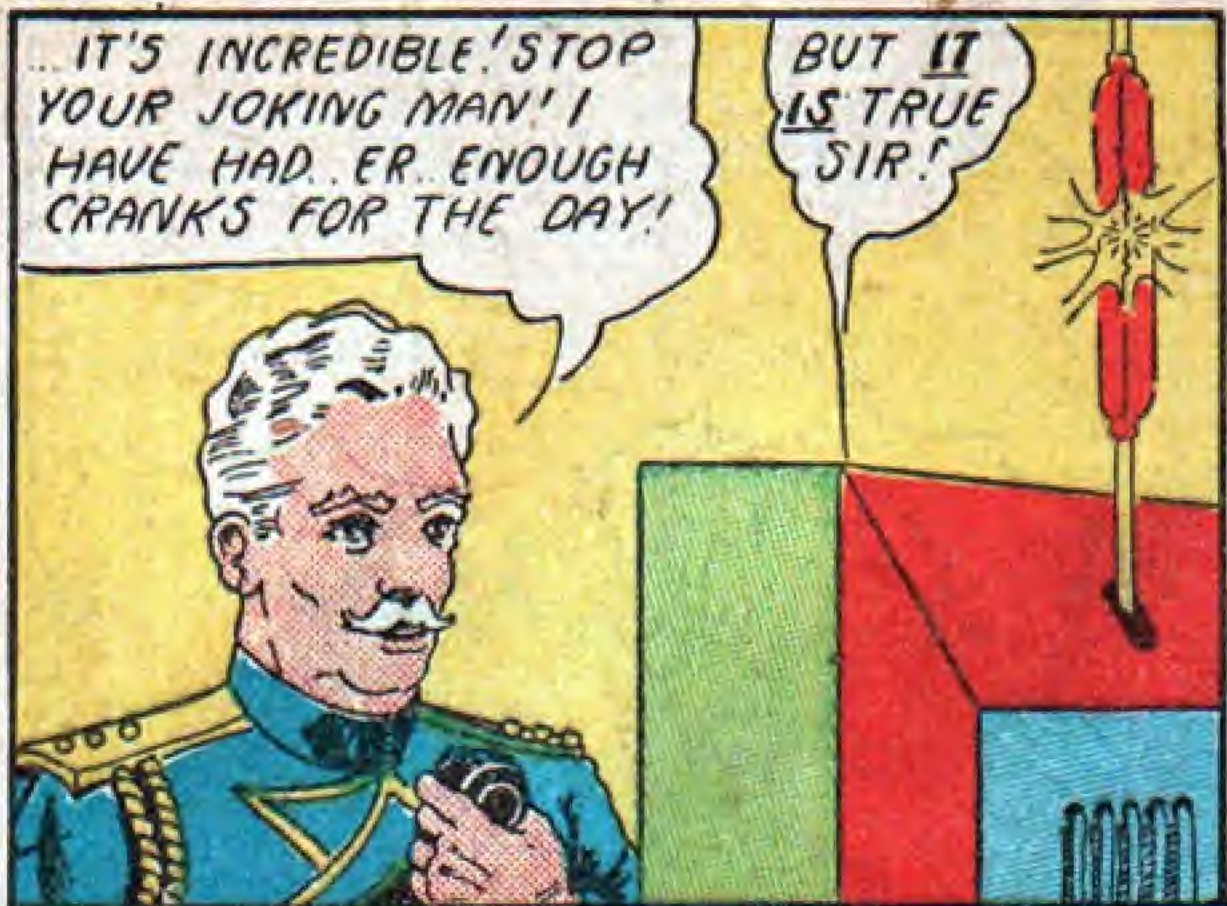


BOSH!..



IT'S INCREDIBLE! STOP YOUR JOKING MAN! I HAVE HAD ENOUGH CRANKS FOR THE DAY!

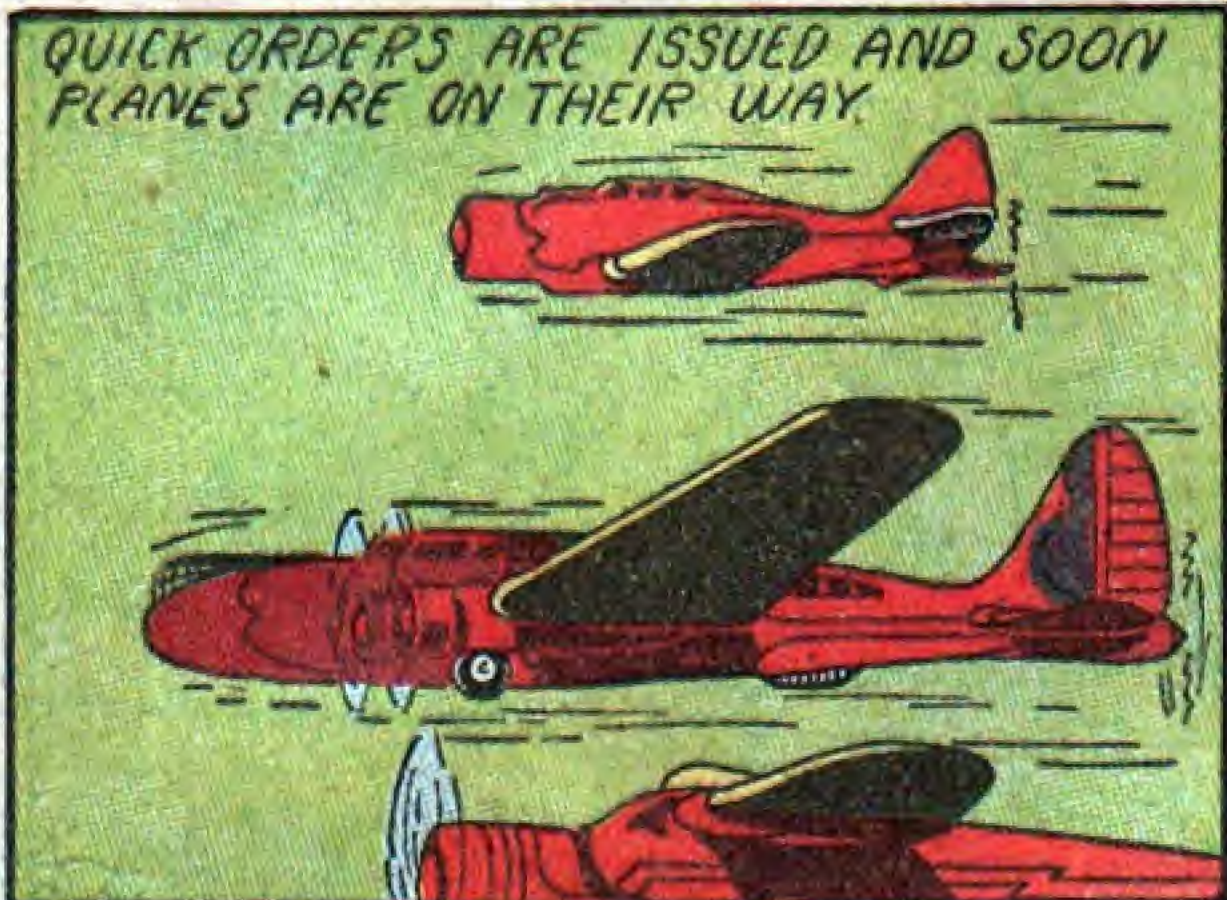
BUT IT IS TRUE SIR!



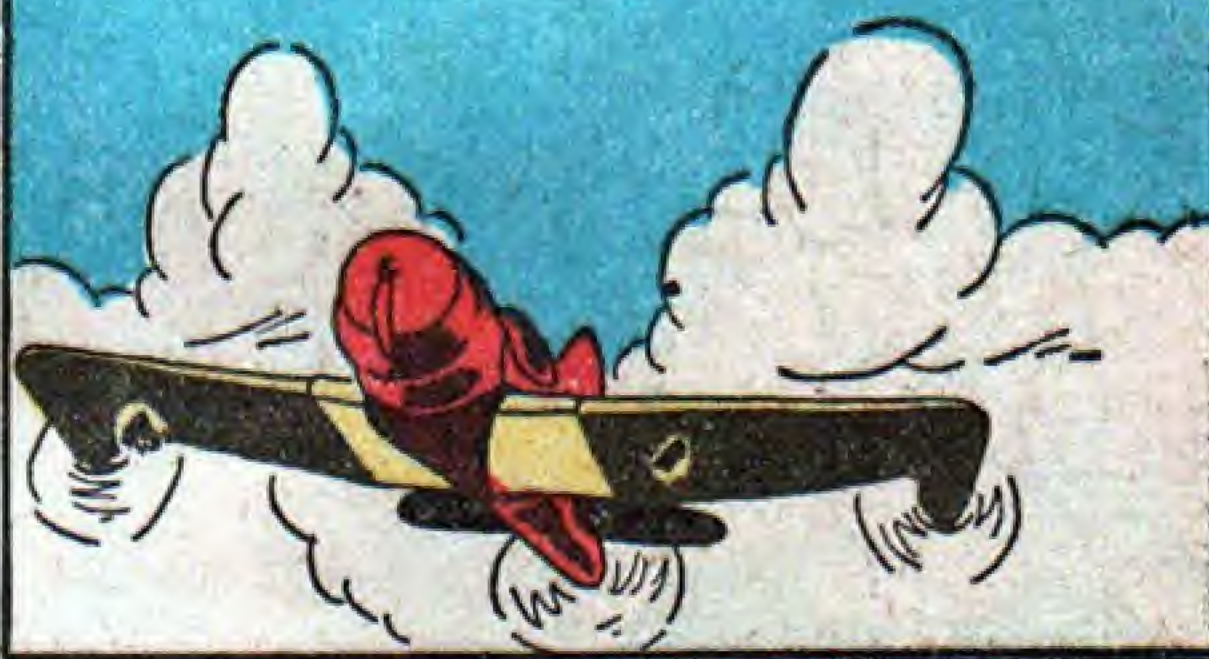
BUT SOON THE ARMY IS CONVINCED AS A DARING TELEVISION REPORTER TELLS THE ELEMENTAL MONSTER IN ACTION, TO THE HORRIFIED WORLD.



QUICK ORDERS ARE ISSUED AND SOON PLANES ARE ON THEIR WAY.



THE MAGICIAN FROM MARS ALSO IS HEADING FOR THE SAME DESTINATION IN HER NEW PLANE, BUILT BY HERSELF.



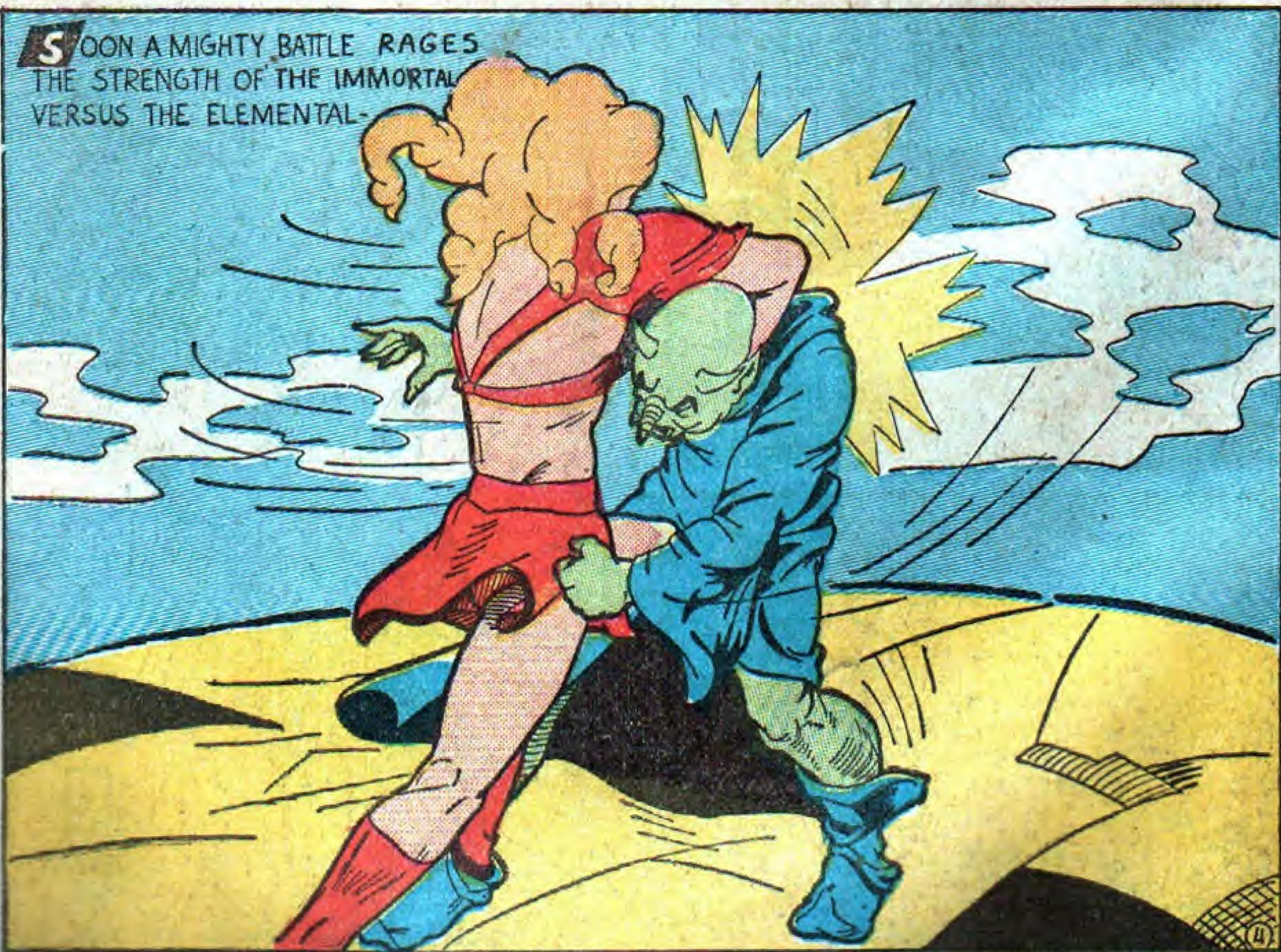
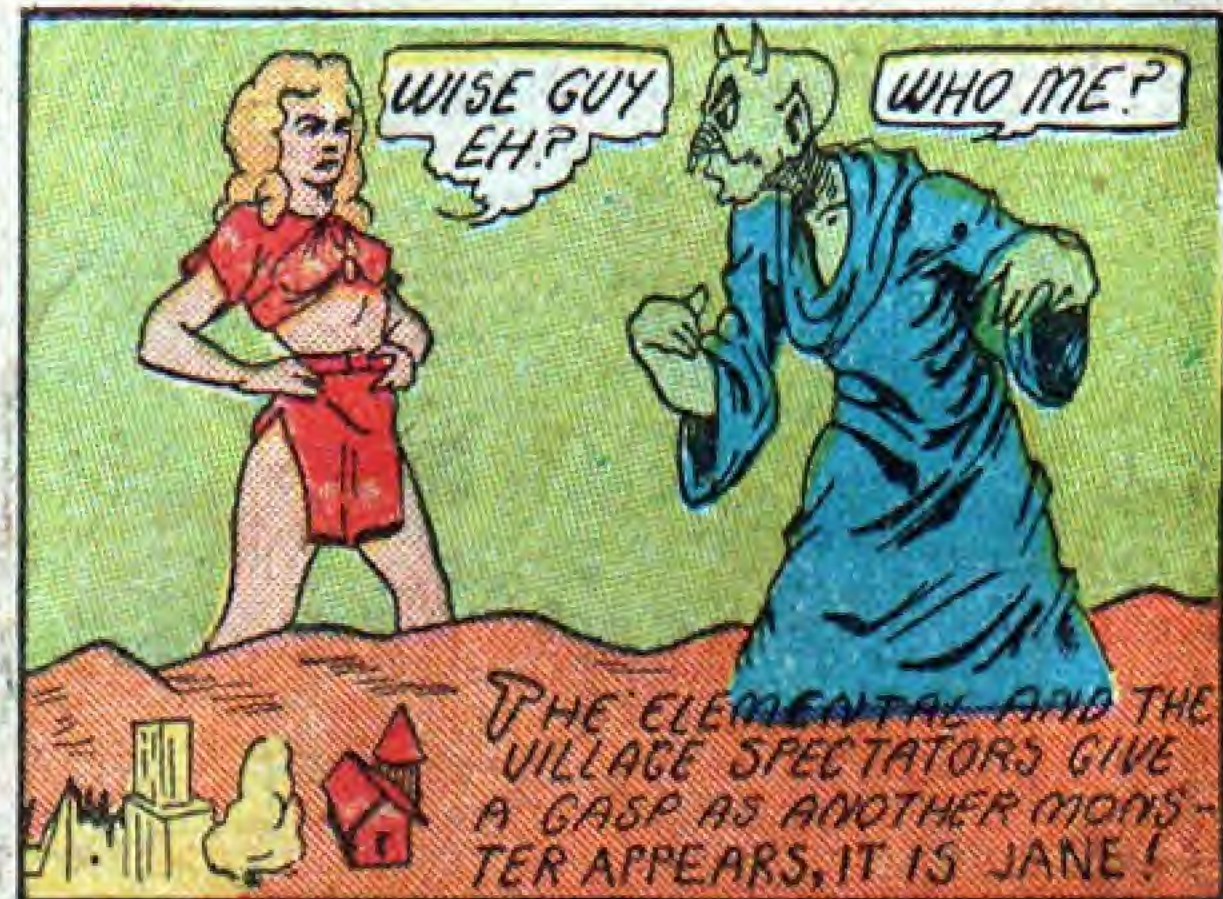
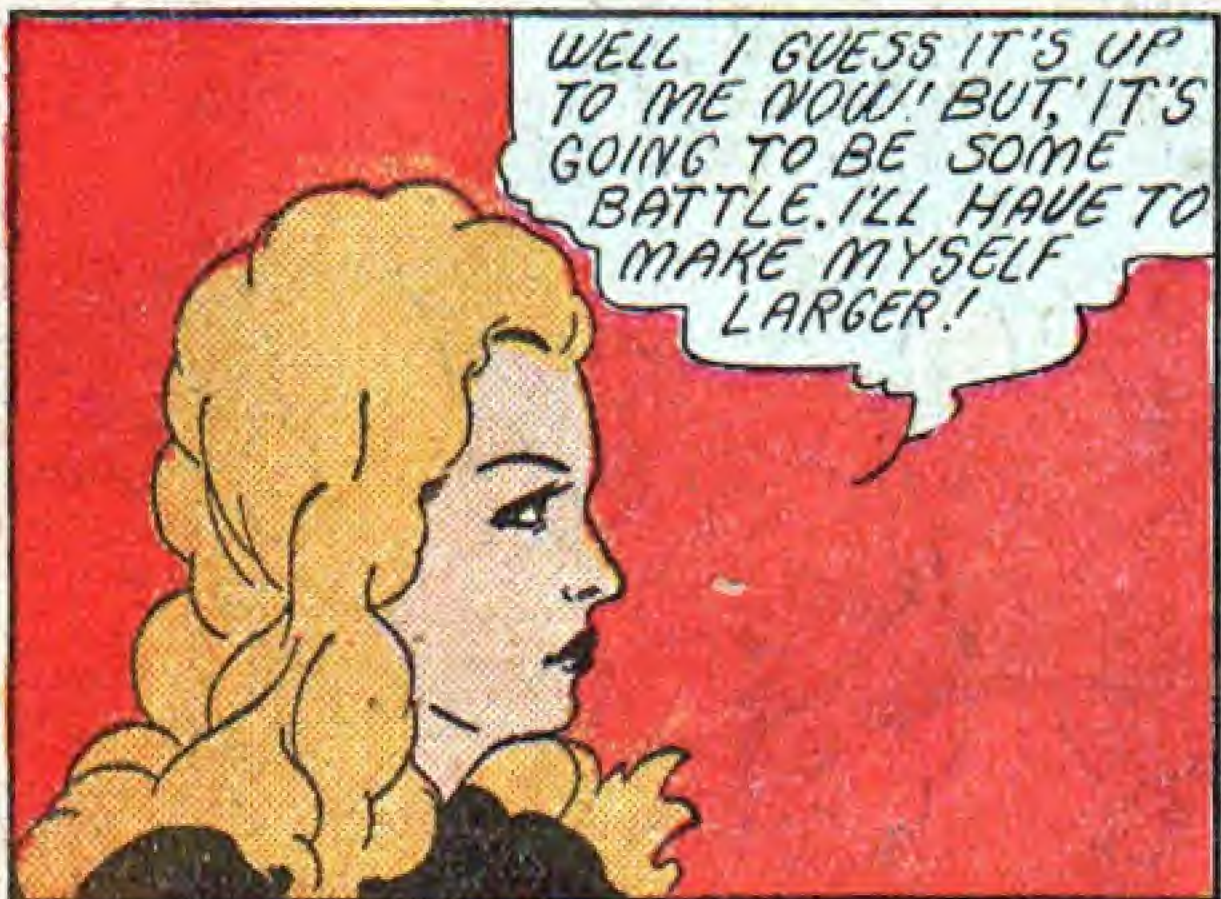
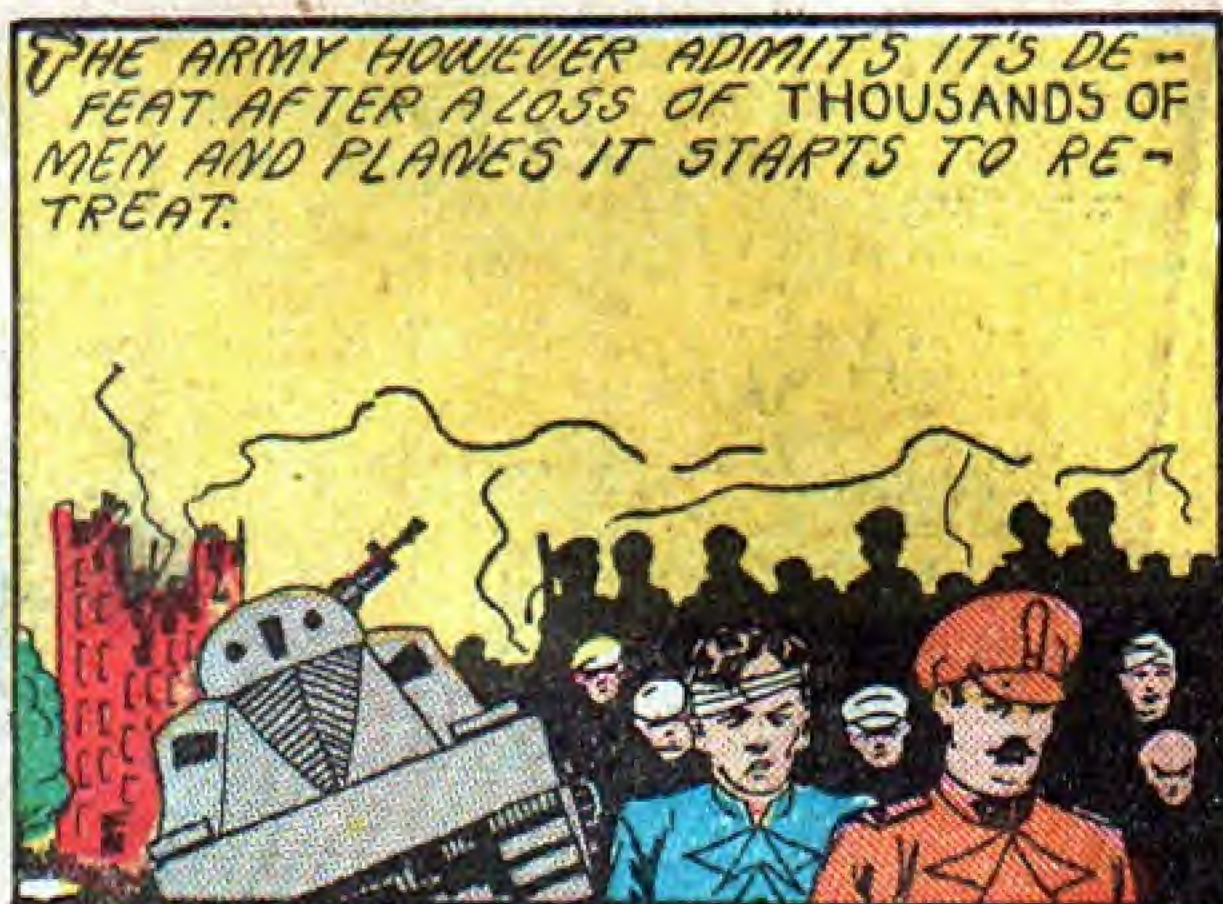
ARMIES, GUNS, TANKS & AIRPLANES. THE STRENGTH OF THE U.S.A TO BE PITTED AGAINST AN ELEMENTAL.



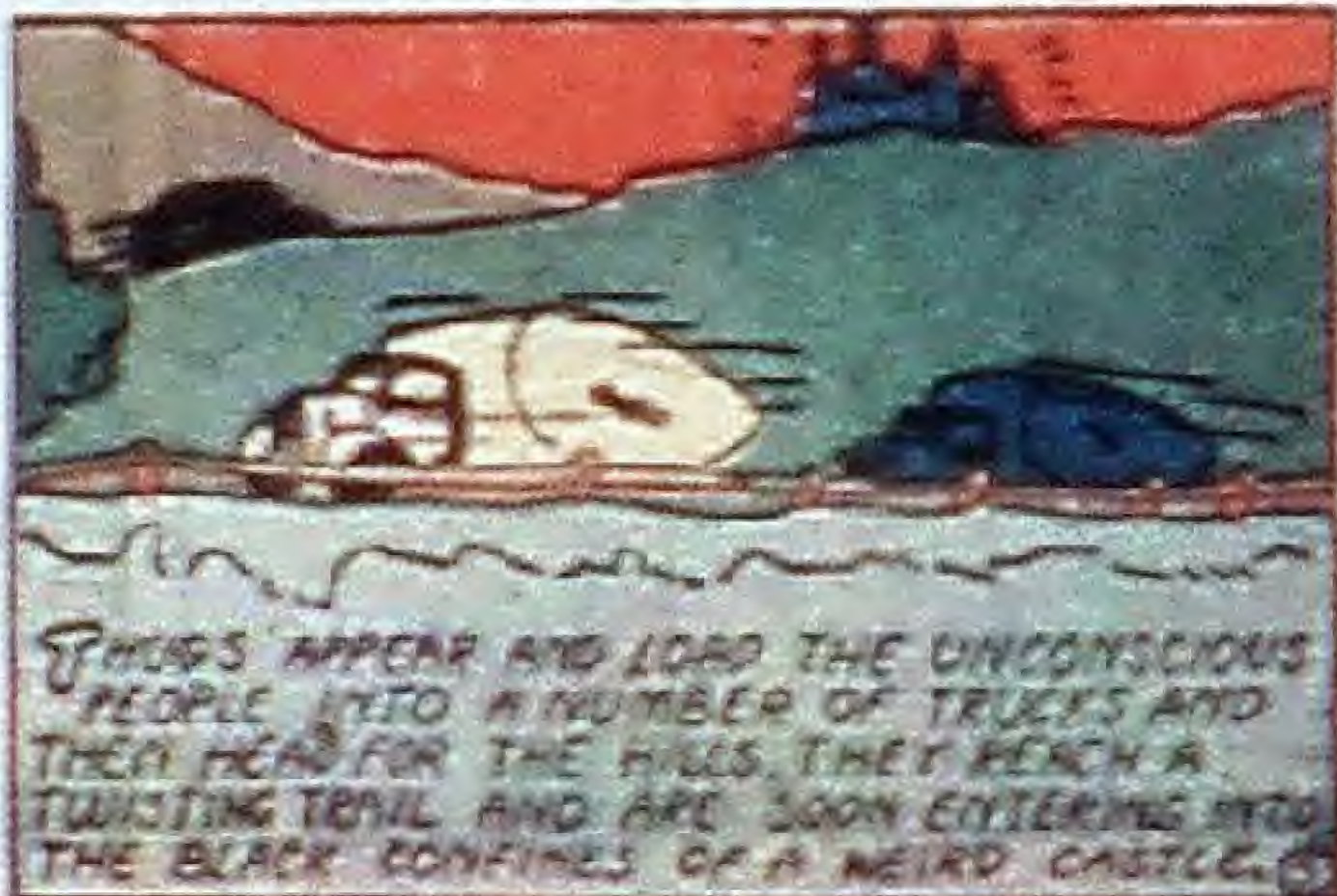
A MIGHTY BATTLE BEGINS TO RAGE AS CIVILIZATION PITS ITS PUNY STRENGTH AGAINST THE ETHEREAL, MALIGNANT MONSTER OF AN ALIEN WORLD. BUT TO NO AVAIL. NO EARTHLY SUBSTANCE SEEMS TO AFFECT IT. CAN THE MAGICIAN HERSELF CONQUER THIS ALIEN CREATURE THAT A NATION COULD NOT?



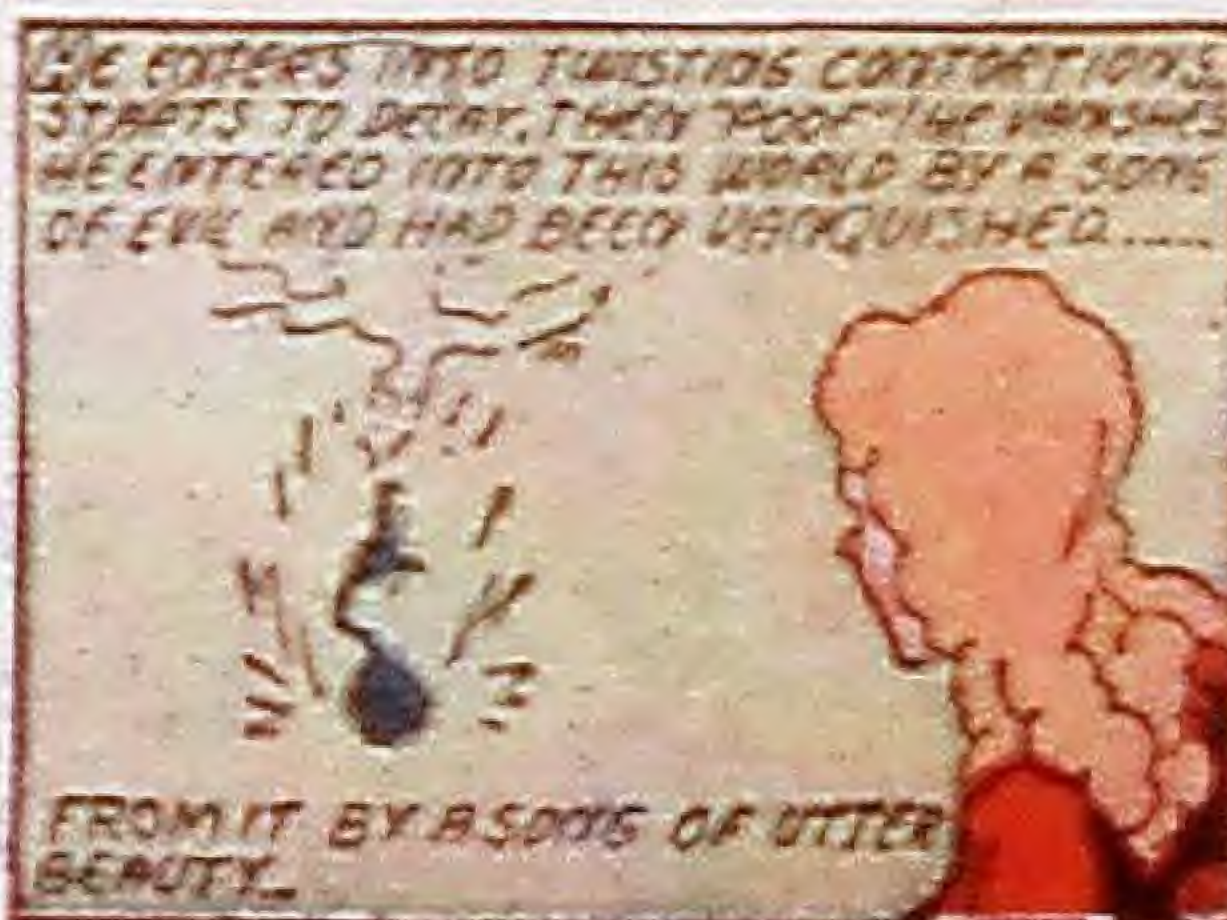
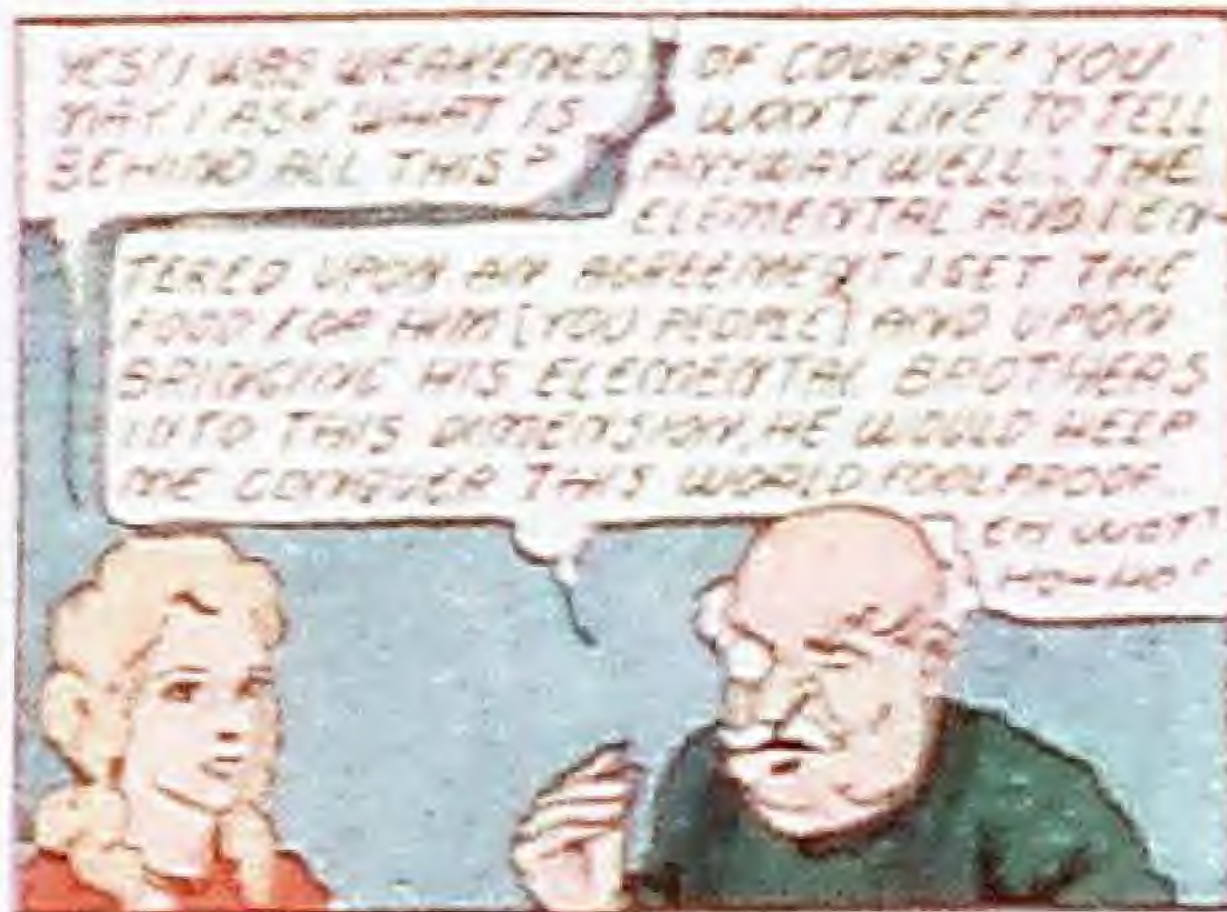
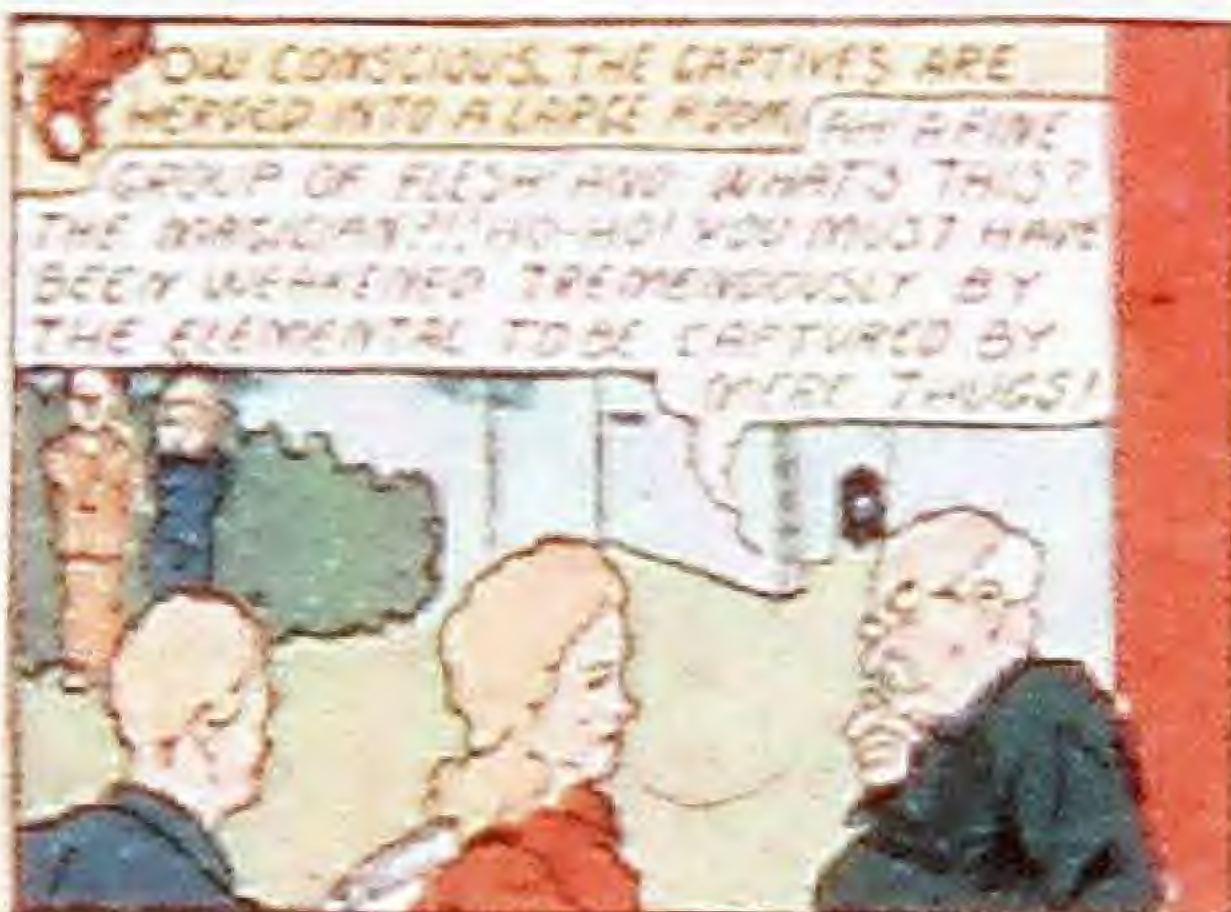
















COMING!

**BLUE MOON**  
WHAT WAS THE PURPOSE OF THE GLASS CHAIRS? WHAT DID THEY IMPLY?

**BLUE MOON**  
WHY WAS THIS PLACE ALWAYS AT THE SCENE OF THE 'DEAD'?

**READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF AMAZING MAN COMICS**  
Featuring THE AMAZING ANSWERS TO THESE CLUES IN THE NEXT

**MAGICIAN from MARS**



# MINIMIDGET

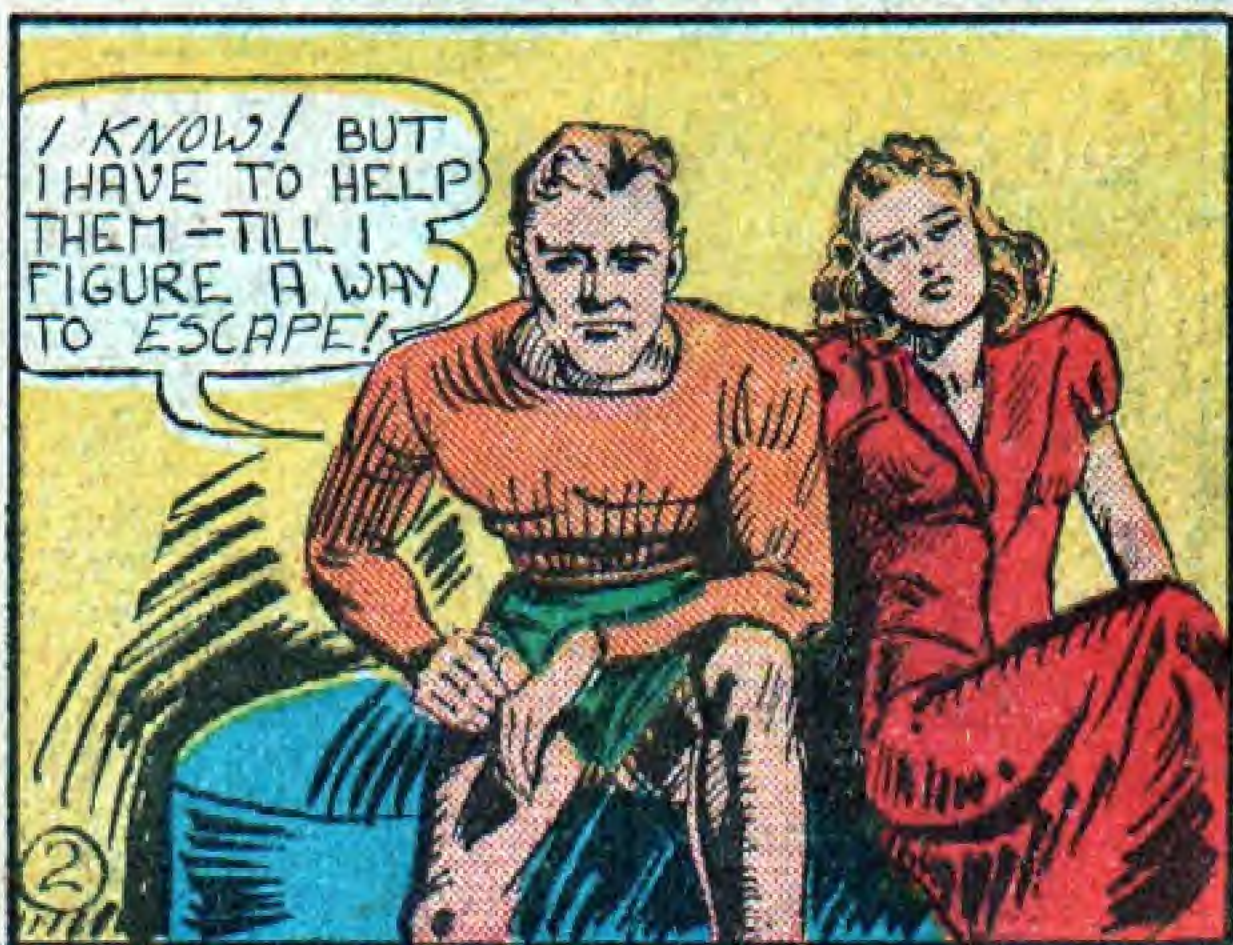
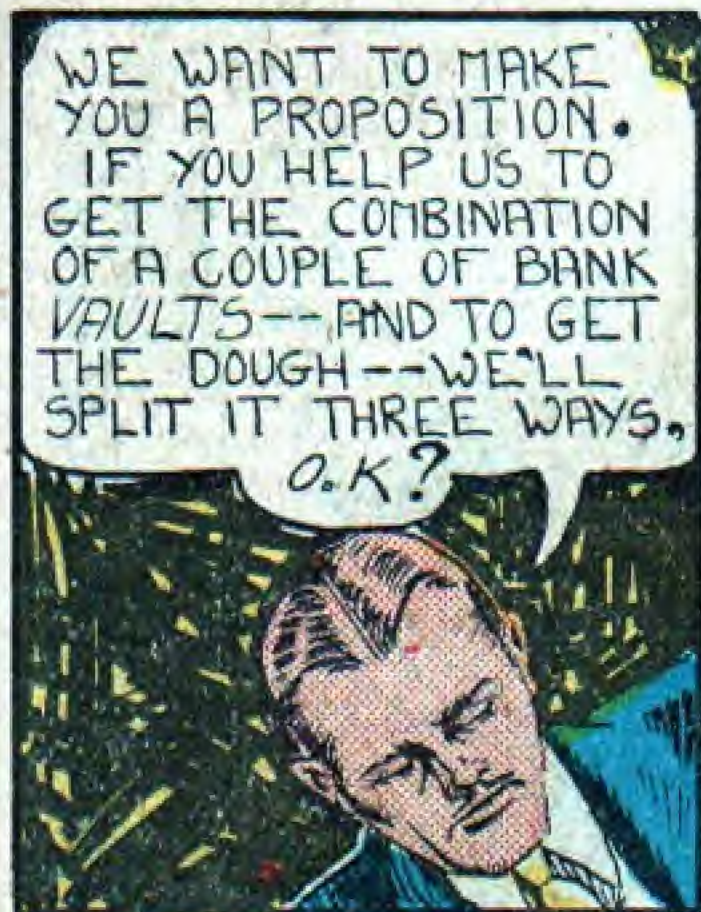
## THE SUPER-MIDGET

BY JOHN E. KOLB

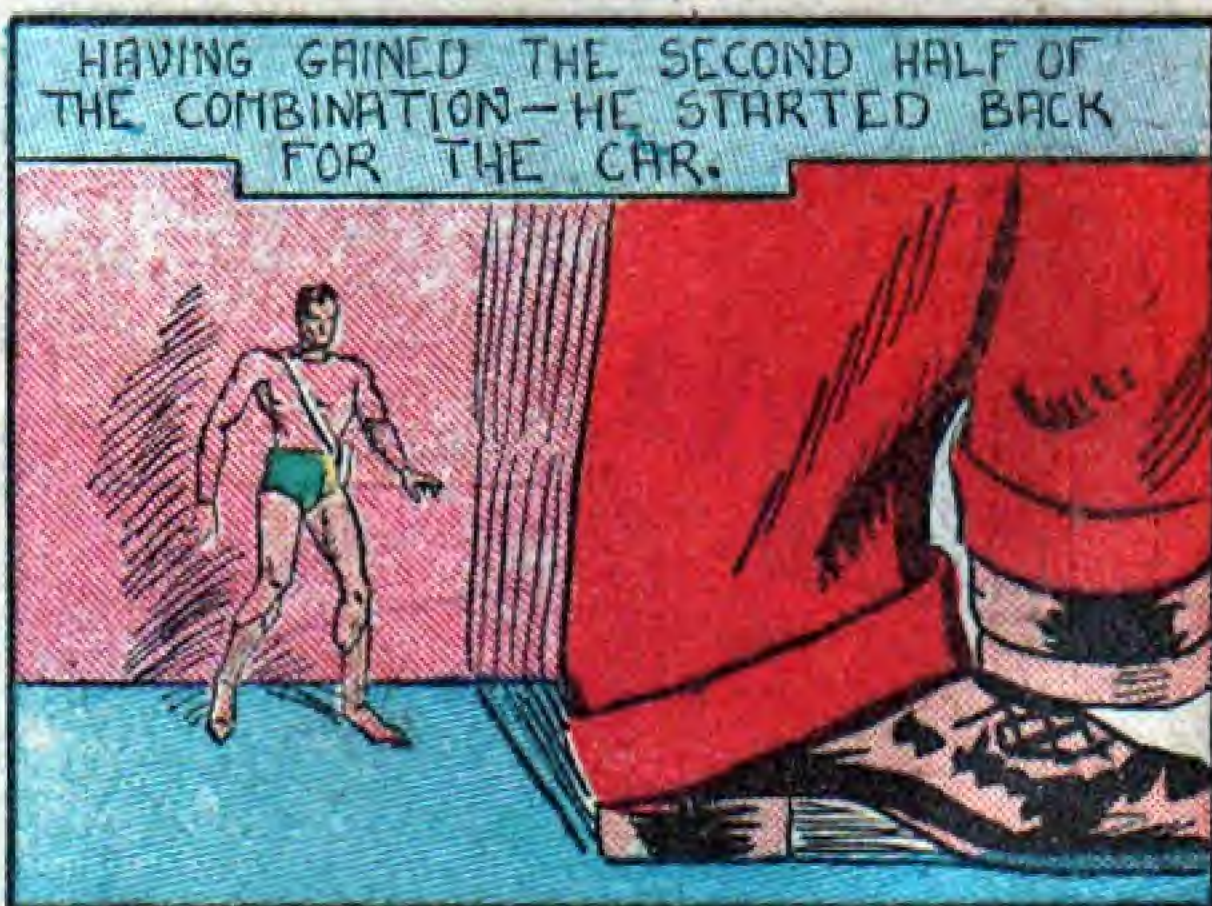
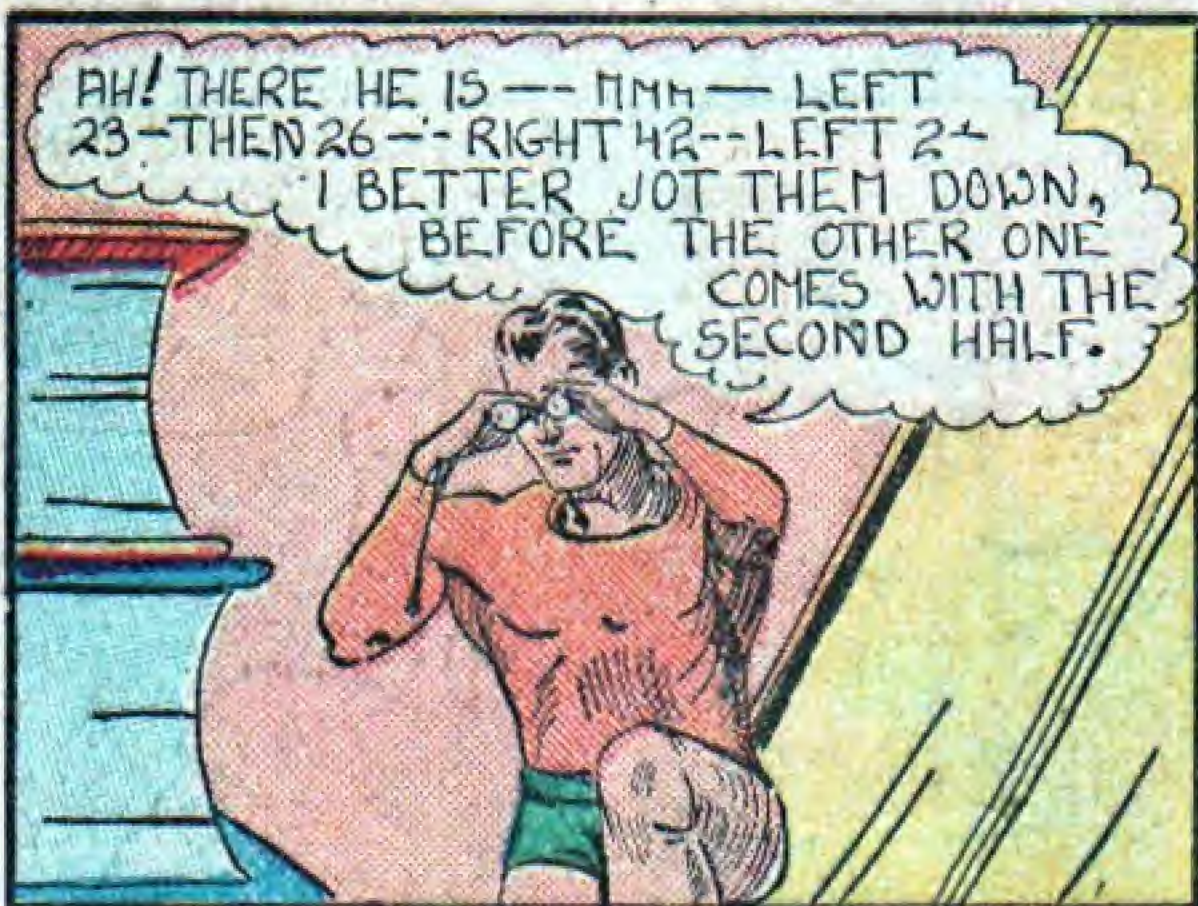
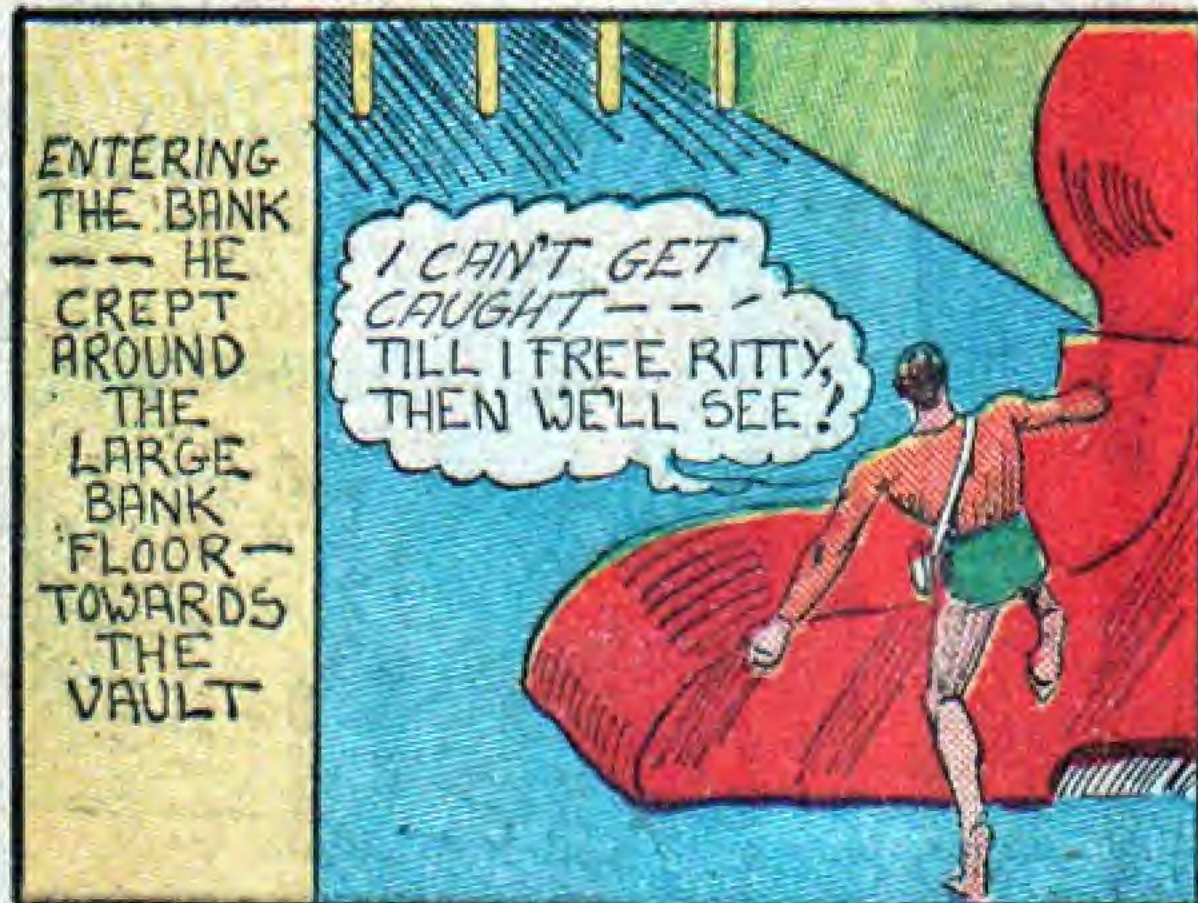
CREATED BY A MAD SCIENTIST WHO REDUCED THEM FROM NORMAL PEOPLE—THEY ARE NOW THE SIZE OF A HUMAN HAND—CONTINUE THEIR ADVENTURES.



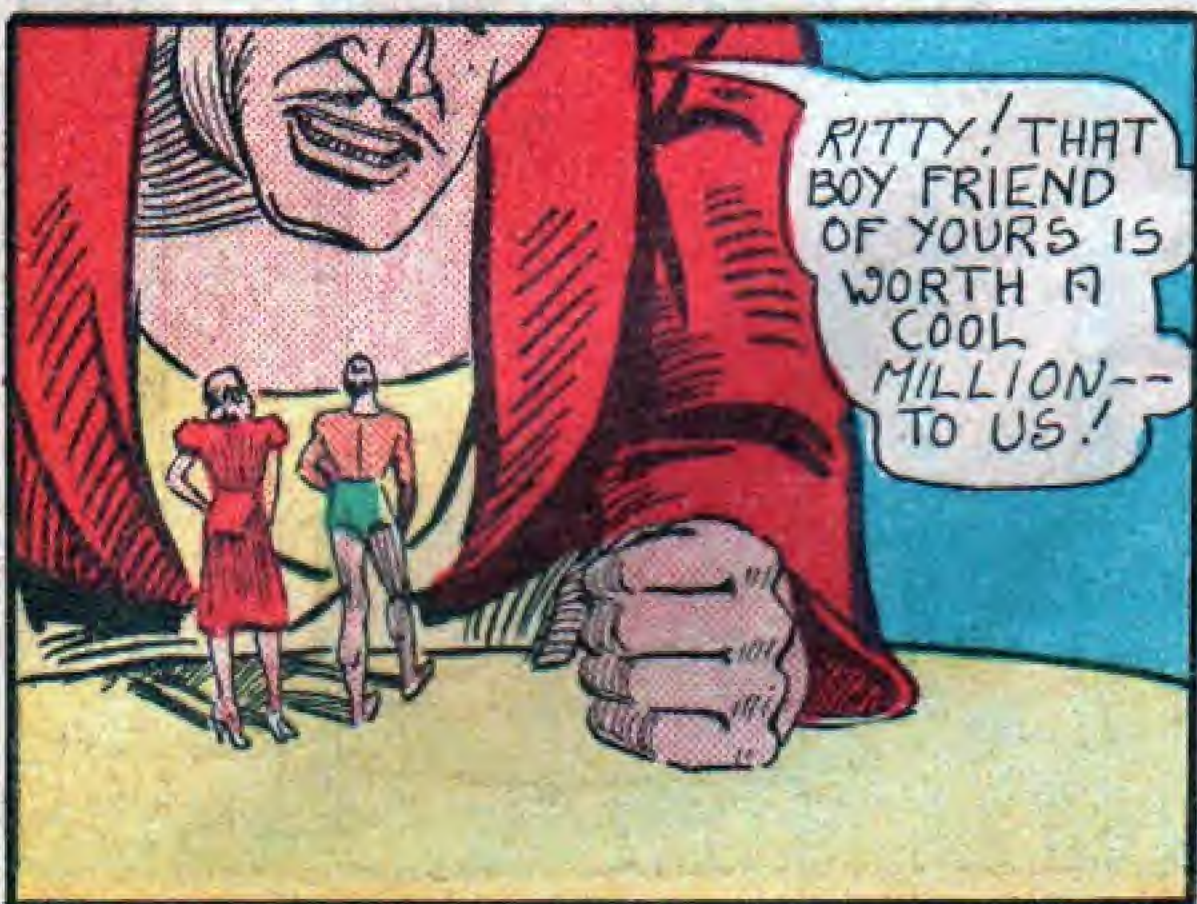








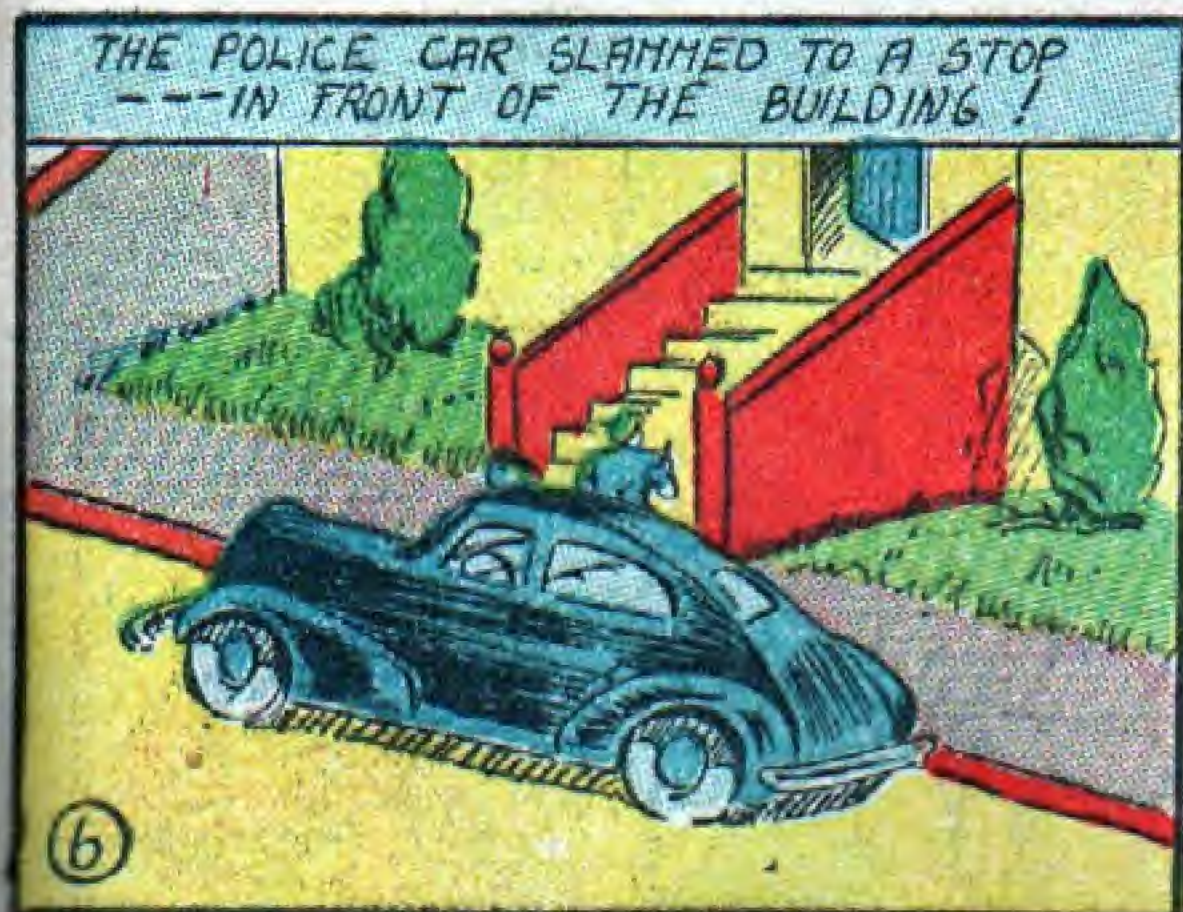
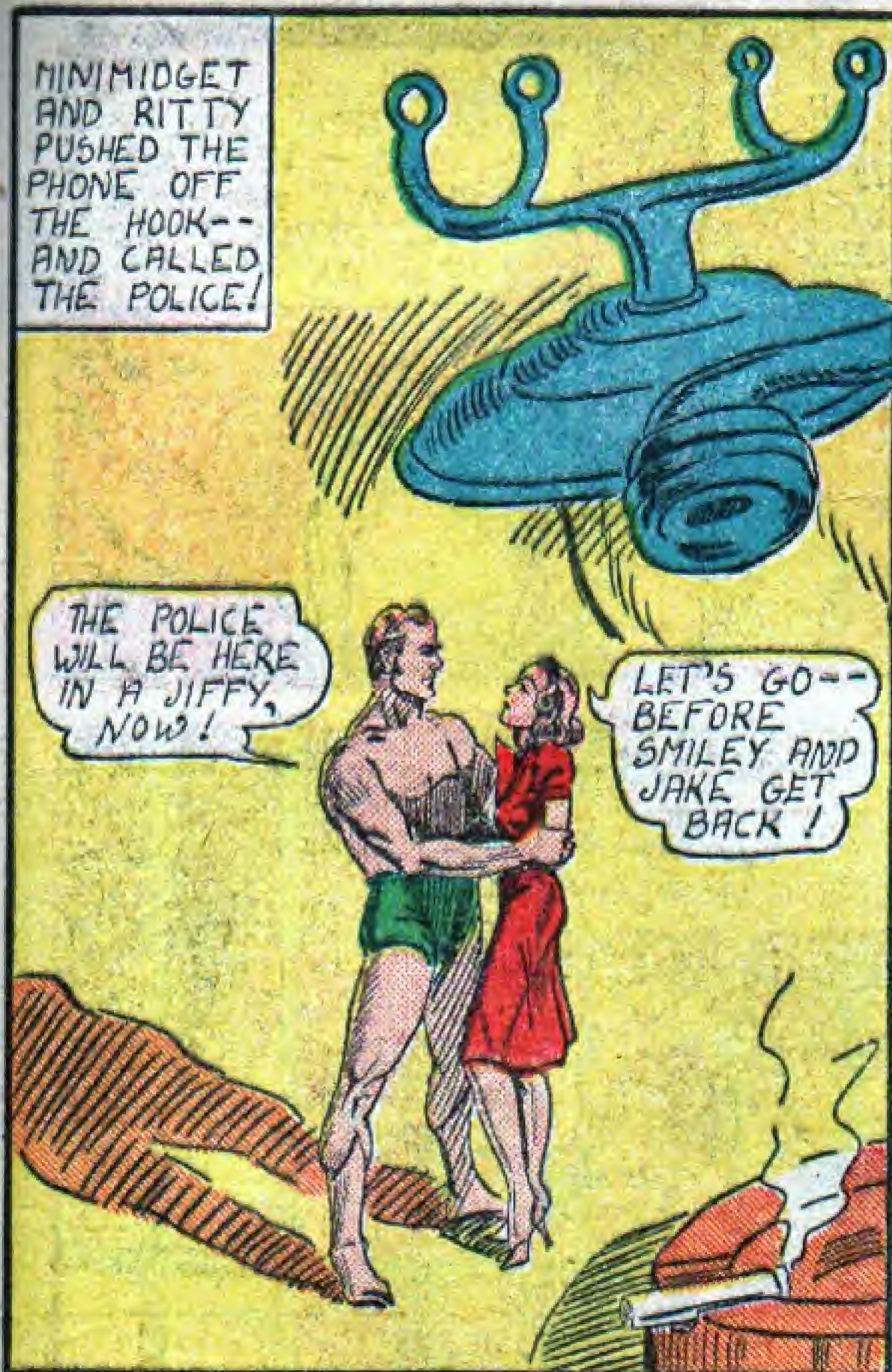




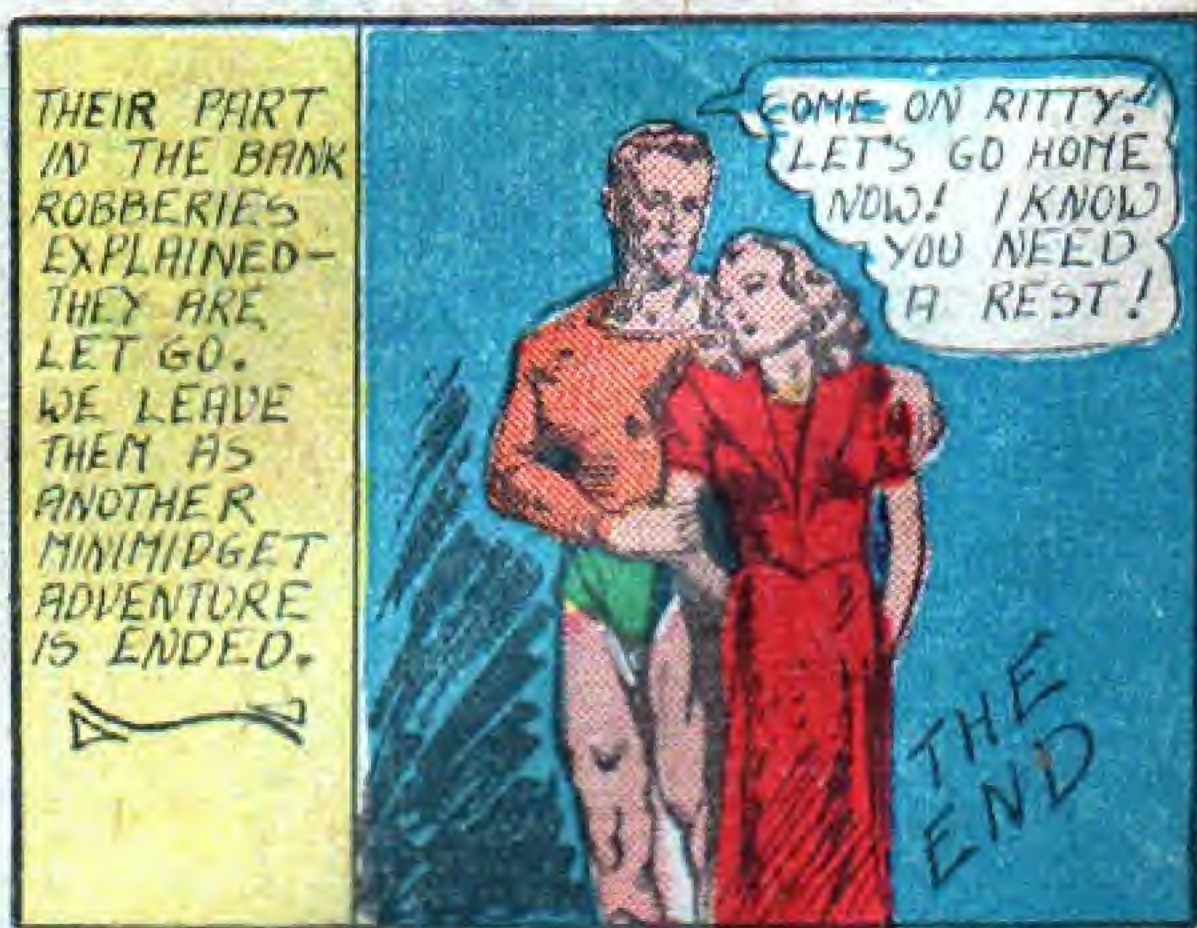
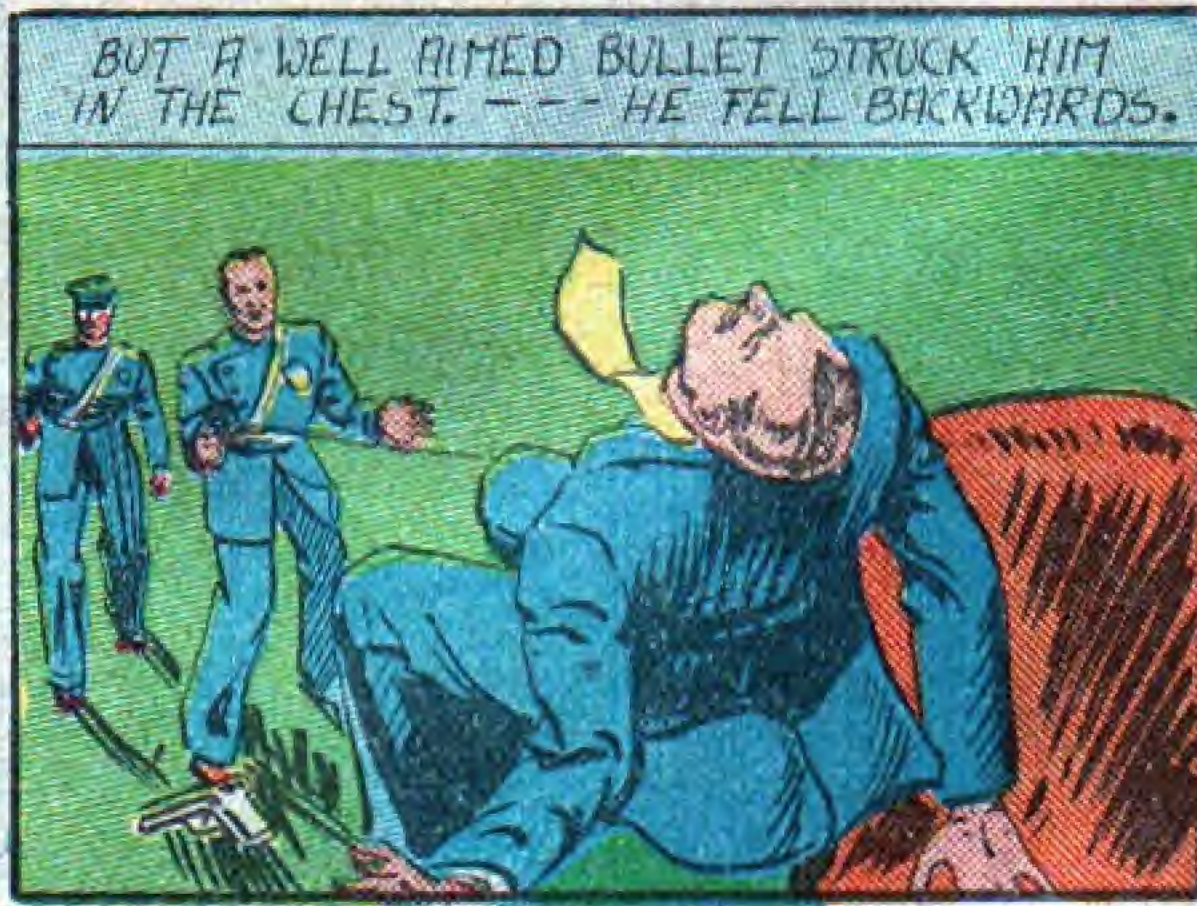
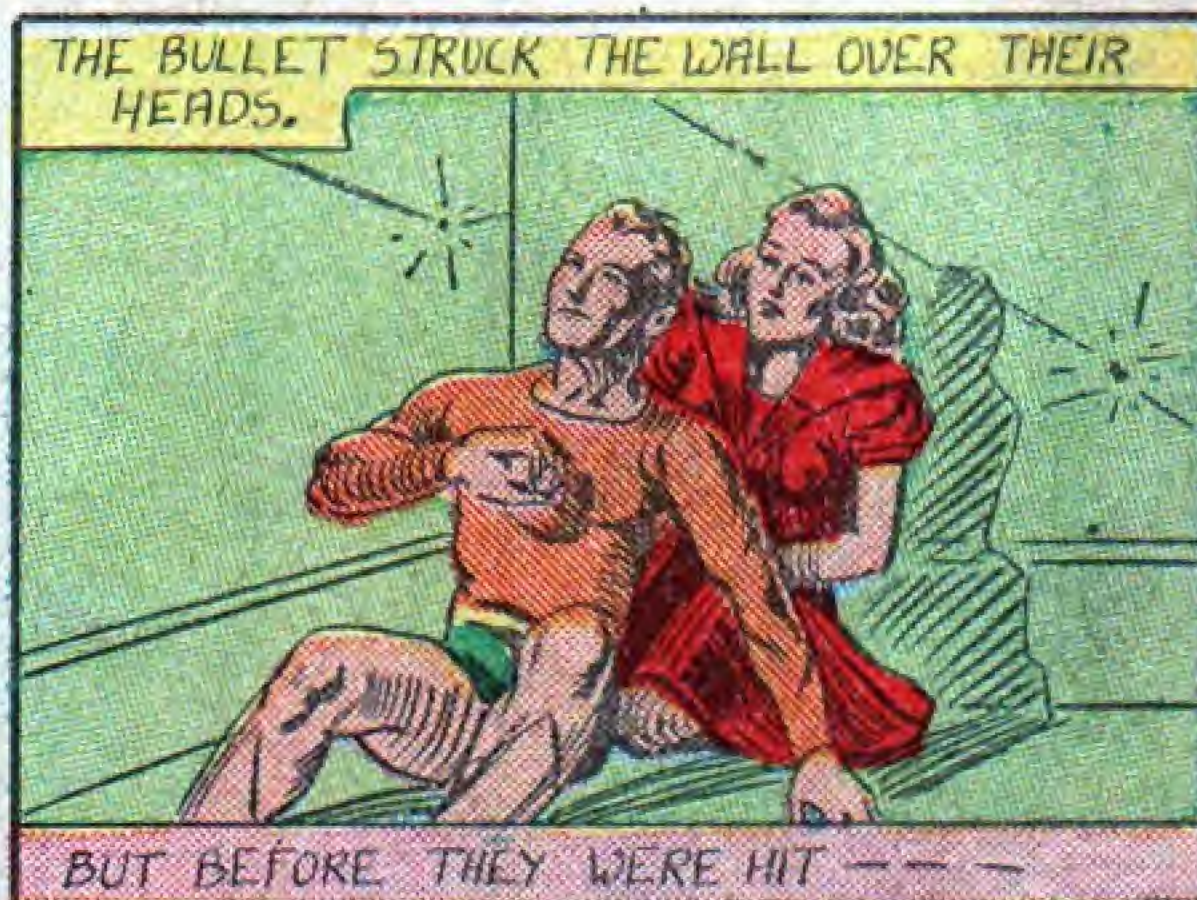
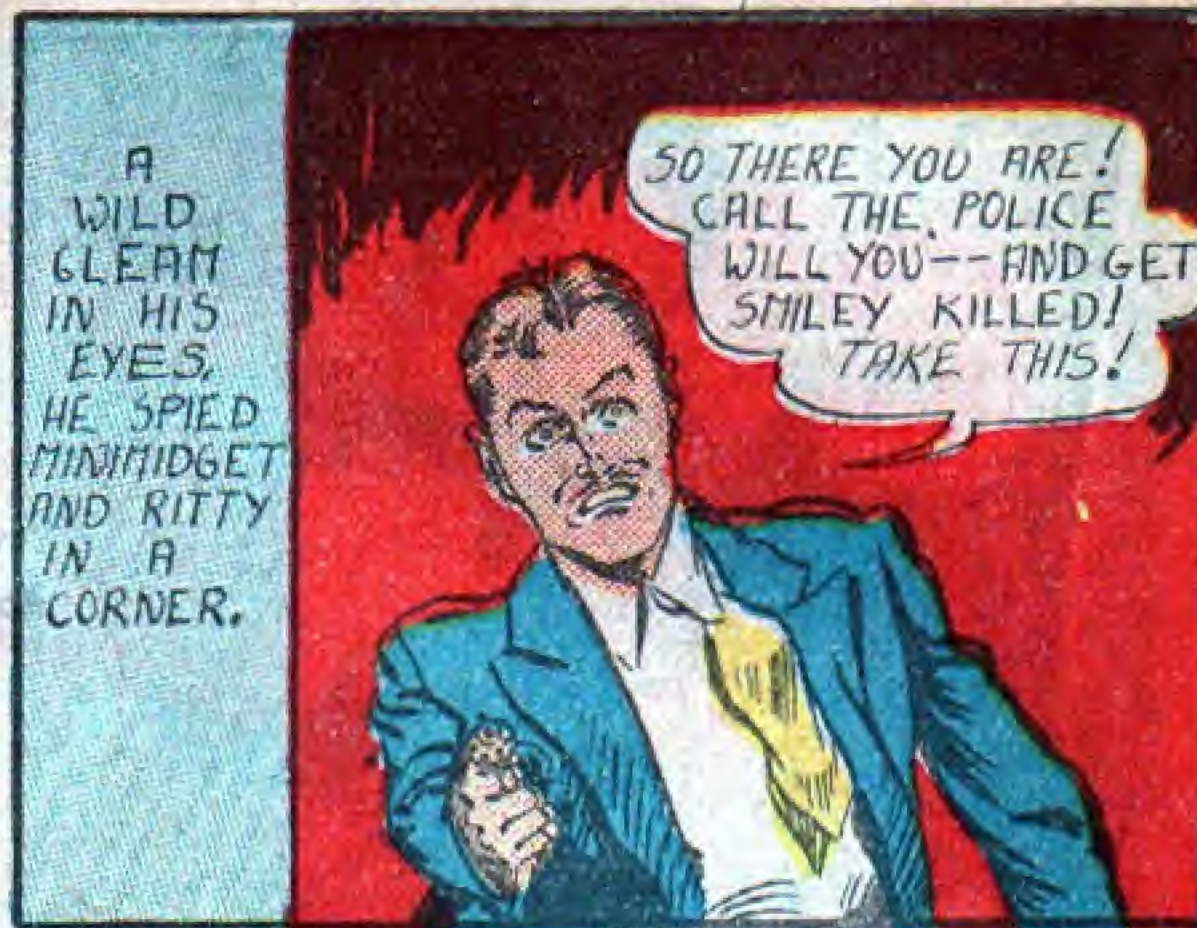














# CHUCK HARDY

by Frank Thomas

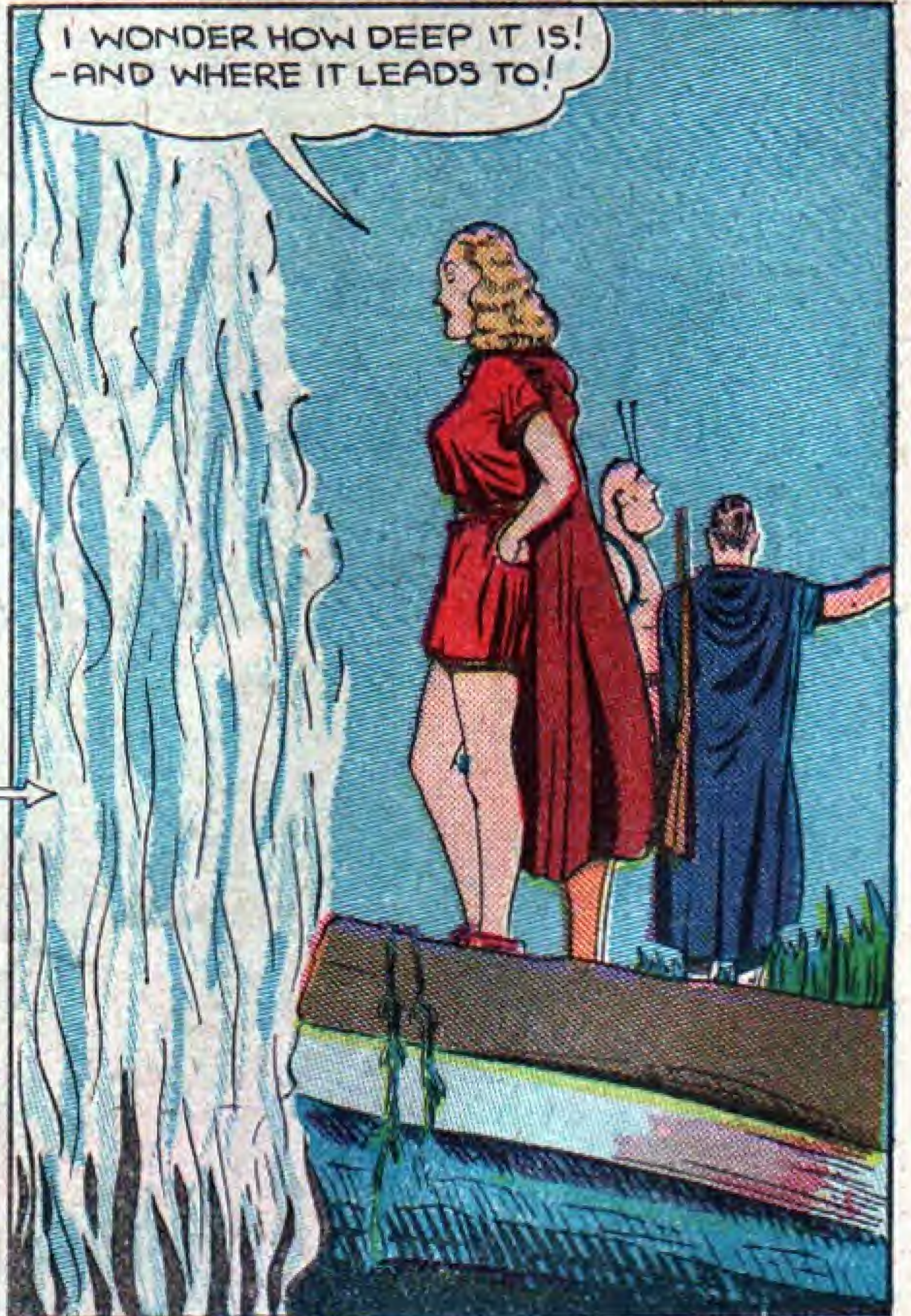
IN THE LAND BENEATH THE SEA...

AFTER THE DEATH OF THEIR TREACHEROUS GUIDE, LEER, CHUCK, JERRY, AND OXAN START THE RETURN JOURNEY TO AQUATANIA WITH THE PRECIOUS FLAME CAPTURED FROM THE REGIONS OF ROARA!

SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE LOST! - I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING THIS TERRITORY BEFORE!



I WONDER HOW DEEP IT IS! - AND WHERE IT LEADS TO!



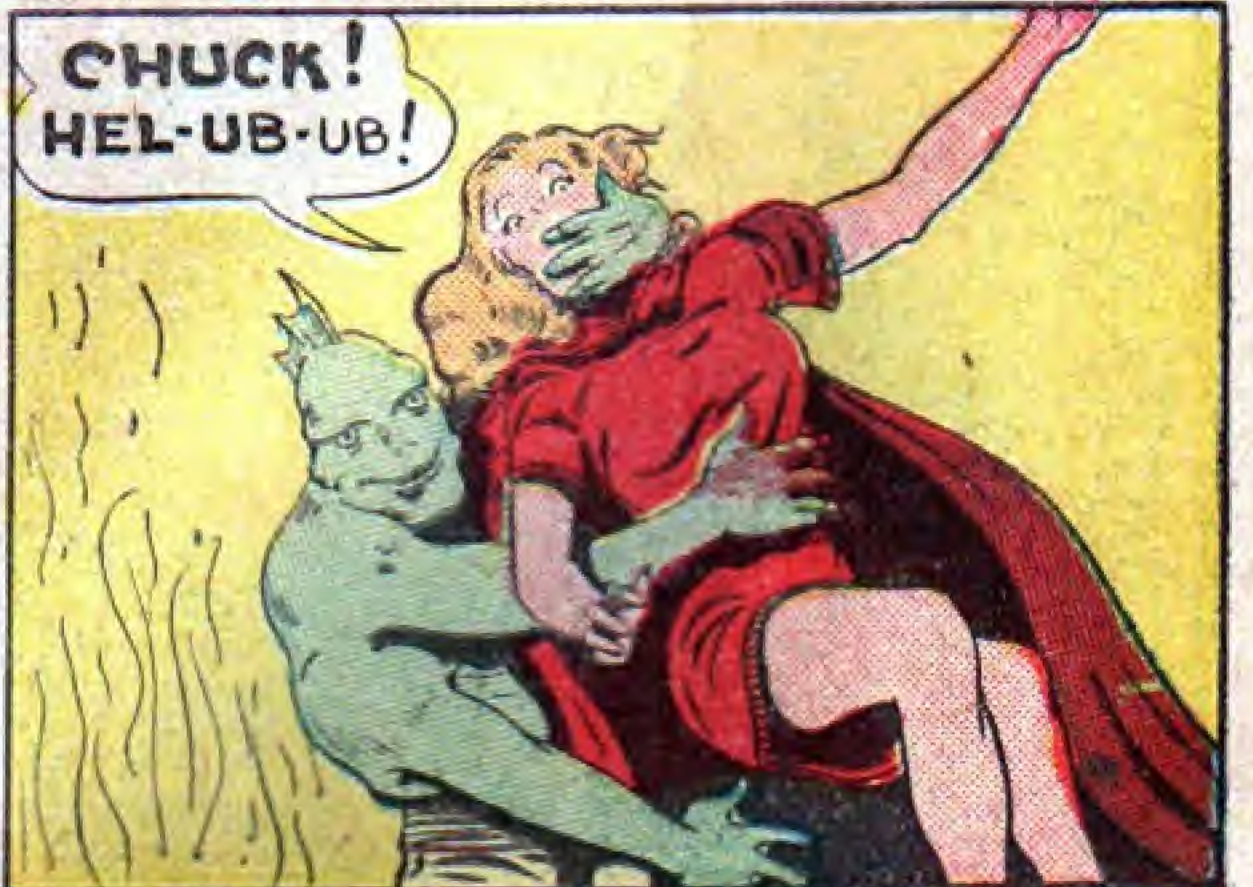
LOOK! - A BIG STEAM CHASM!



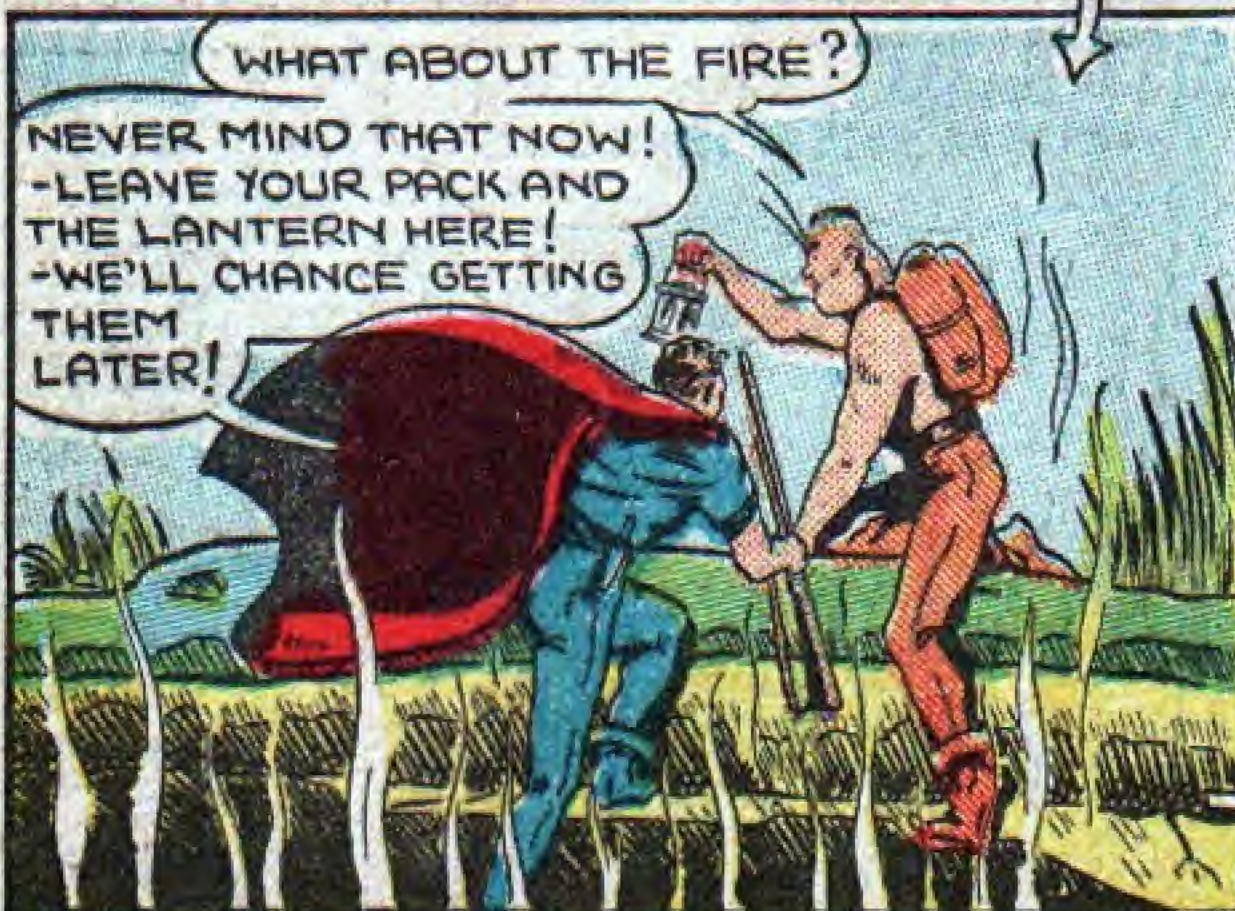
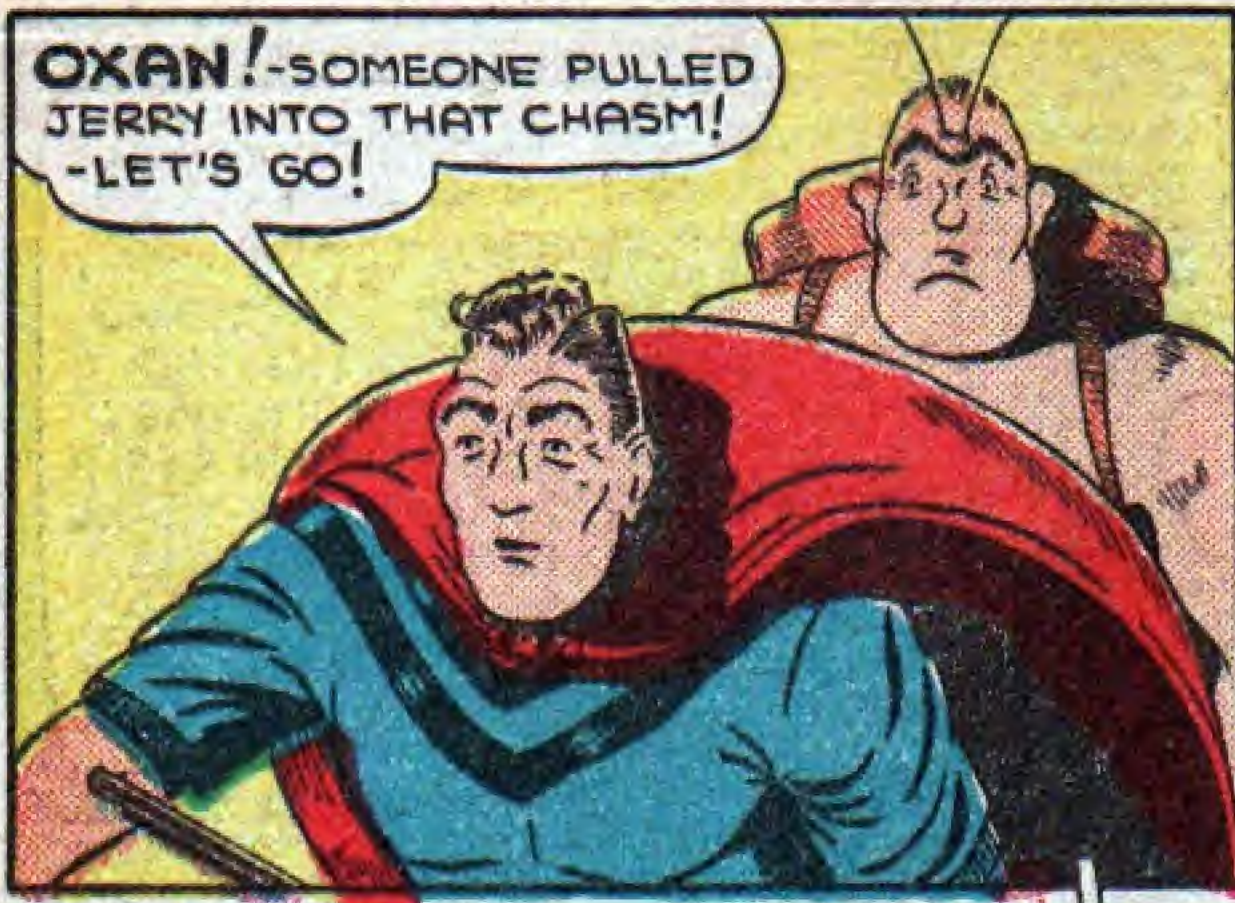
SUDDENLY - BEHIND JERRY, FROM THE DEPTHS BELOW!



CHUCK! HEL-UB-UB!





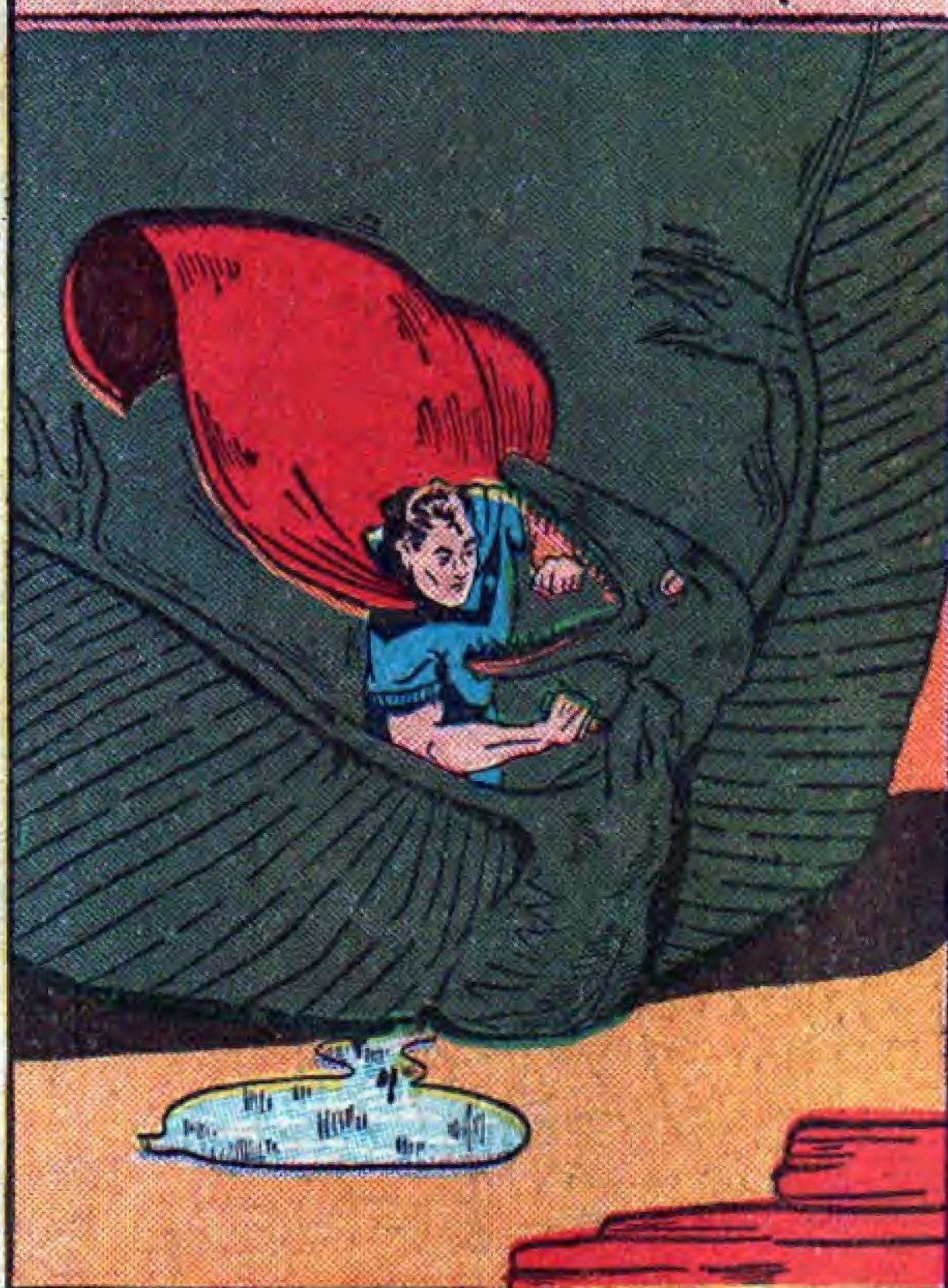




BROUGHT DOWN BY CHUCK'S SHOT, THE WOUNDED REPTILE LOCKS WITH THE EARTH-SURFACE MAN IN MORTAL COMBAT!



THE THRASHING PTERODACTYL GROWS SLOWLY WEAKER AS CHUCK DRIVES HOME HIS SHORTSWORD AGAIN AND AGAIN!



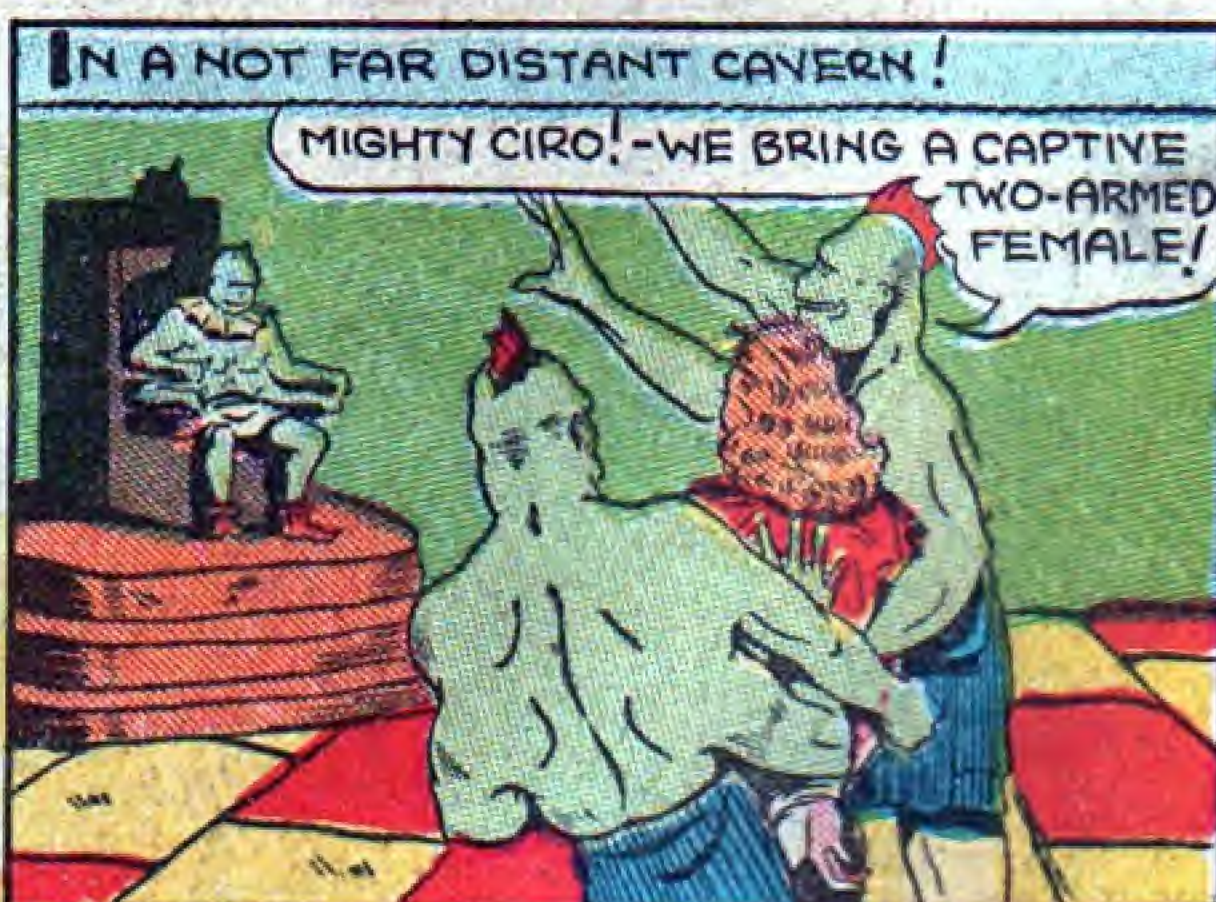
DEAD!

LET'S BE ON OUR WAY, OXAN!!—JERRY MAY BE AT THE POINT OF DEATH!



IN A NOT FAR DISTANT CAVERN!

MIGHTY CIRO!—WE BRING A CAPTIVE TWO-ARMED FEMALE!



A STRANGE CREATURE!—WHENCE DOES SHE COME?—SHE PLEASES ME!—BRING HER HERE!



SHE IS BEAUTIFUL!—A FITTING BRIDE FOR THE MIGHTY CIRO!







**STRUGGLING HOPELESSLY, JERRY IS LASHED TO THE SACRIFICIAL SLAB!**



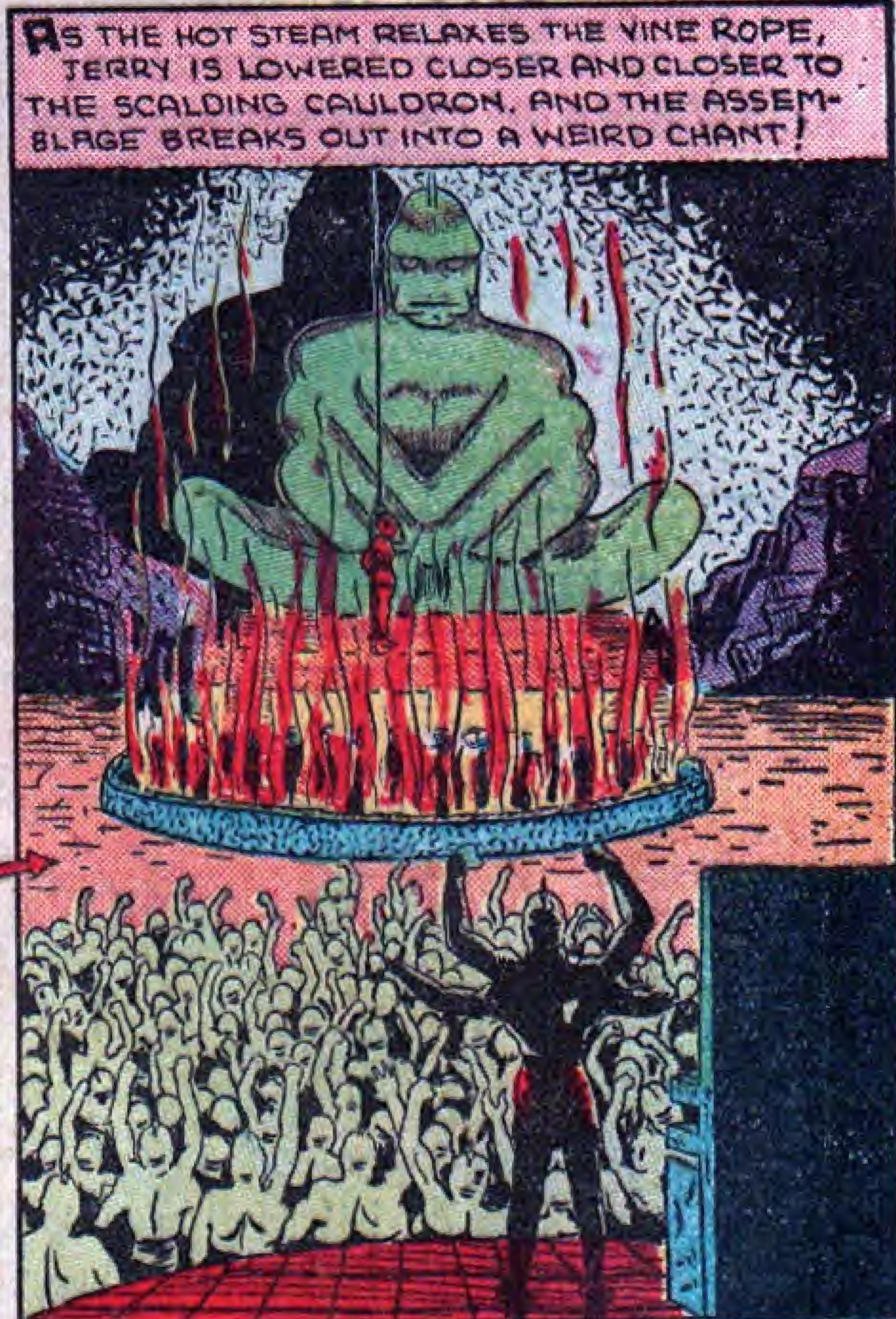
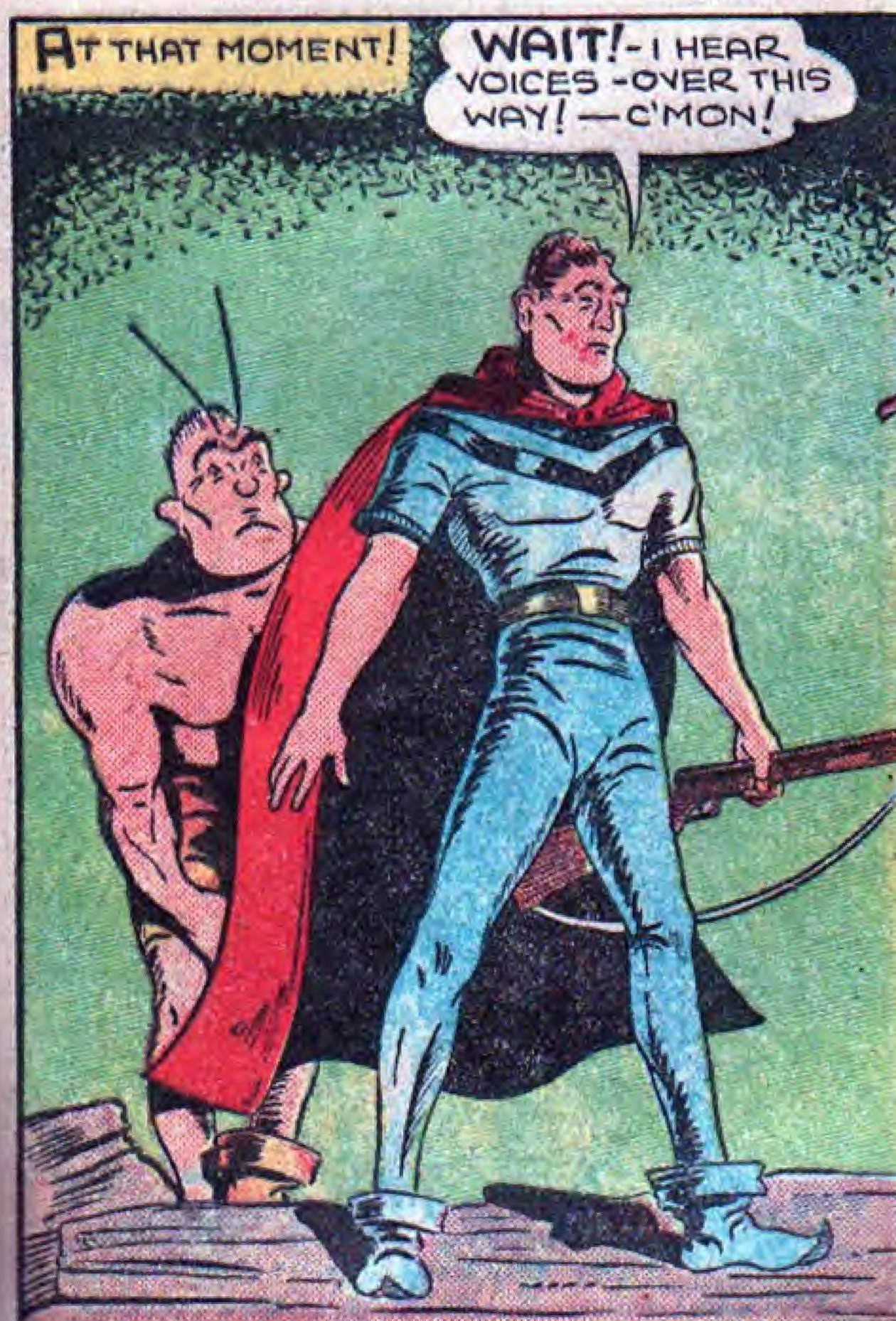
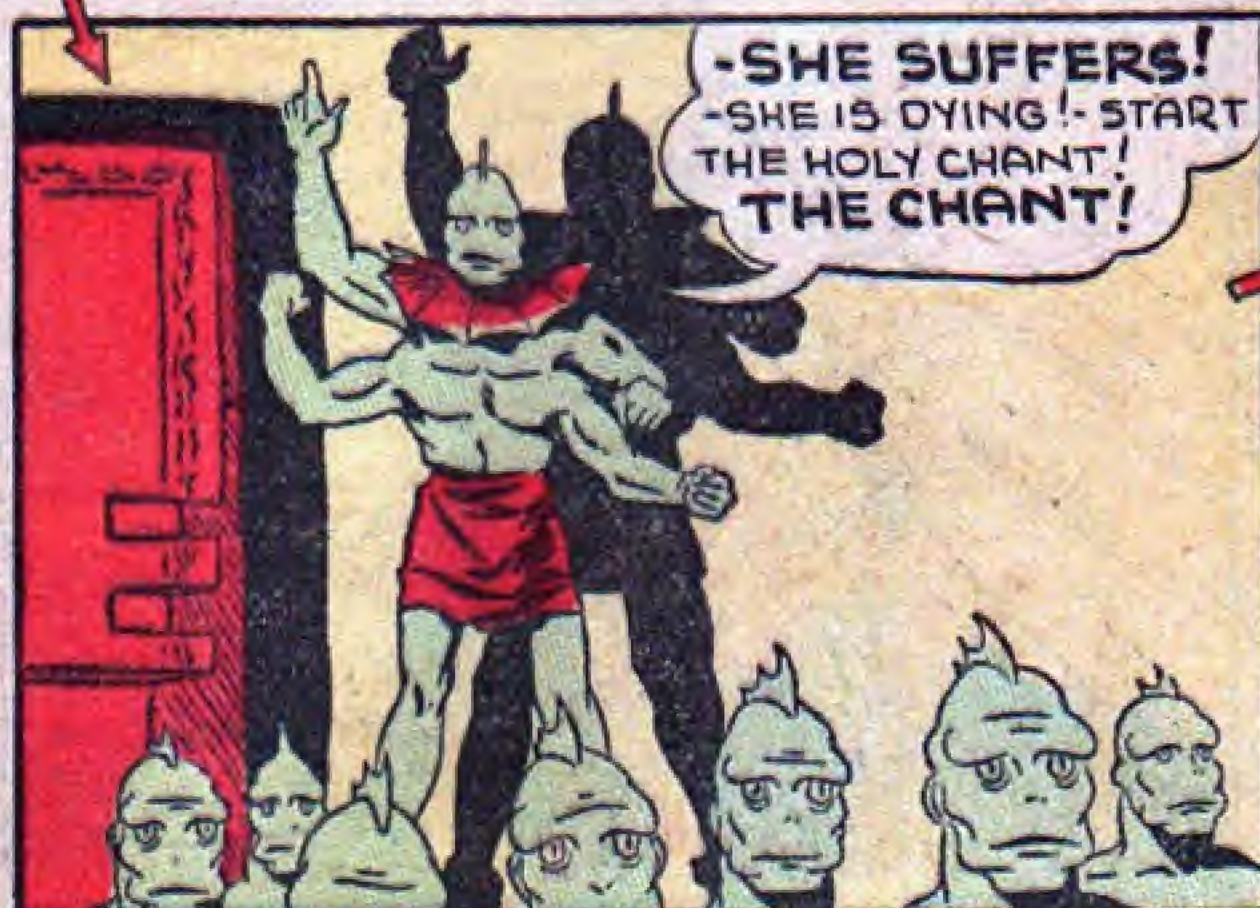
**THE VINE-ROPE IS ATTACHED TO THE SLAB -**



**AND JERRY IS SWUNG HIGH OVER THE SCALDING CHASM BEFORE THE IDOL OF THE SACRED STEAM GOD!**









THEY MUST BE - **OXAN!** -  
LOOK! - ON THE END OF THAT ROPE!  
**IT'S JERRY!**



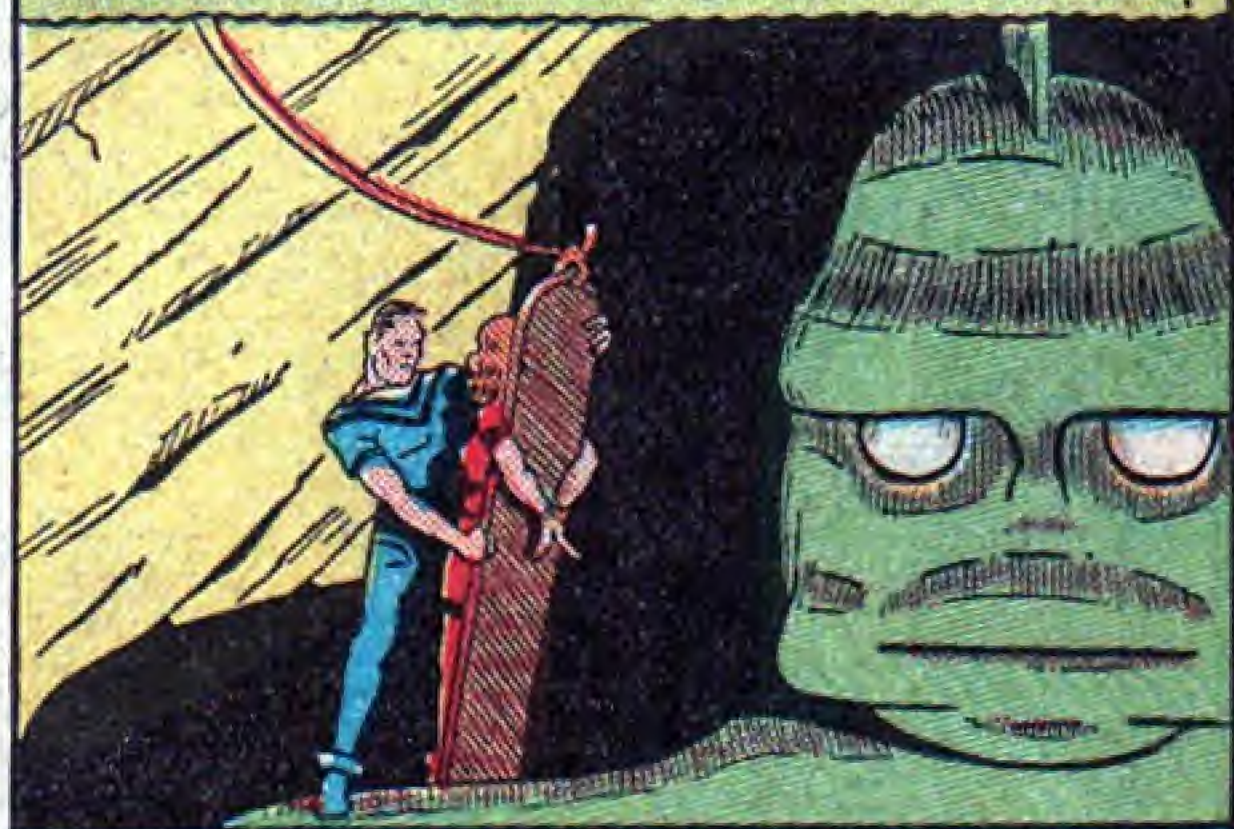
**S**UMMONING ALL HIS EARTH SURFACE  
STRENGTH, CHUCK LEAPS INTO THE  
YAWNING VOID BELOW!



- LIKE A BULLET, CHUCK SPEEDS TO HIS MARK  
AND, CATCHING THE UNCONSCIOUS JERRY, -



- THEY BOTH SWING TO THE TOP OF THE IDOL!



POOR KID! - YOU  
WERE ALMOST  
BARBECUED THAT  
TIME!



LOOK AT THOSE DEVILS  
COME! - THEY WON'T RUSH  
ME! - I'LL CHANGE  
THEIR TUNE!

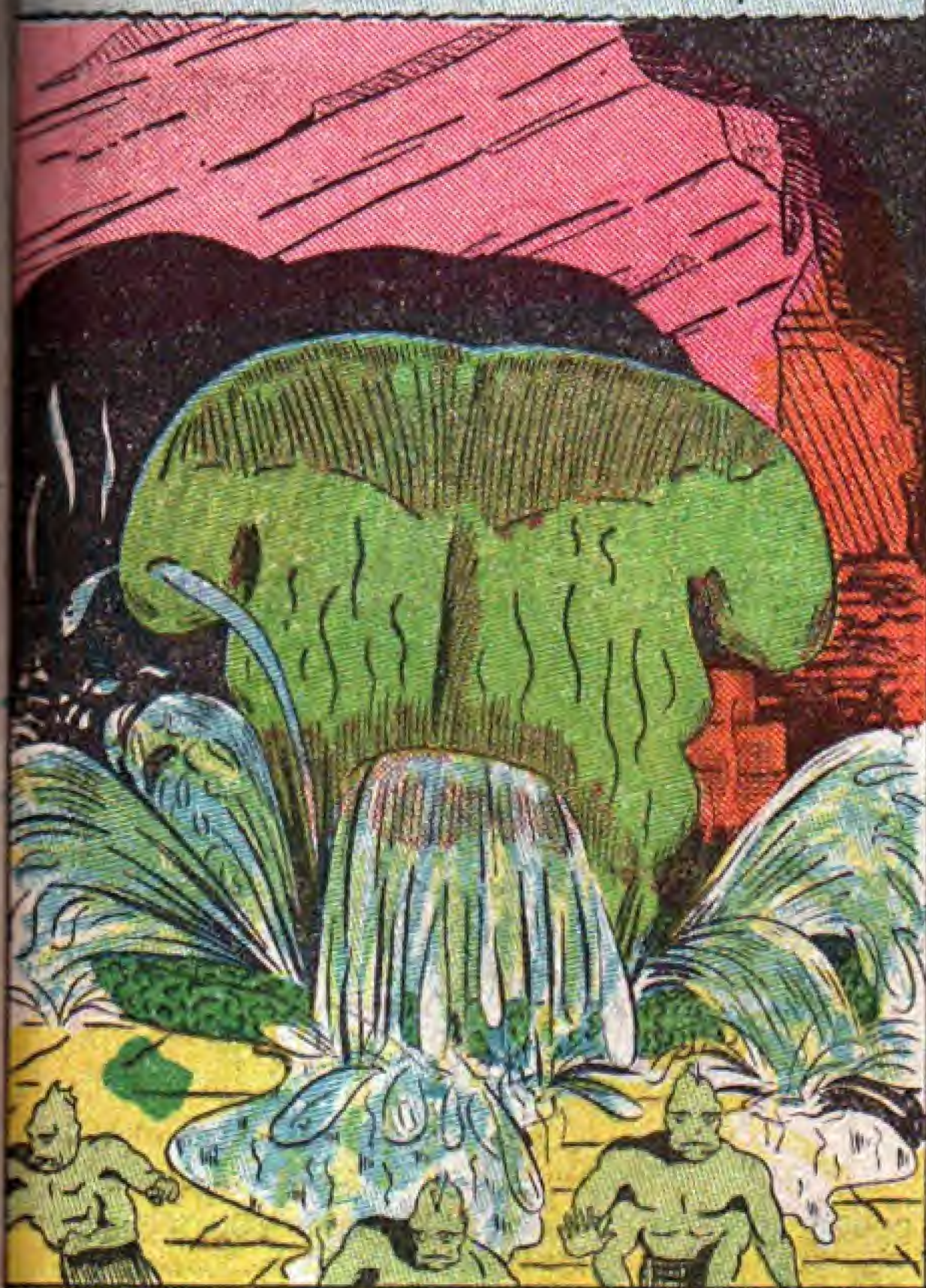


**S**LOWLY BUT STEADILY, THE HUGE IDOL TIPS  
FORWARD AS CHUCK'S MIGHTY EARTH  
SURFACE MUSCLES BEND TO THE TASK!





THE IDOL CRASHES AND THE CHAMBER IS FLOODED WITH SCALDING WATER!

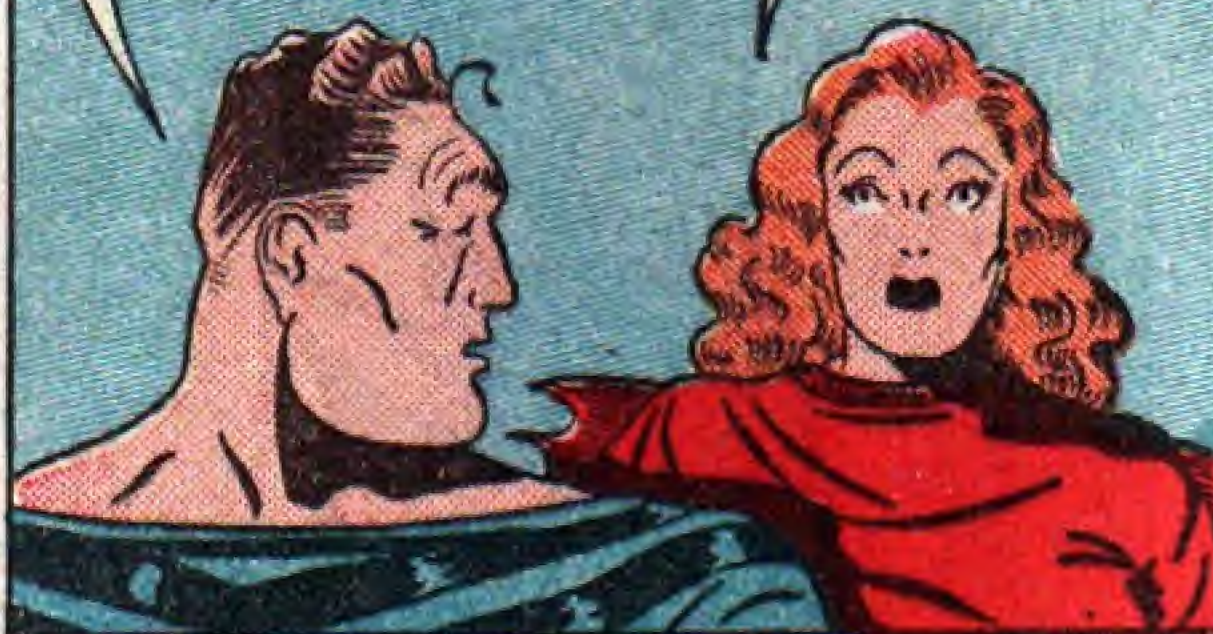


POOR FELLOWS!-LISTEN TO THEM SCREAM!- BUT IT WAS EITHER THEM OR US!



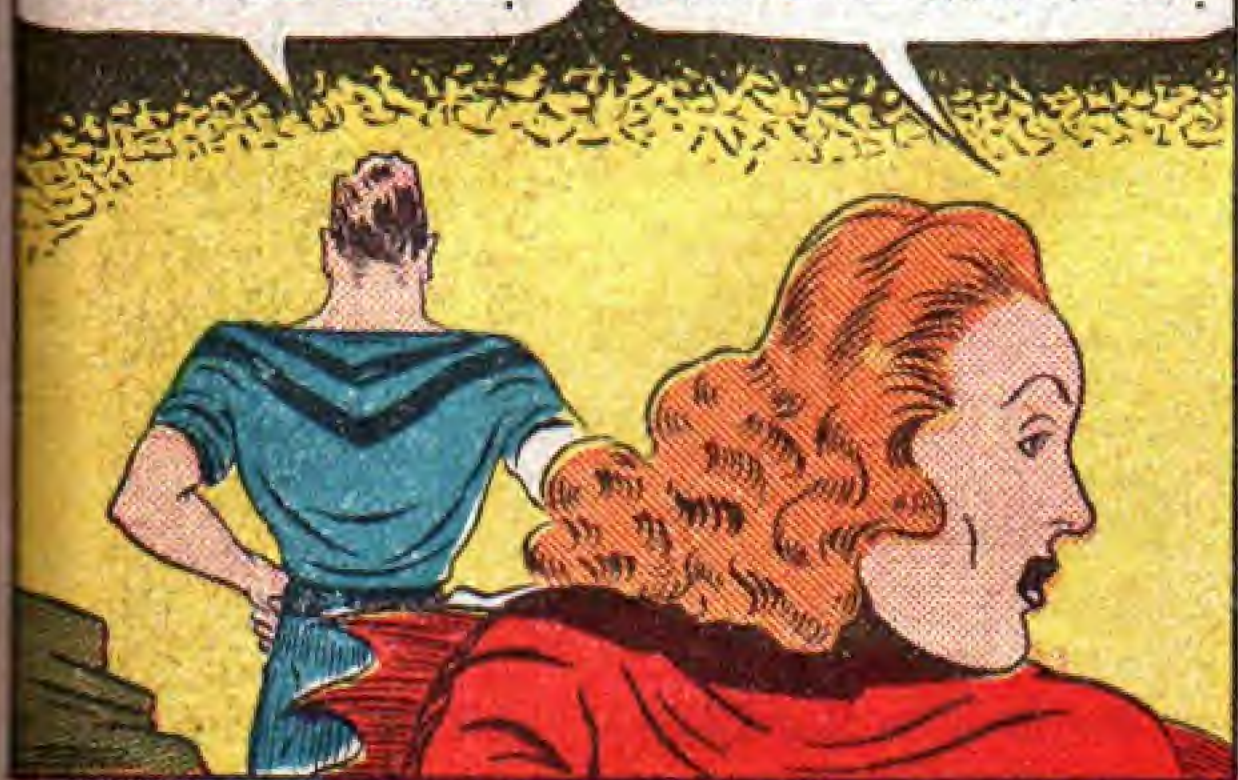
-YOU AWAKE? -THAT'S GOOD!  
-LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!  
-OXAN IS WAITING UP ABOVE!

CHUCK!  
WHAT HAPPENED?



OXAN WAS HERE!  
-NOW HE'S GONE!

HERE HE COMES!  
-WHAT'S HE CARRYING?

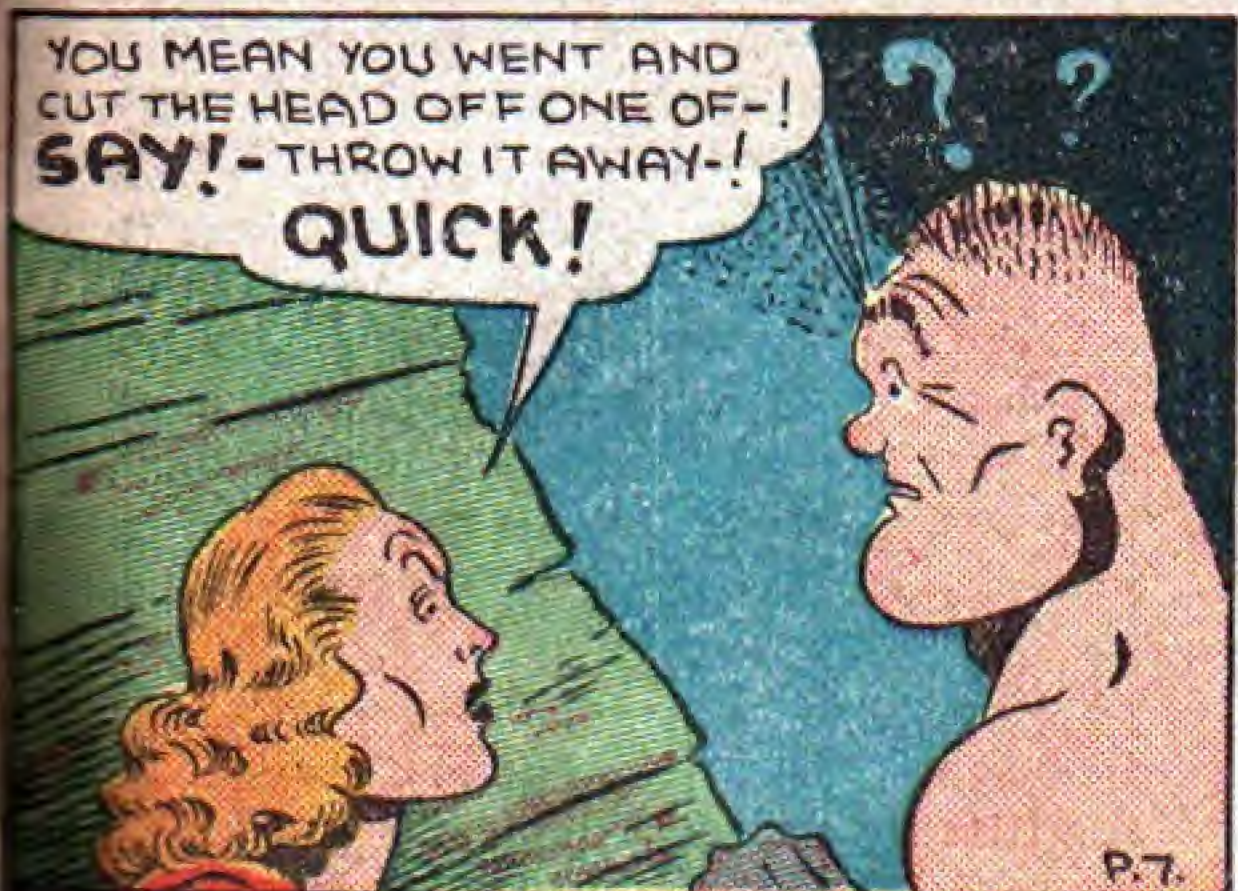


WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE WRAPPED UP?

A QUADROPEL MAN'S HEAD!-IT WILL MAKE ME A HERO WHEN WE GET HOME!



YOU MEAN YOU WENT AND CUT THE HEAD OFF ONE OF-!  
**SAY!-THROW IT AWAY-!**  
**QUICK!**



WAIT JERRY!-WE MUSTN'T LET OUR FEELINGS AND TRAINING GOVERN OXAN!-SUCH A PROCEDURE SEEMS WRONG TO US, BUT NOT TO HIM!-LET HIM CARRY HOME THE HEAD IF IT PLEASES HIM!



-THAT'S ALL FOR THIS MONTH!-MORE ADVENTURES OF CHUCK HARDY ARE AWAITING YOU IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF AMAZING MAN COMICS





## "THE GREEN MIST"

Aman, The Amazing — Man, known to his enemies as "The Green Mist", meets a strange problem when he stops at the Mohawk State Asylum

by Sam Gilman

**P**ROFESSOR KHOSOV MATULAY looked slowly around the room at the intent faces staring up at him. He seemed to penetrate their very souls before he spoke.

"Members of the Society of Occult Sciences, at long last our dream of perfecting mechanical men is about to be realized. Not mere mechanical robots—but living flesh and blood! Aha! But, how mad the professor seems, you say to yourselves. I can see it in your minds. I can read it on your lips. The professor is crazy, you say. But listen—last night I was visited by a vision—a very strange vision. Someone in the room was motioning to me. I arose slowly from my bed and extended my

hand. The hand, that encircled mine, had no weight. The words that came from the strange creature's lips were slow and mechanical. It was all very bewildering, the voice sounded so like my own. I felt as though I were speaking and could hear the hollow echo of my own voice from afar. I listened intently. . . .

"Professor Matulay, you have been pondering the question of life for so long now, and still you haven't found the answer. Listen to me, professor, and learn the answer to this great riddle. You want to know the answer, eh professor? Heh, heh! It will make you all-powerful, won't it professor? Just think, you will be master of the entire universe. Hah! I see that my words intrigue you. Listen care-



fully—Time and time again, have you gazed at statues in our great museums. Have you ever thought of how they came into being? Think now, professor! Think hard! A sculptor moulded these shapes—gave them life-like forms. Into every one of these statues, he has poured something of his own soul—given them something of his own life. Ah, you begin to see the light. Yes, you are right! Every statue, that has ever been created, has a part of the artist's life in it. All you need now, is to learn how to awaken that life, which has been dormant for so many centuries. I, alone, have that secret. You are the only one I can impart it to, because—I AM YOU! Listen closely—

**T**HE strange creature moved closer to me. He touched me but I couldn't feel him. He came closer and closer! I was petrified, for, as I stood there, he dissolved right into my own body!

"Gentlemen, I have that secret. We must spread the news to all the members. Tonight, we must arm ourselves and take over the State Museum. Remember—tonight at twelve, we meet outside the gate and head for the museum."

It was six o'clock and the bell in the corridor of the Mohawk State Asylum rang out the supper chimes. A keeper entered the room and addressed the professor, "Sorry professor Matulay, but you'll have to adjourn now. It's time for supper." The inmates all gave each other understanding looks and filed out into the mess hall.

The men all ate in silence. The usual babble was absent. The keepers walked their posts uneasily. There was an electric feeling in the air, that awful calm before the storm. Professor Matulay, or the Exalted One, as he now preferred to be called, began to fidget nervously. Finally, he could not stand the strain of waiting any longer. With a leap, he was on top of the table. With his black eyes burning in his contorted head, he addressed his fellow inmates.

"Members of the Society of Occult Sciences, why wait till midnight? The time is ripe now! Seize the keepers! Take their weapons and let us away to the museum, NOW!"

**T**HE announcement was met with a roar of approval. Instantly the place went wild. One of the keepers managed to sound the alarm before he was overcome. Then came the mad dash for the exits. But too late. Already, sirens were screaming and armed guards were running to the mess hall. Professor Matulay took the situation in hand.

"Wait, he shouted over the mad tumult, lock the doors! It is too late to make good our

escape now, but we have these keepers, as hostages. They'll come to terms, soon enough, when they see what horrible tortures we have in store for them! Now let us assemble in orderly fashion." The inmates took their seats and prepared to listen to their Exalted One.

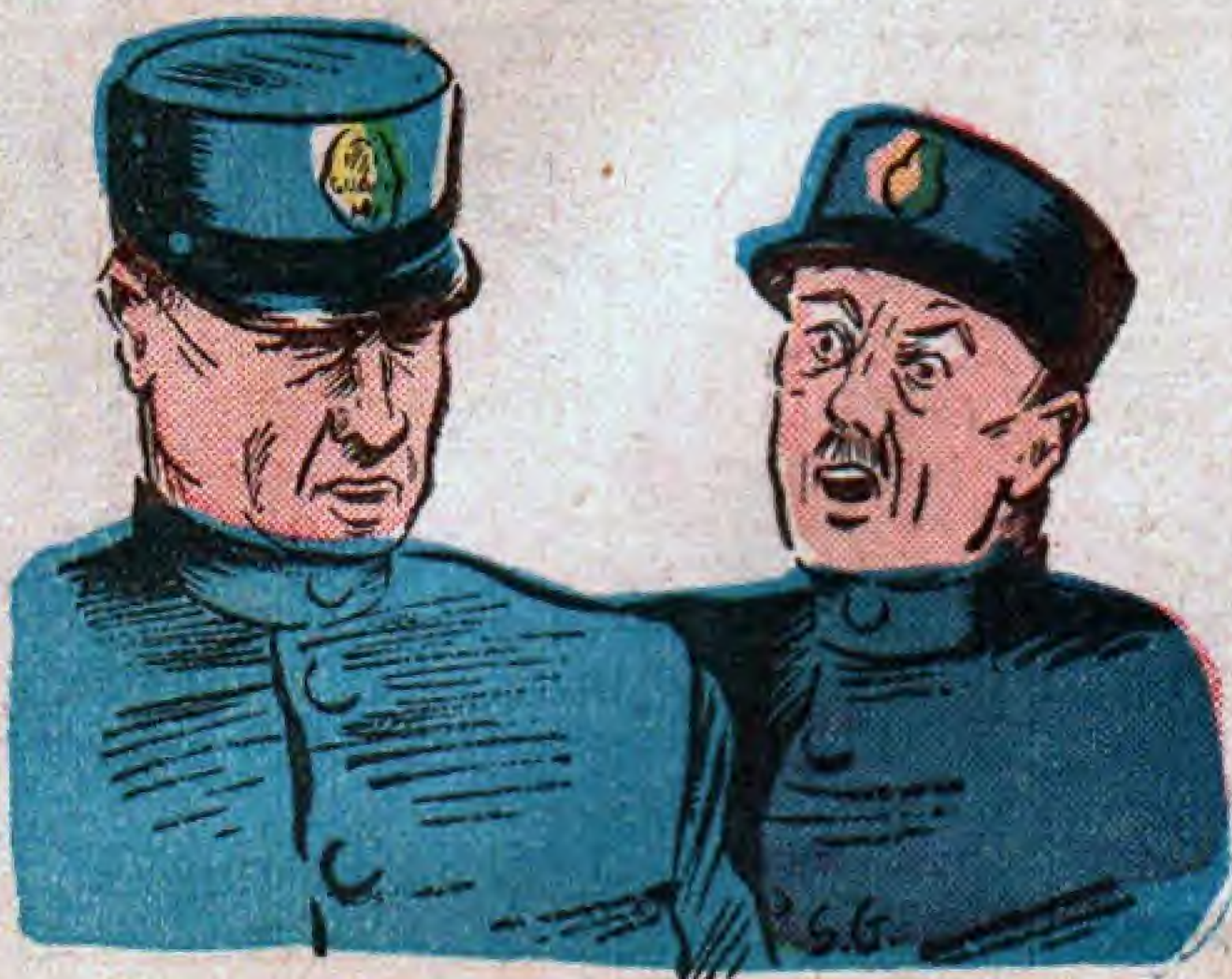
**N**O one saw the green mist which had rolled into the room during the confusion, for this was the mysterious guise of the Amazing-Man, which rendered him invisible. Now the green mist had moved down to the head of the room and was standing directly behind the professor. The professor opened his mouth to speak. Suddenly his hat left his head and stood suspended in mid-air, above him. As he went to reach for it, it immediately dropped to the floor. He stooped to pick it up, but didn't return immediately to an upright position, for some mysterious force from the rear sent him sprawling on his face.

This looked like a rather ridiculous position for an Exalted One, much less the master of a universe. The large hall echoed with the insane laughter of the madmen. Suddenly, the laughter ceased.

There at the head of the hall, from out of nowhere, appeared the figure of a man. He addressed them in a deep, strong voice, that held them spellbound with fear.

"I am your master. I am the Amazing-Man. I command you all to return to your rooms and remain there quietly. You will obey your keepers and never attempt another such uprising. Now go!" The men turned and marched, spell-bound, out of the mess-hall and into their cells. His work accomplished, the Amazing-Man vanished in a green mist and was gone.

The following day, six keepers of the Mohawk State Asylum were kept under strict observation, upon talking of the green mist, which they had seen behind the closed door of the mess-hall.





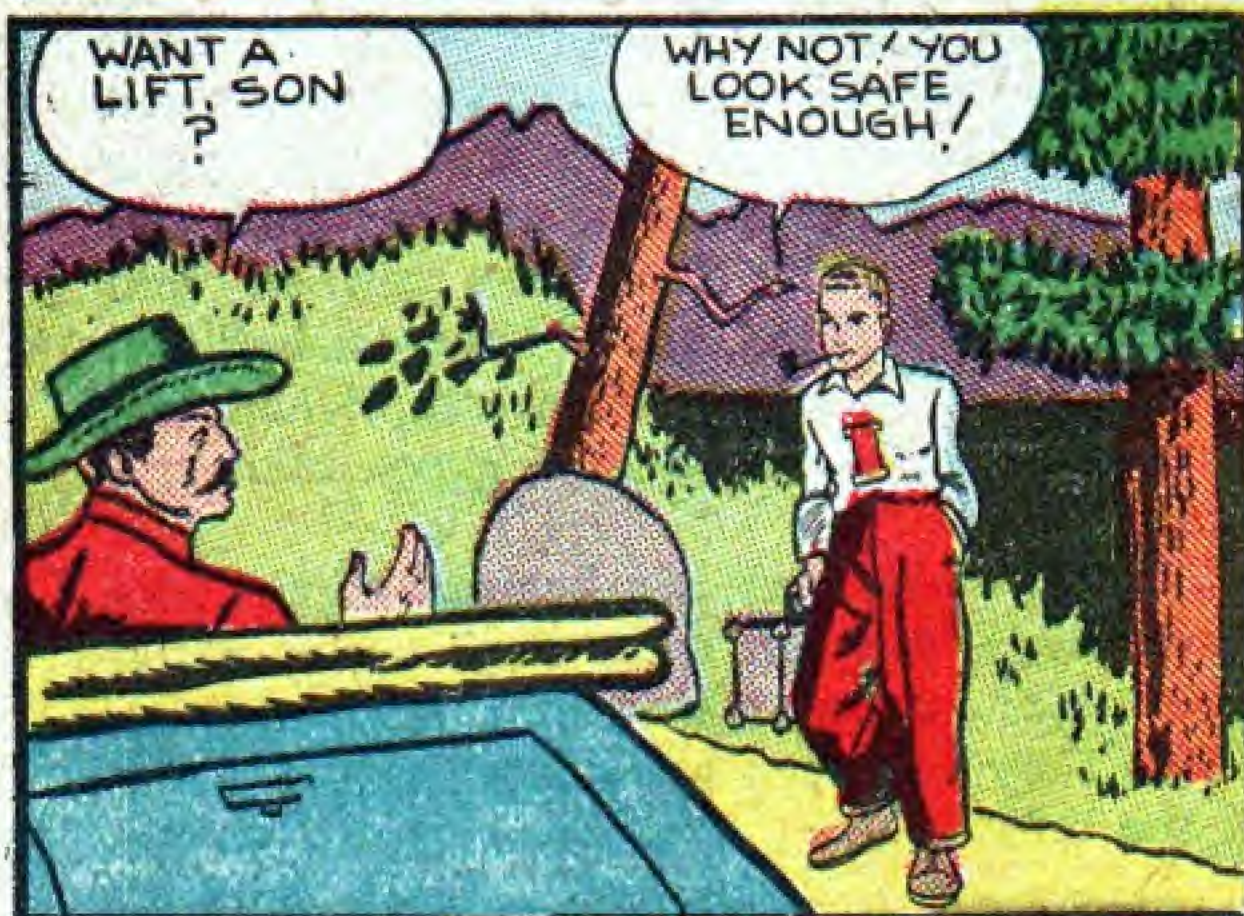
# MIGHTY MAN

## AND THE DEVIL DOGS

### INTRODUCTION!

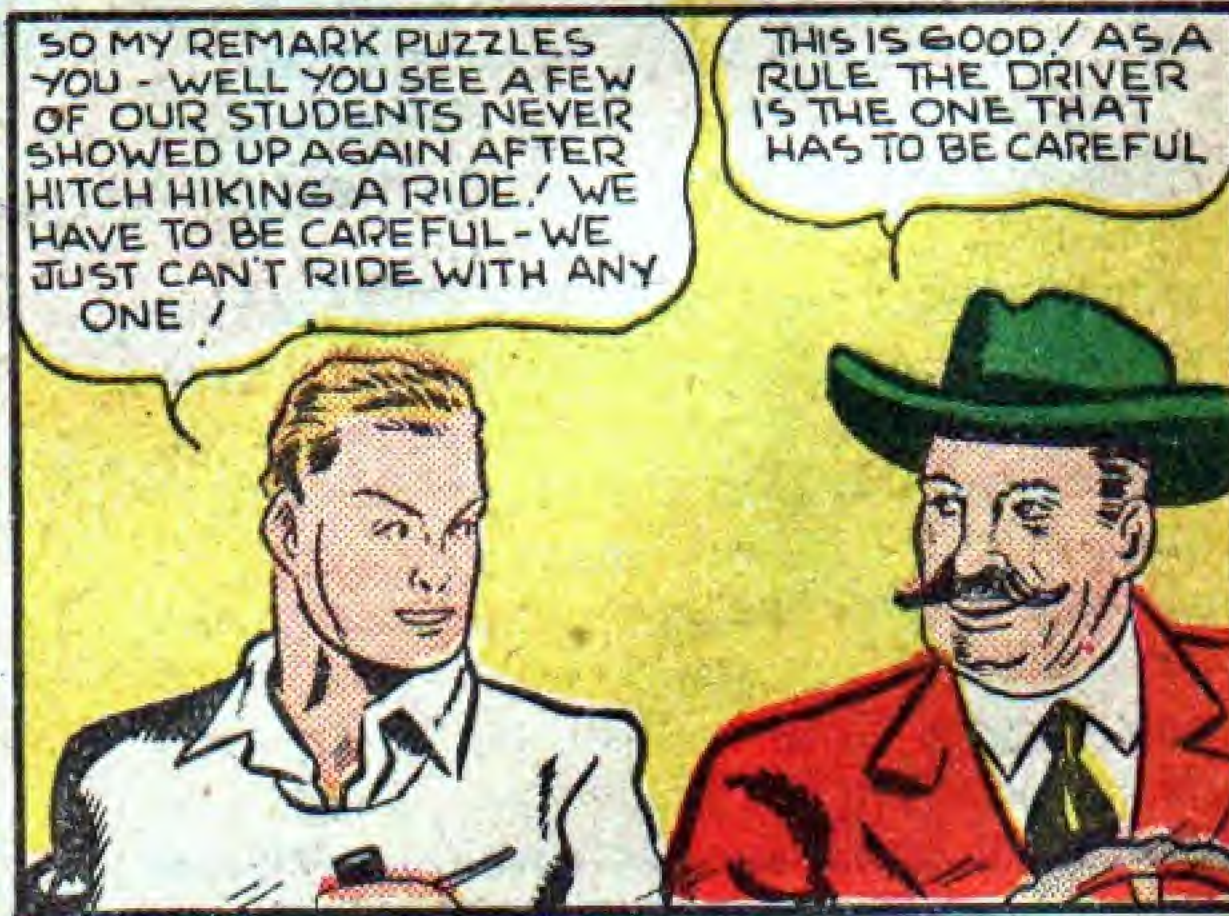
THE MIGHTY MAN, A HUGE TWELVE FOOT GIANT LEAVES THE VALLEY OF GIANTS (A HIDDEN VALLEY IN NEVADA - WHERE ALL THINGS ARE TWICE THE AVERAGE SIZE) TO WAGE A WAR ON CRIME! WITHIN THESE FOLLOWING PAGES YOU WILL ACCOMPANY THE MIGHTY MAN UPON A STRANGE ADVENTURE! HE MATCHES HIS WITS WITH THE MYSTERY MAN AND HIS DEVIL DOGS!

BY MARTIN FLECKO



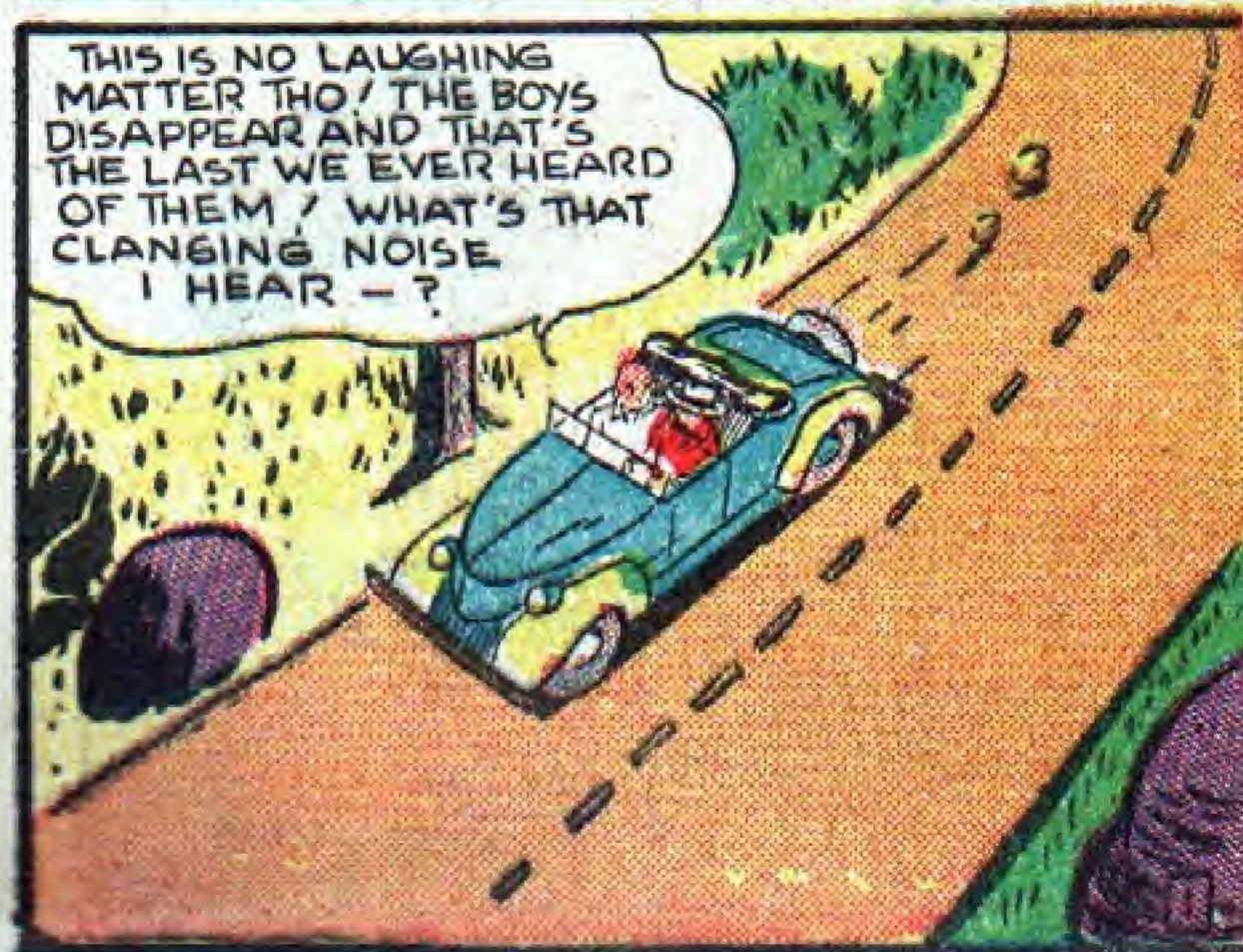
WANT A LIFT, SON?

WHY NOT! YOU LOOK SAFE ENOUGH!



SO MY REMARK PUZZLES YOU - WELL YOU SEE A FEW OF OUR STUDENTS NEVER SHOWED UP AGAIN AFTER HITCH HIKING A RIDE! WE HAVE TO BE CAREFUL - WE JUST CAN'T RIDE WITH ANY ONE!

THIS IS GOOD! AS A RULE THE DRIVER IS THE ONE THAT HAS TO BE CAREFUL



THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER THO! THE BOYS DISAPPEAR AND THAT'S THE LAST WE EVER HEARD OF THEM! WHAT'S THAT CLANGING NOISE I HEAR - ?



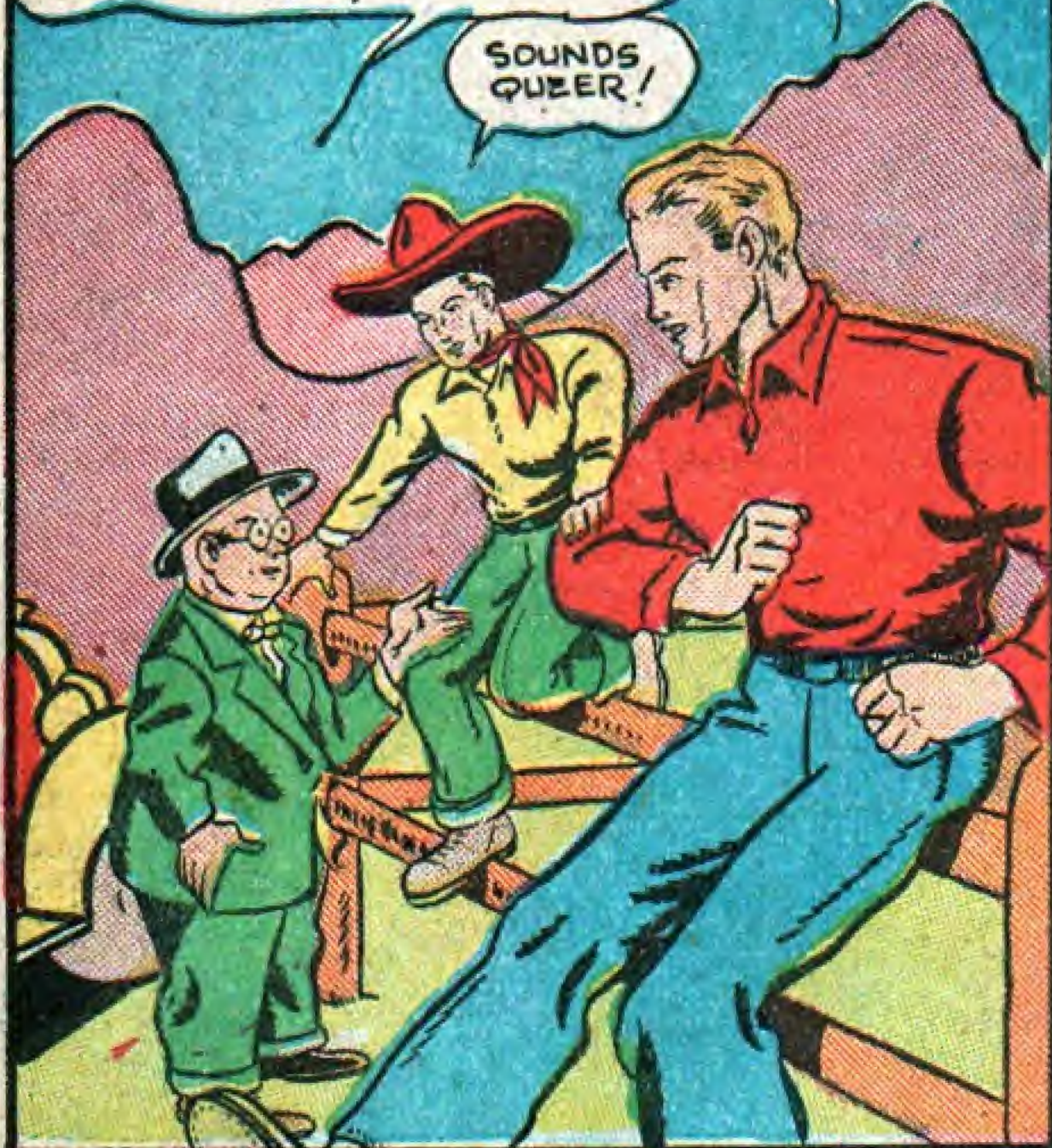
GOOD HEAVENS!



-AND SO YOU SEE I NEED YOUR HELP / SEVEN OF OUR STUDENTS HAVE DISAPPEARED WITHIN THE PAST MONTH / NOT ONE SINGLE WORD HAS EVER BEEN HEARD FROM THEM / THEIR PARENTS ARE DEMANDING AN EXPLANATION AND I CAN'T GIVE ANY / I'M IN A SPOT!

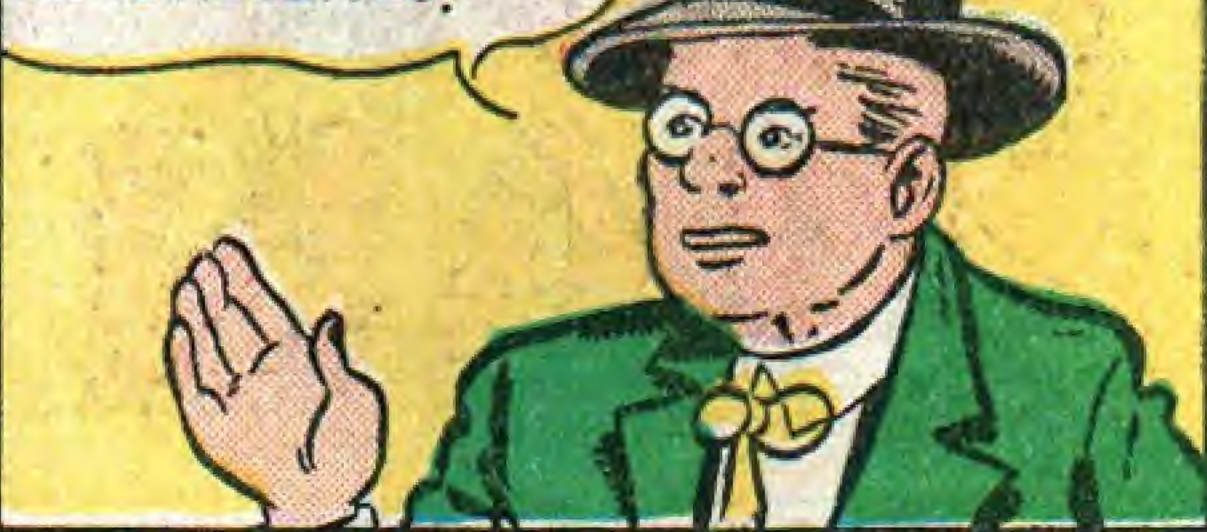
WHERE DID THEY DISAPPEAR FROM - HAS THERE BEEN ANY DEMAND FOR RANSOM?

SOUNDS QUEER!



THE MIGHTY MAN'S FRIEND, THE PROFESSOR CALLS UPON HIM FOR HELP!

A NUMBER OF OUR STUDENTS LIVE WITHIN A FEW MILES OF THE COLLEGE AND USUALLY HITCH IT HOME OVER THE WEEK ENDS - IT IS OF THIS GROUP THAT SOME HAVE VANISHED - THERE HAS NOT BEEN ONE SINGLE RANSOM NOTE RECEIVED!



I DON'T SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!

I HAVE A PLAN BUT I SUPPOSE IT IS TOO RISKY

TELL US YOUR PLAN WE'LL DECIDE IF IT IS RISKY OR NOT!



SUNNY COULD POSE AS A HITCH HIKER AND YOU MIGHTY MAN FOLLOW THE CAR FROM A DISTANCE - I KNOW YOU COULD I'VE SEEN YOU RUN / S-A-AY WHAT'S WRONG - WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO PACK OUR THINGS!



ON THE FOLLOWING DAY WE FIND SUNNY DISGUISED AS A HITCH-HIKER!

THE MIGHTY MAN IS HIDDEN FROM VIEW! WILL THE PROFESSOR'S PLAN WORK??

HERE COMES AN OLD GEEZER / HE'S SLOWING UP!



WANT A LIFT, SON?

JUST TRY AND STOP ME!



BY SOME STRANGE QUIRK OF FATE - THE FIRST PERSON, TO OFFER SUNNY A RIDE, IS THE MYSTERY MAN!

LUCKY FOR ME YOU CAME ALONG

LUCKY FOR ME TOO! I LIKE COMPANY!





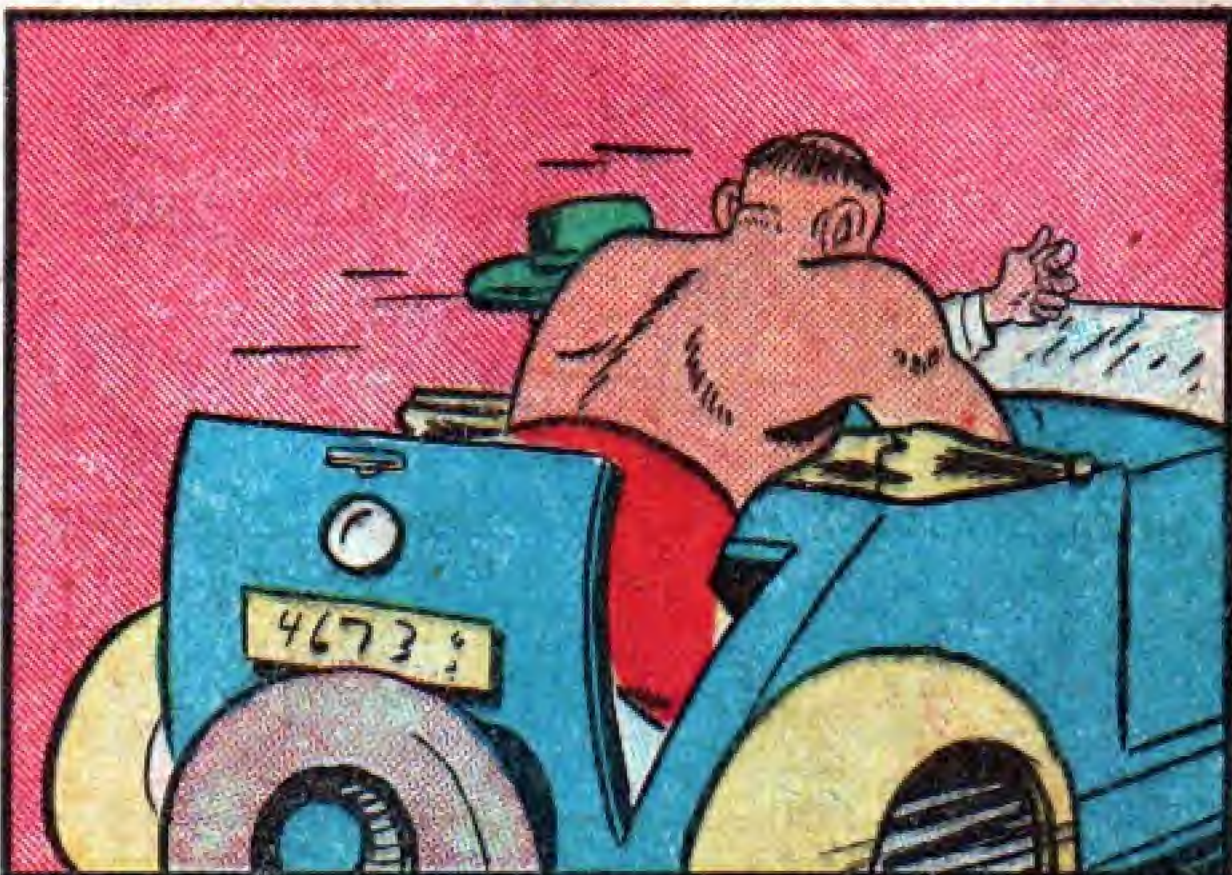
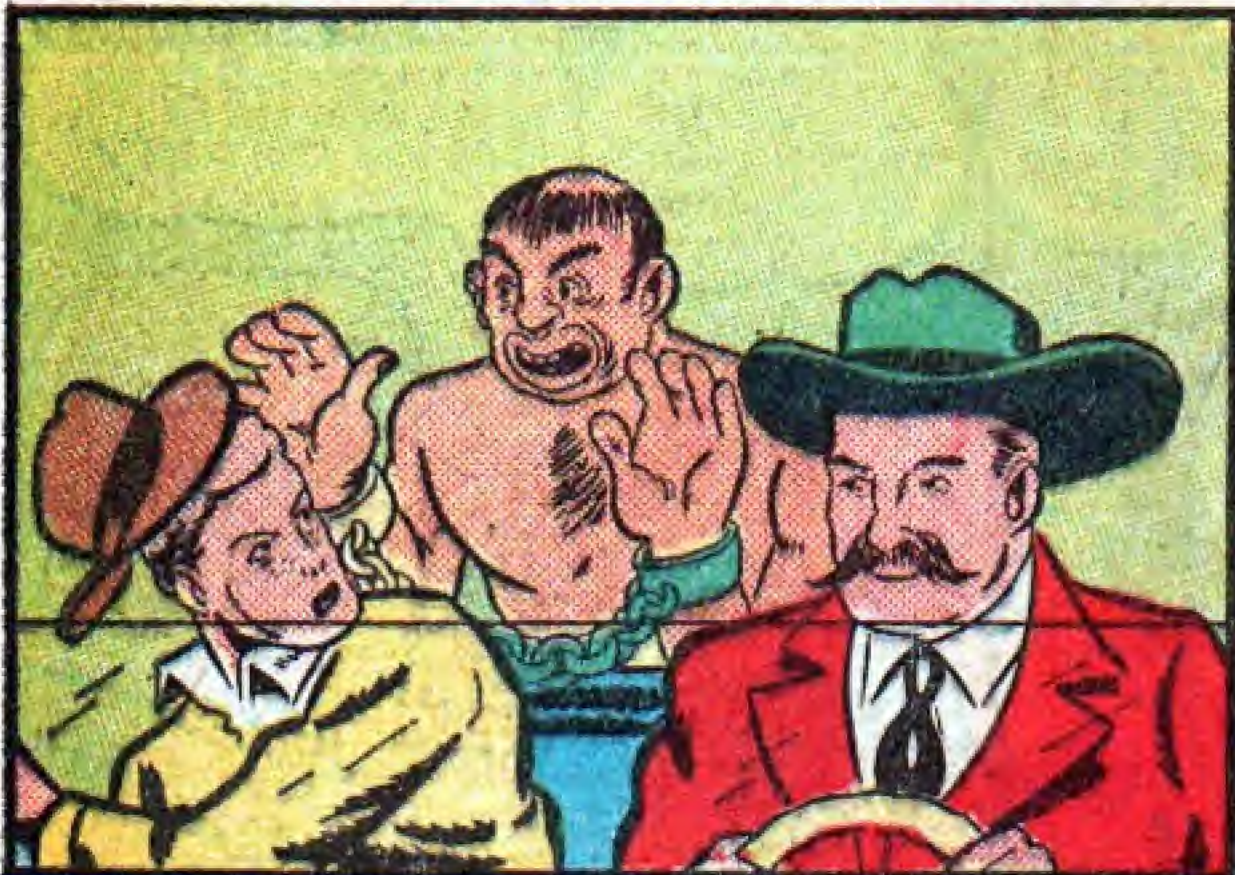


THE MIGHTY MAN FOLLOWS THE CAR FROM A DISTANCE

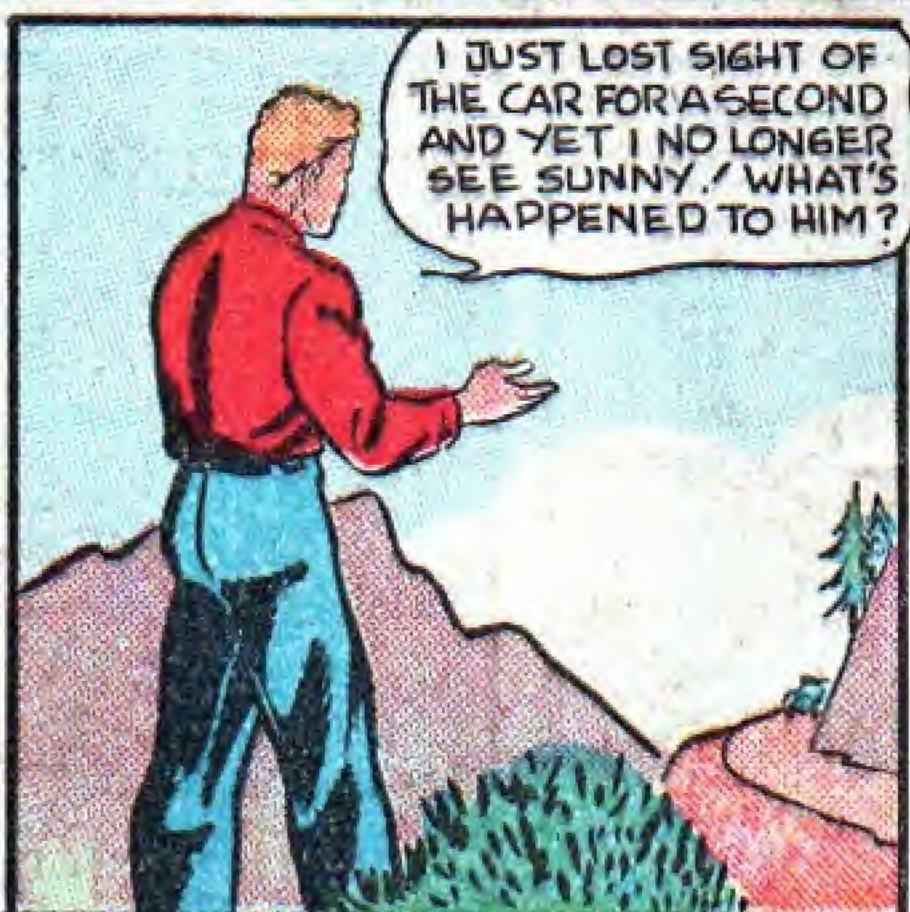


SAY MISTER / I HEAR  
A FUNNY NOISE / YOU  
MUST BE LOSING  
SOMETHING /

MEANWHILE SUNNY WHO IS PREPARED FOR ALMOST ANY  
THING - SUDDENLY HEARS A STRANGE SOUND



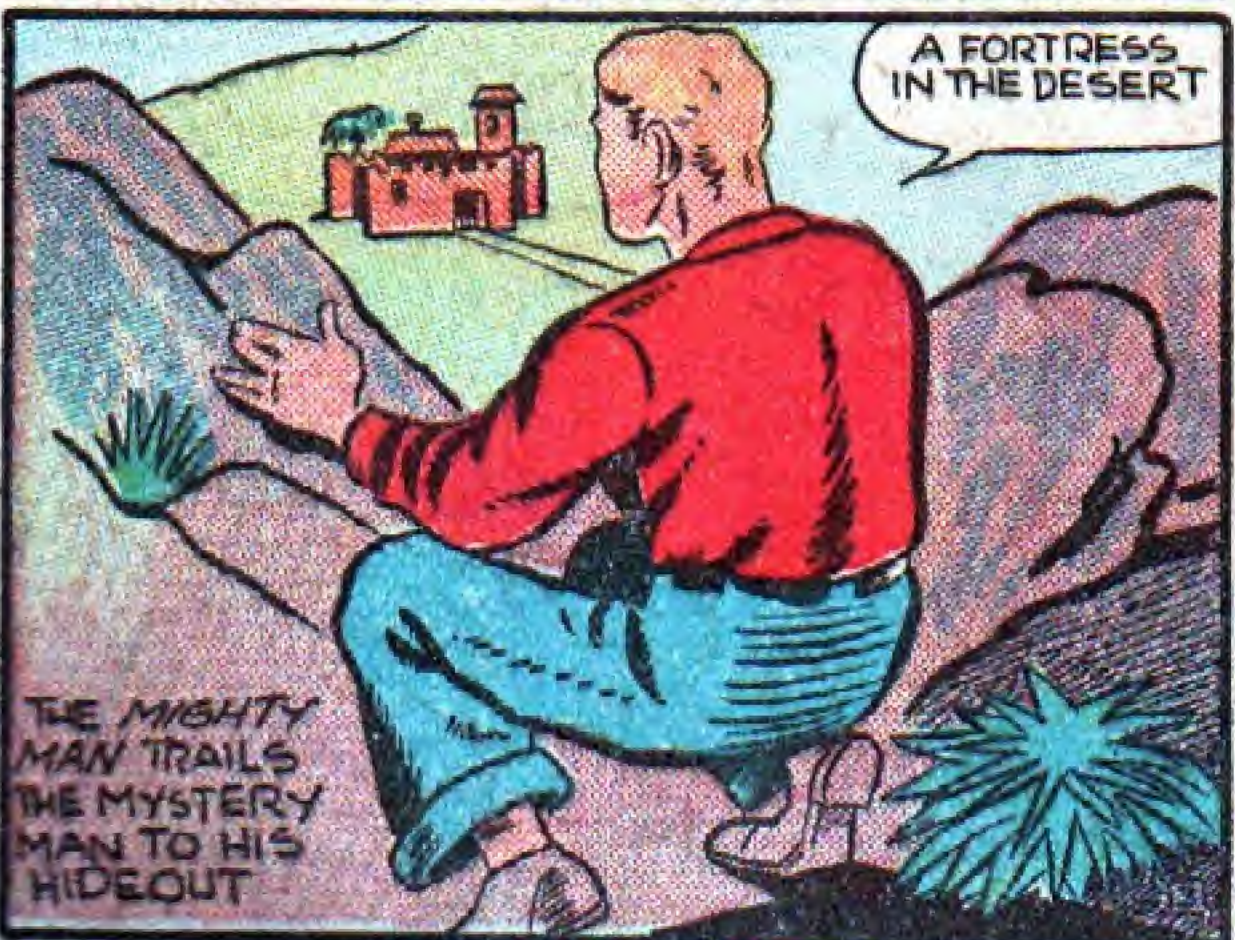
THE  
MIGHTY  
MAN  
LOST SIGHT  
OF THE CAR  
FOR A  
SECOND!  
  
WHEN HE  
SEES IT  
AGAIN HE  
IS SURPRISED  
TO FIND  
SUNNY  
MISSING  
!!



I JUST LOST SIGHT OF  
THE CAR FOR A SECOND  
AND YET I NO LONGER  
SEE SUNNY / WHAT'S  
HAPPENED TO HIM?



H-M-M. / THE DRIVER IS  
TURNING INTO A SIDE  
ROAD / THERE'S REALLY  
NOTHING FOR ME TO DO  
BUT TO FOLLOW HIM /



A FORTRESS  
IN THE DESERT

THE MIGHTY  
MAN TRAILS  
THE MYSTERY  
MAN TO HIS  
HIDEOUT



THE PERSONS THAT  
BUILT THIS NEVER  
HEARD OF ME!



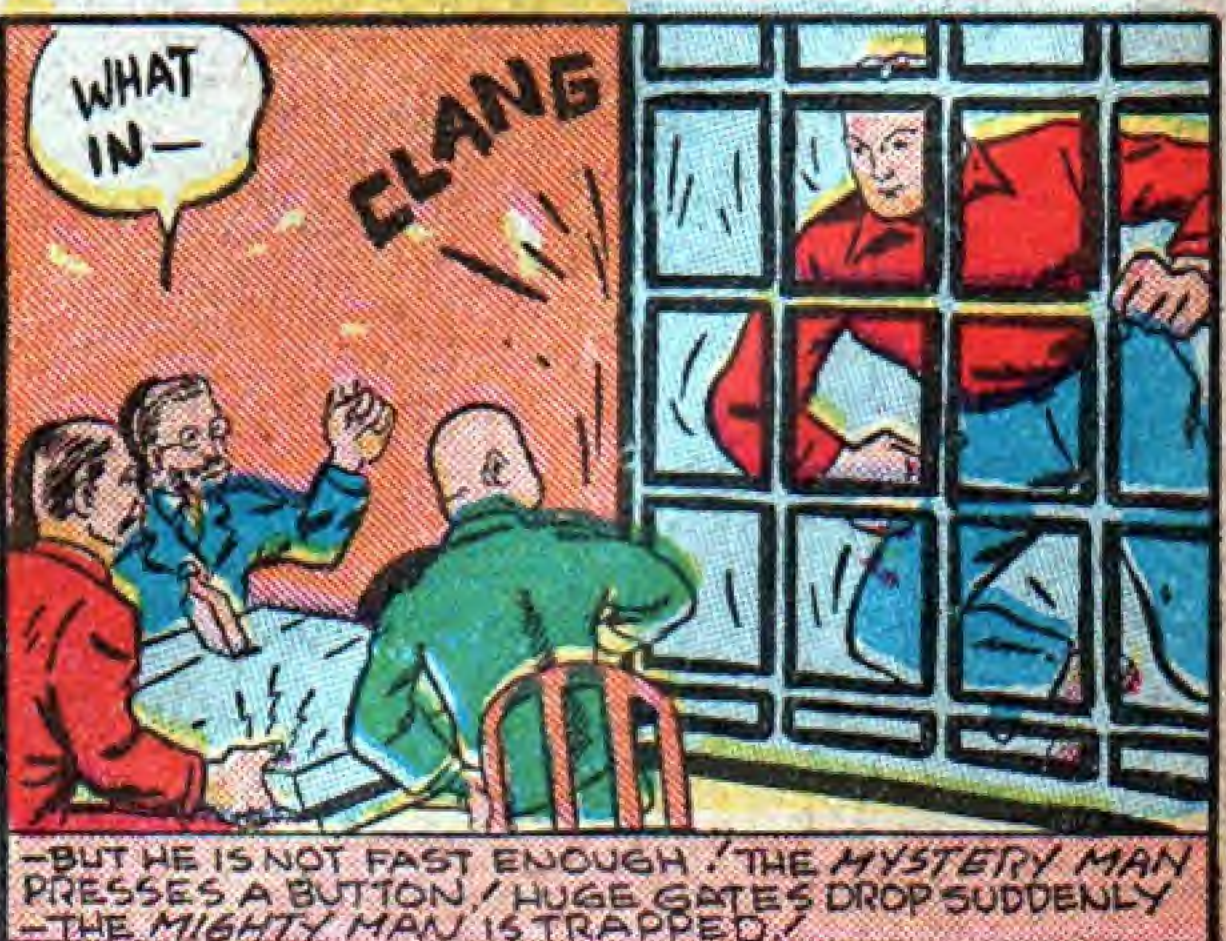
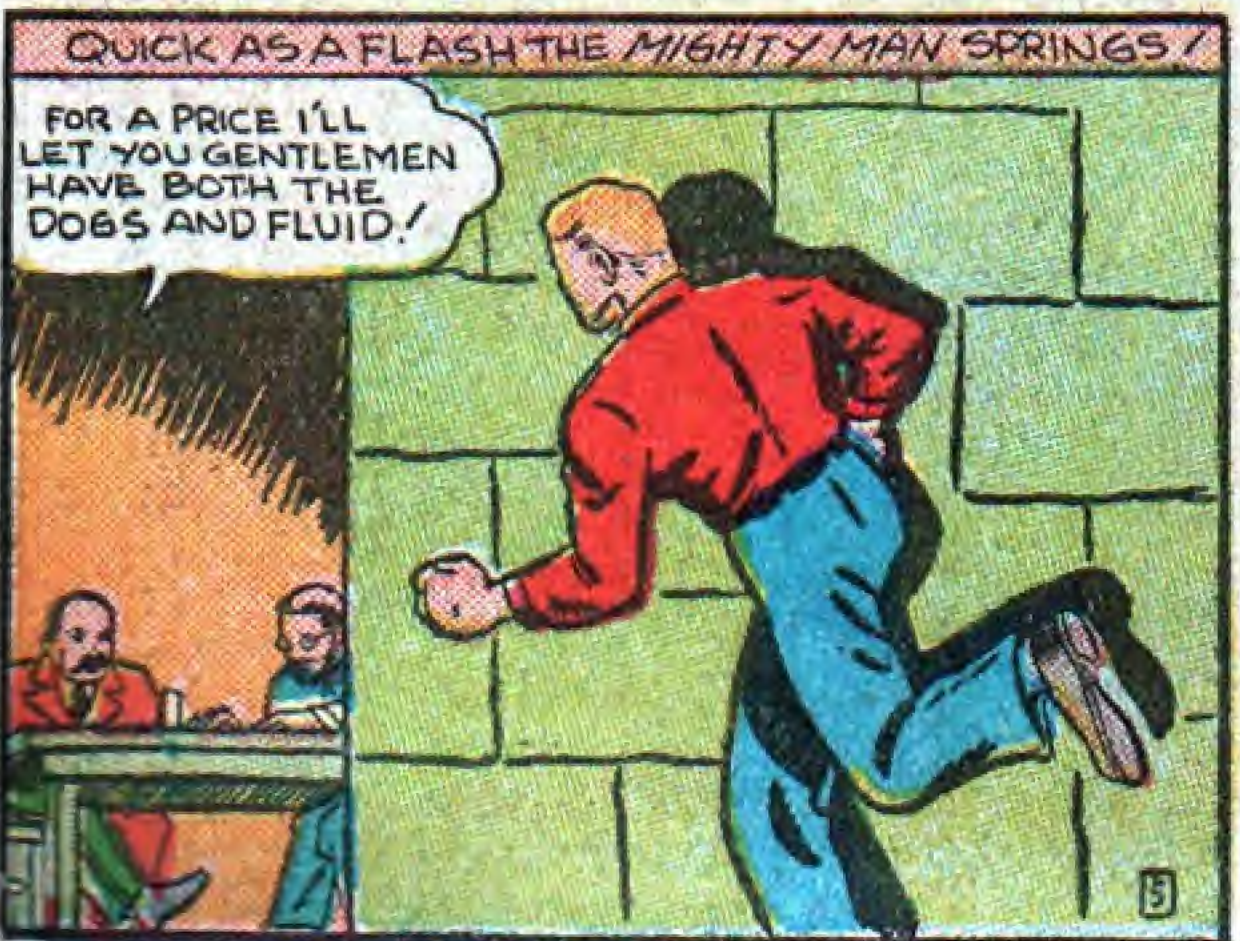
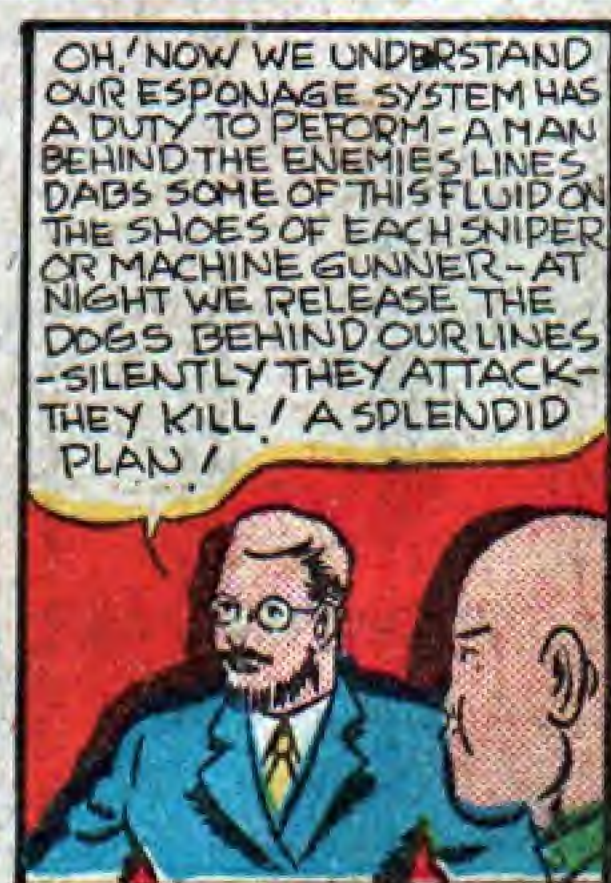
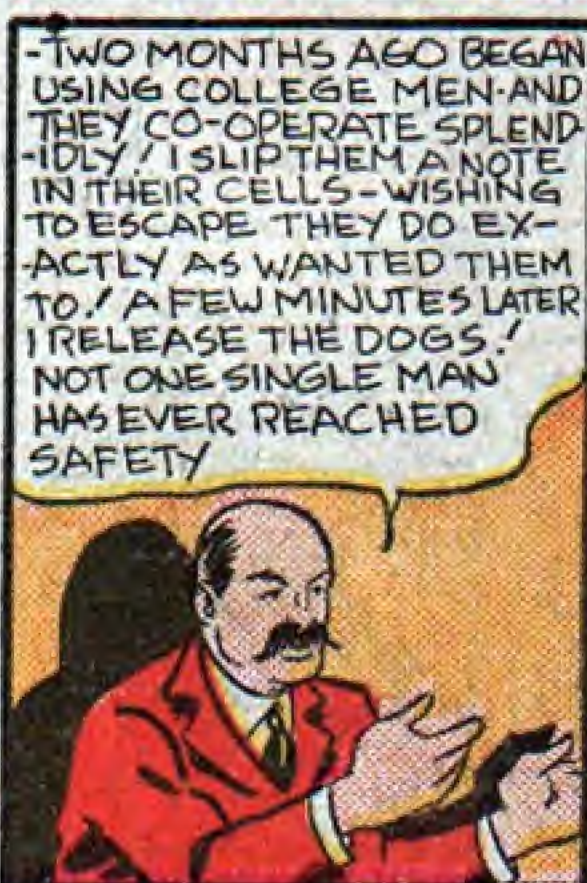
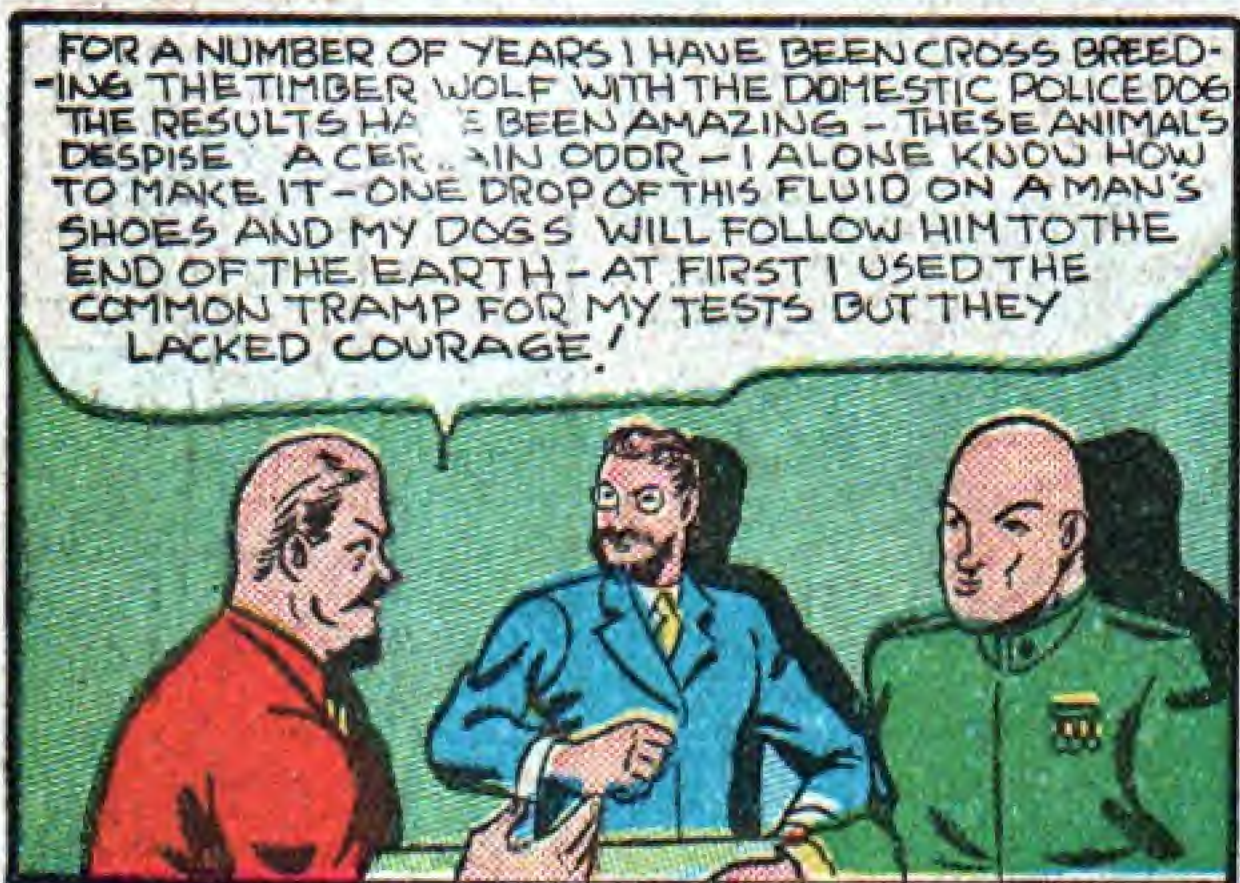
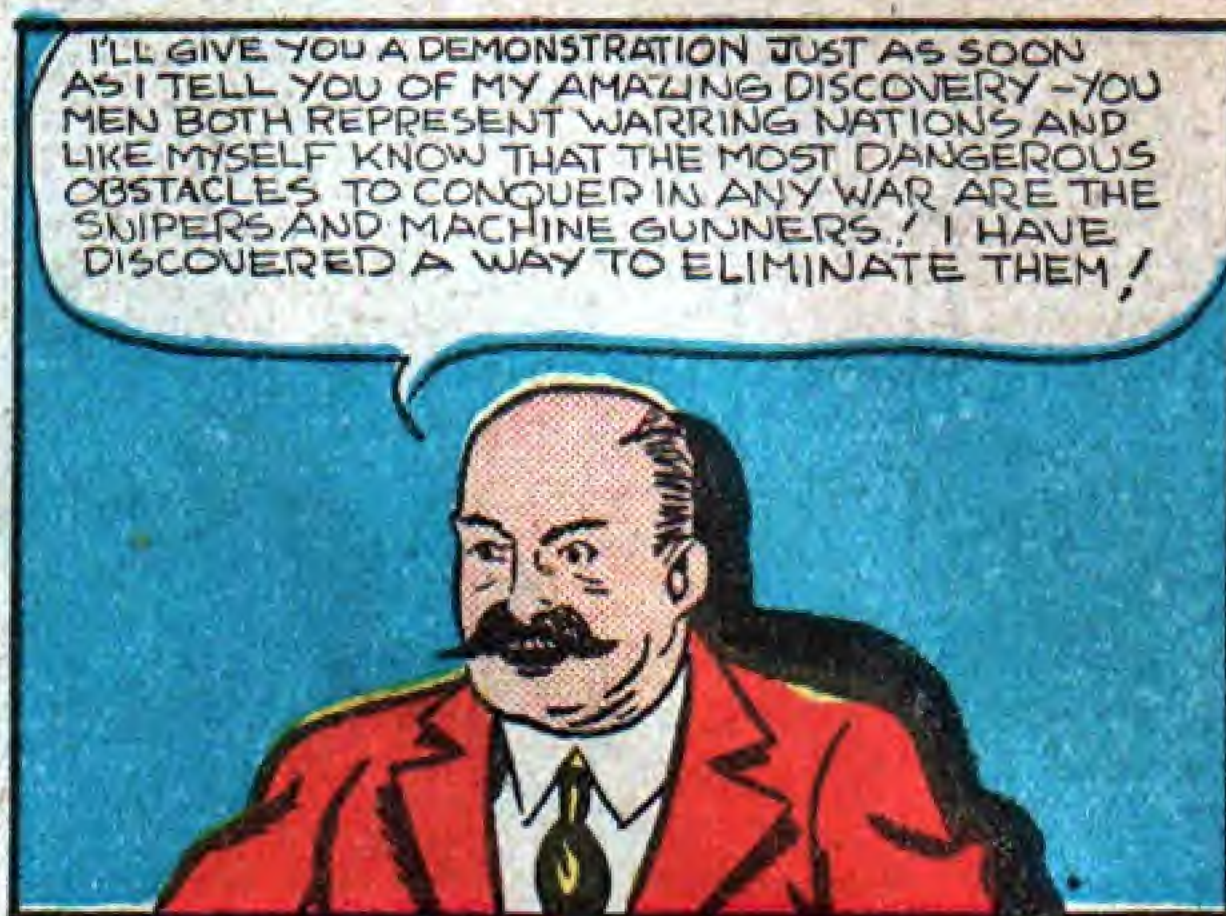
MEANWHILE  
IN ANOTHER  
PART OF  
THE CASTLE  
A YOUNG  
MAN IS  
PACING  
BACK AND  
FORTH IN  
HIS CELL!  
  
HE IS BEING  
HELD A  
PRISONER  
FOR REASONS  
YET UNKNOWN  
!!!



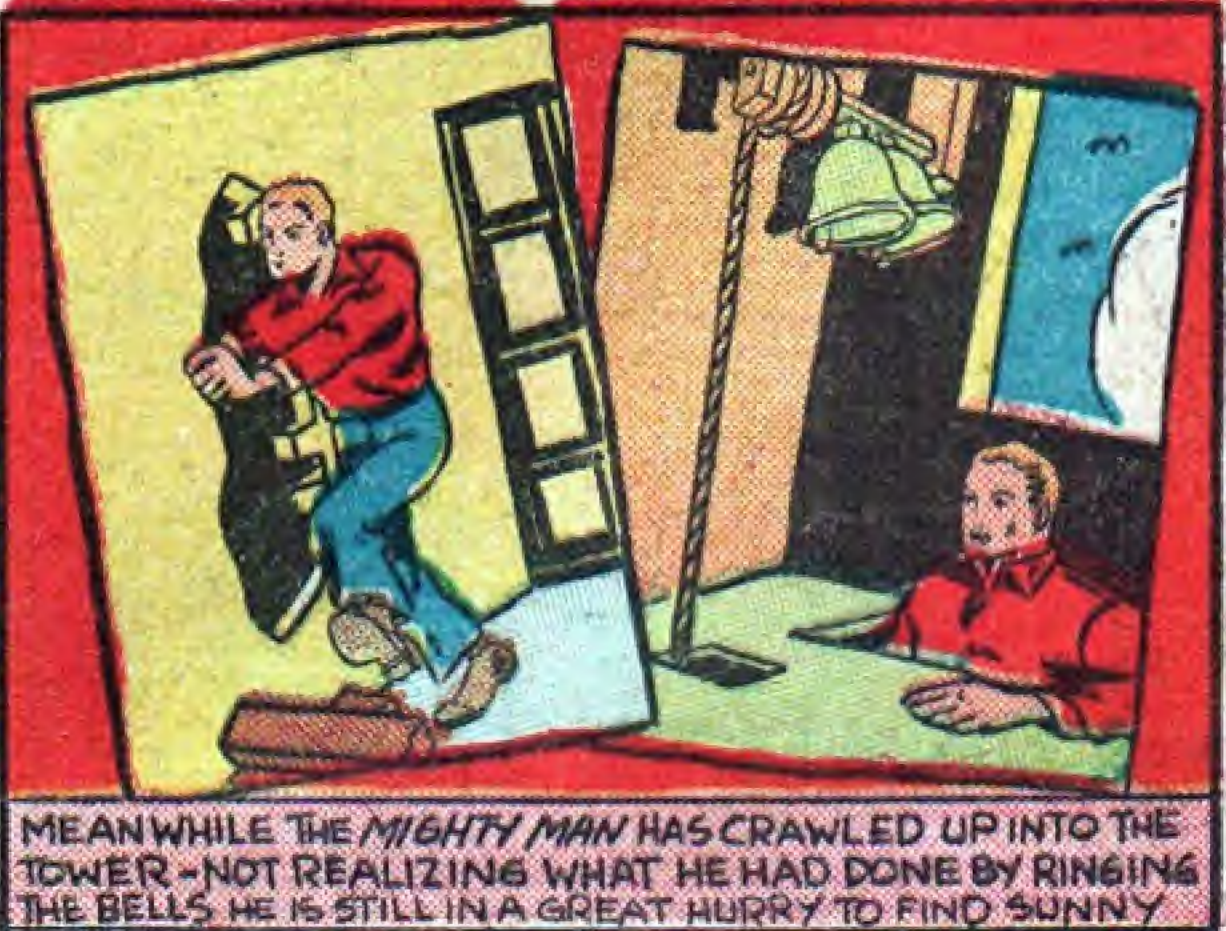
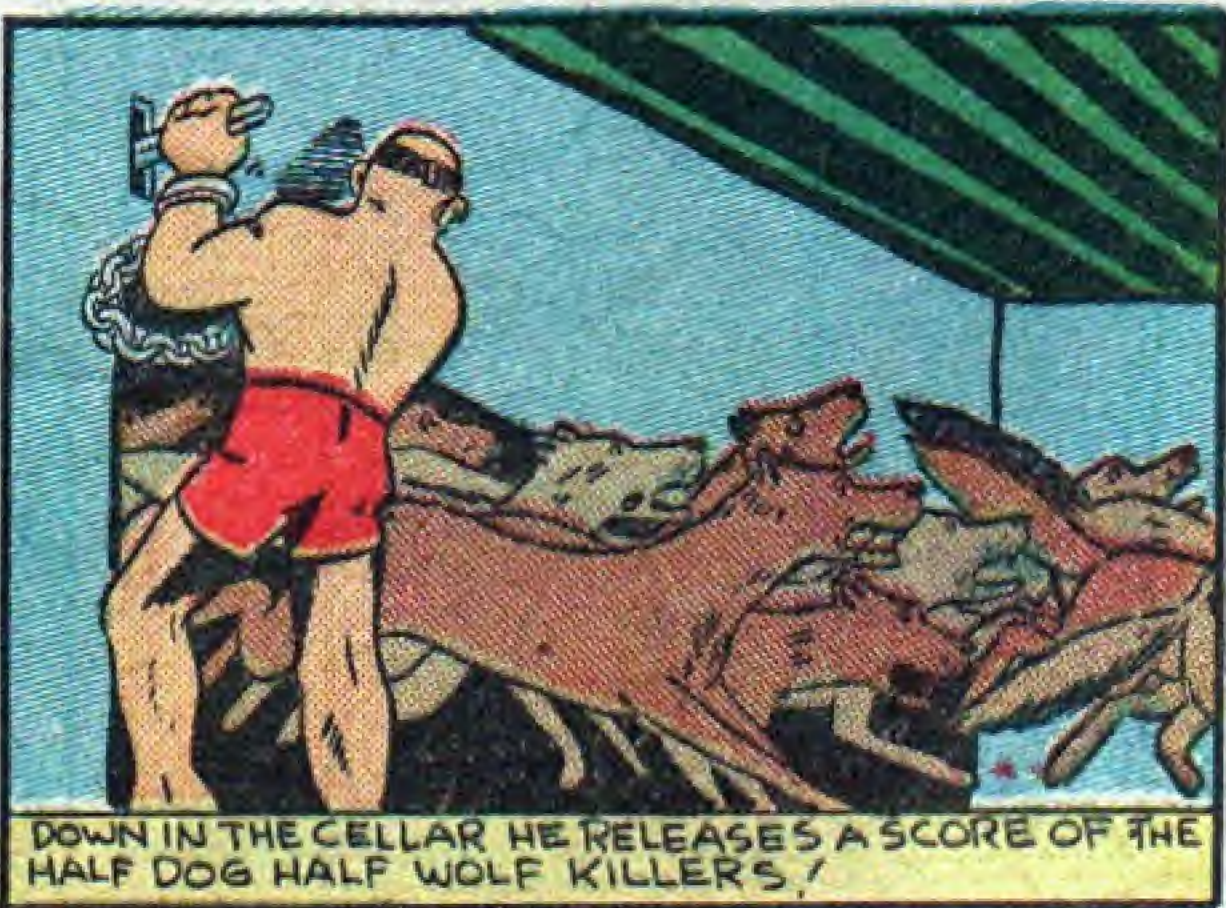
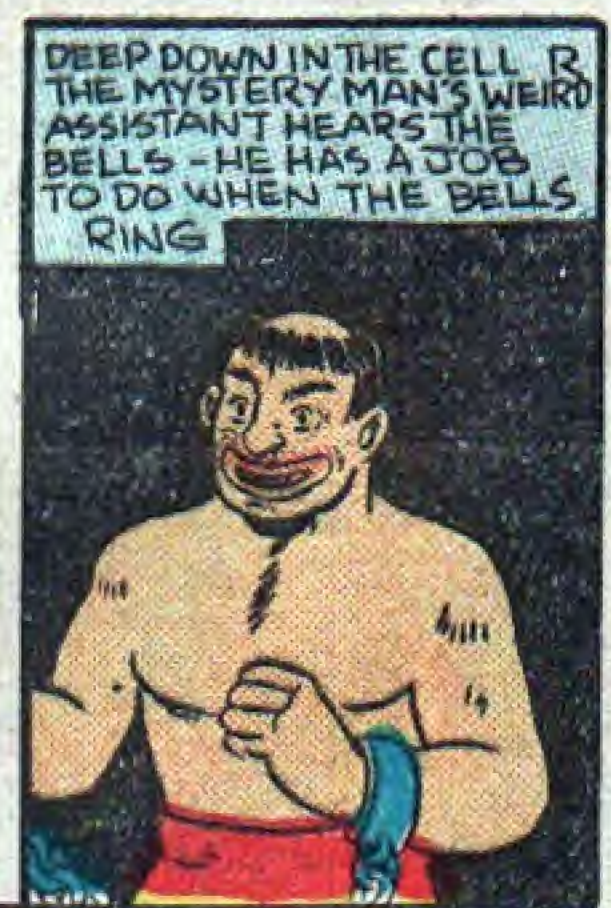
THE MAN  
HE KNOCKED  
UNCONSCIOUS  
WAS NOT  
THE MONSTER  
BUT THE  
ONLY MAN  
WHO COULD  
HELP HIM!  
IT WAS  
THE  
MIGHTY  
MAN



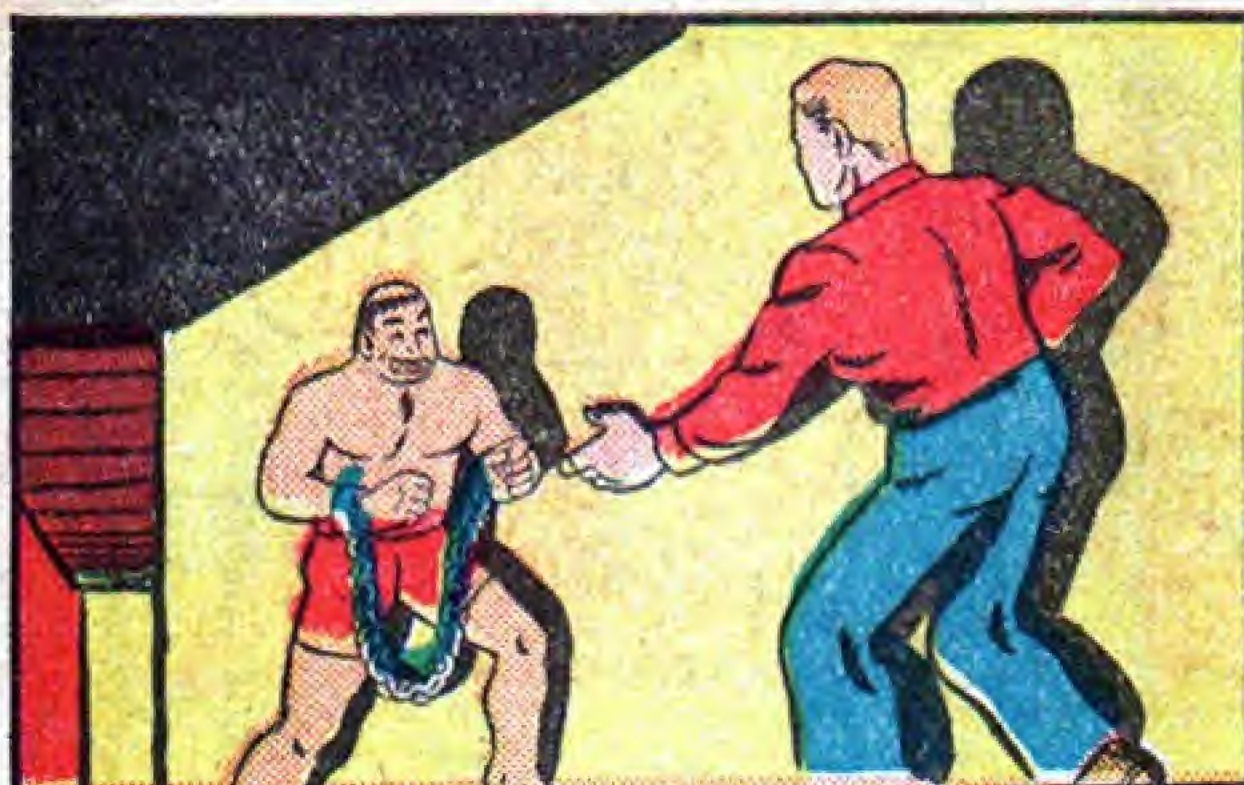








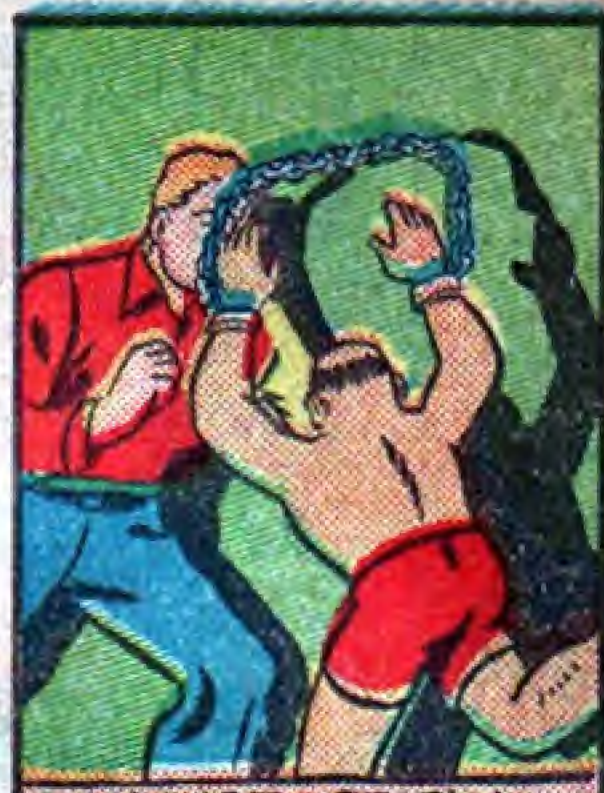




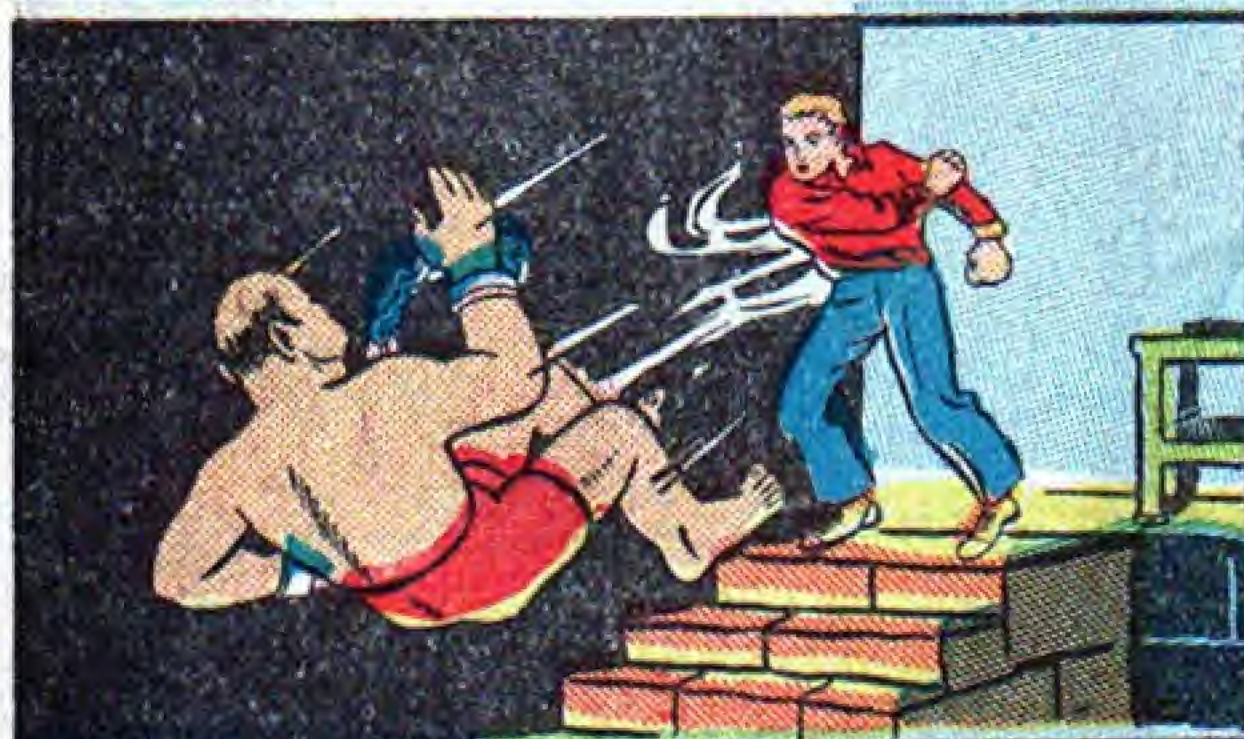
RUNNING DOWN THE STAIRWAY HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE DOG MAN - WHO WAS RETURNING FROM THE CELLAR AFTER RELEASING THE SAVAGE DOGS



NOT KNOWING THE MEANING OF FEAR THE WEIRD MAN CHARGES THE MIGHTY MAN



SWINGING THE DEADLY CHAIN HE TRIES TO LOOP IT AROUND THE MIGHTY MAN'S NECK



WITH A TERRIFIC BLOW HE CONNECTS TO THE CHIN OF THE DOG MAN. THE FORCE OF THE BLOW KNOCKED THE UNFORTUNATE MAN DOWN THE STAIRWAY



THE DOG MAN ROLLS BEFORE A HUGE GATE - HE QUIVERED ONCE, TWICE AND THEN BECAME STILL



THE MIGHTY MAN



GOSH I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU / I KNEW THAT ONLY YOU COULD TOSS THIS GUY AROUND LIKE THAT /

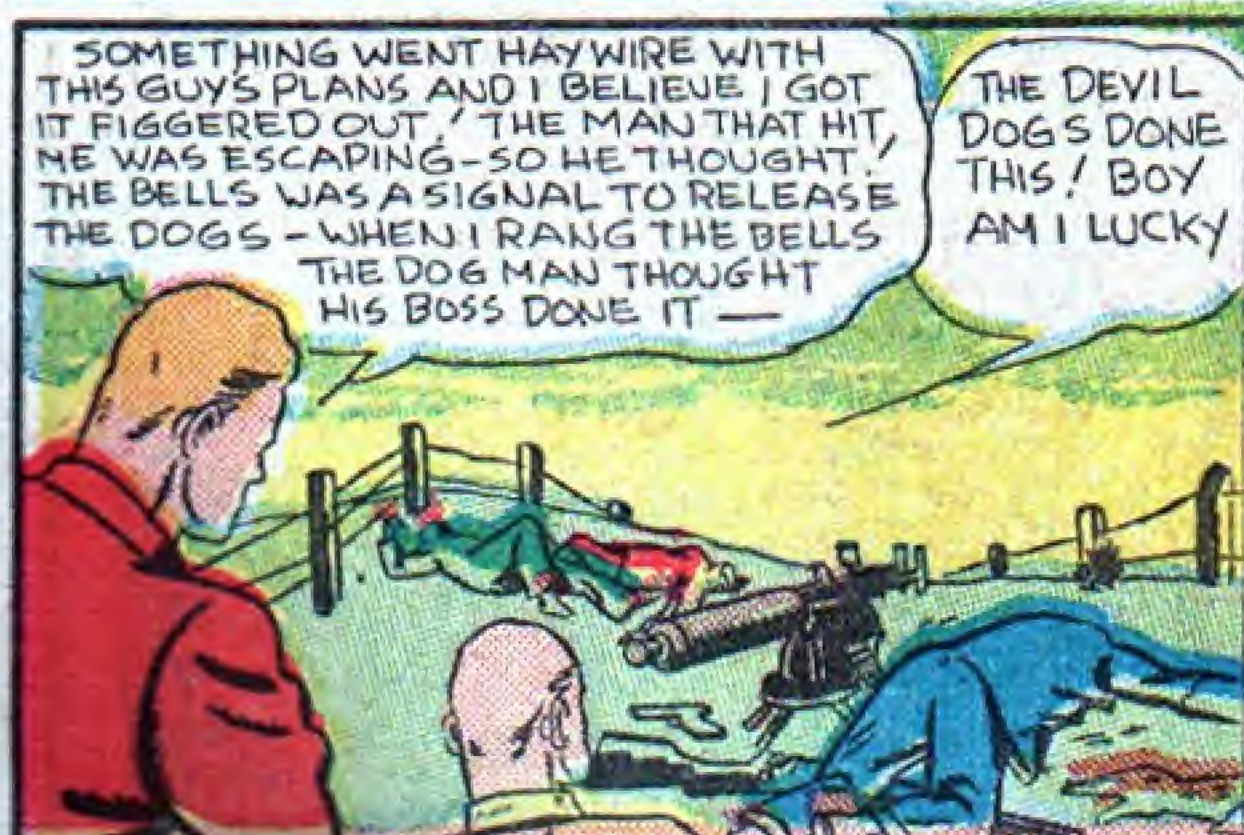
I'M GLAD I FOUND YOU / STEP ASIDE I'LL BUST THE GATE FOR YOU /



THE MIGHTY MAN PICKS UP A HUGE STONE FROM THE STAIRWAY AND BREAKS DOWN THE GATE.



WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME / BUT IF WE HURRY WE CAN CATCH THE MYSTERY MAN AND THE TWO MEN INTERESTED IN HIS SCHEME / WE MUST CAPTURE THEM /



SOMETHING WENT HAYWIRE WITH THIS GUY'S PLANS AND I BELIEVE I GOT IT FIGGERED OUT. THE MAN THAT HIT ME WAS ESCAPING - SO HE THOUGHT THE BELLS WAS A SIGNAL TO RELEASE THE DOGS - WHEN I RANG THE BELLS THE DOG MAN THOUGHT HIS BOSS DONE IT -

THE DEVIL DOGS DONE THIS! BOY AM I LUCKY

BUT UPON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE MACHINE GUN NEST THEY FIND FOUR HORRIBLY MANGLED BODIES. / [7]

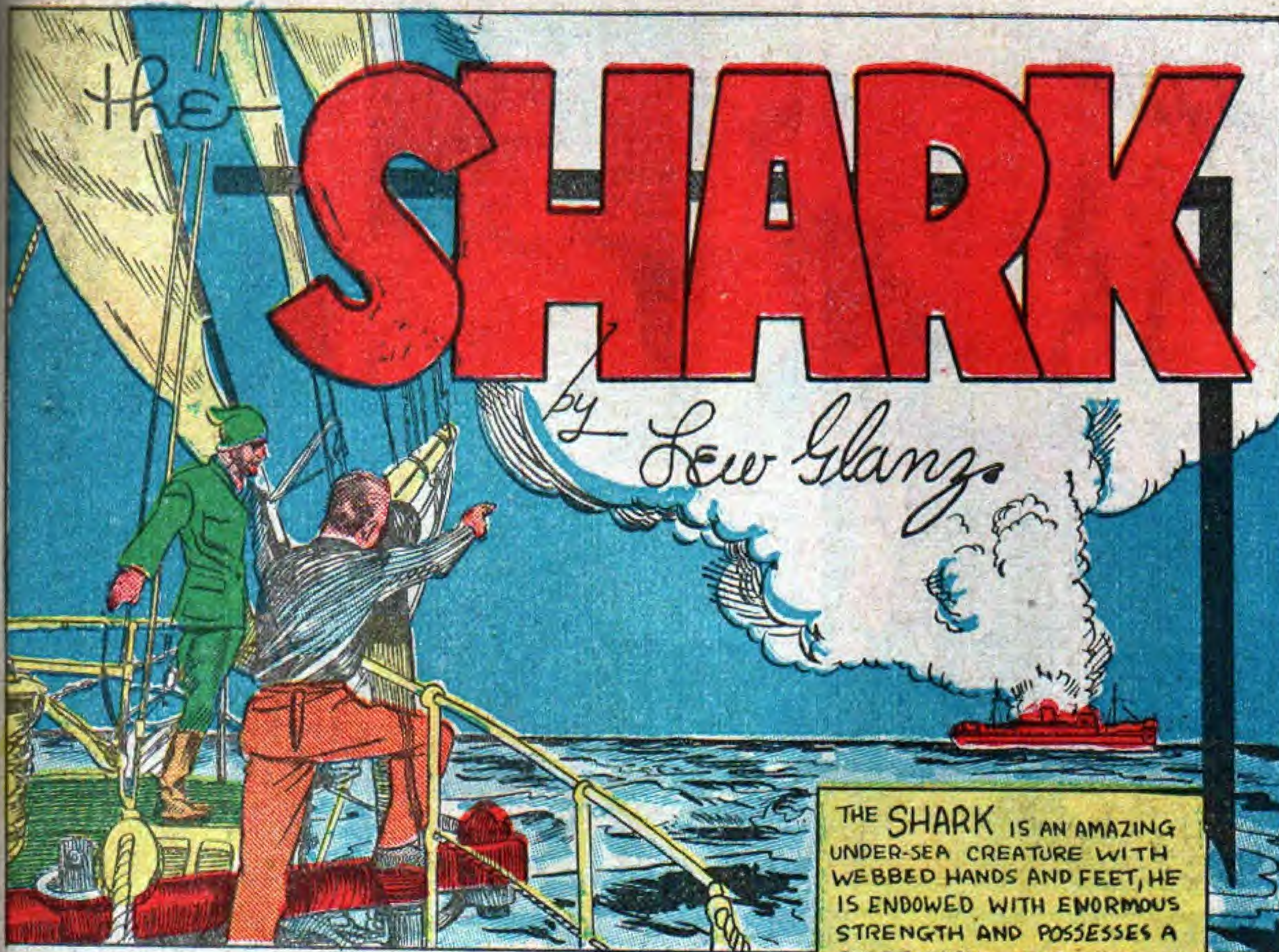


- HE RELEASED THE DOGS / THEY PICKED UP THE TRAIL MADE BY THESE THREE PLOTTERS - THESE BABIES DIDNT KNOW THE BOTTLE OVERTURNED AND THAT THEY GOT SOME OF THE FLUID ON THEIR SHOES. THE MYSTERY MAN MET THE SAME HORRIBLE DEATH HE DESIGNED FOR OTHERS / THE PROF WONT HAVE ANY MORE MISSING BOYS NOW.

THAT MYSTERY MAN HAD SOME IDEA BUT I WONDER IF IT WOULD WORK IN ACTUAL WAR-FARE.

FINIS

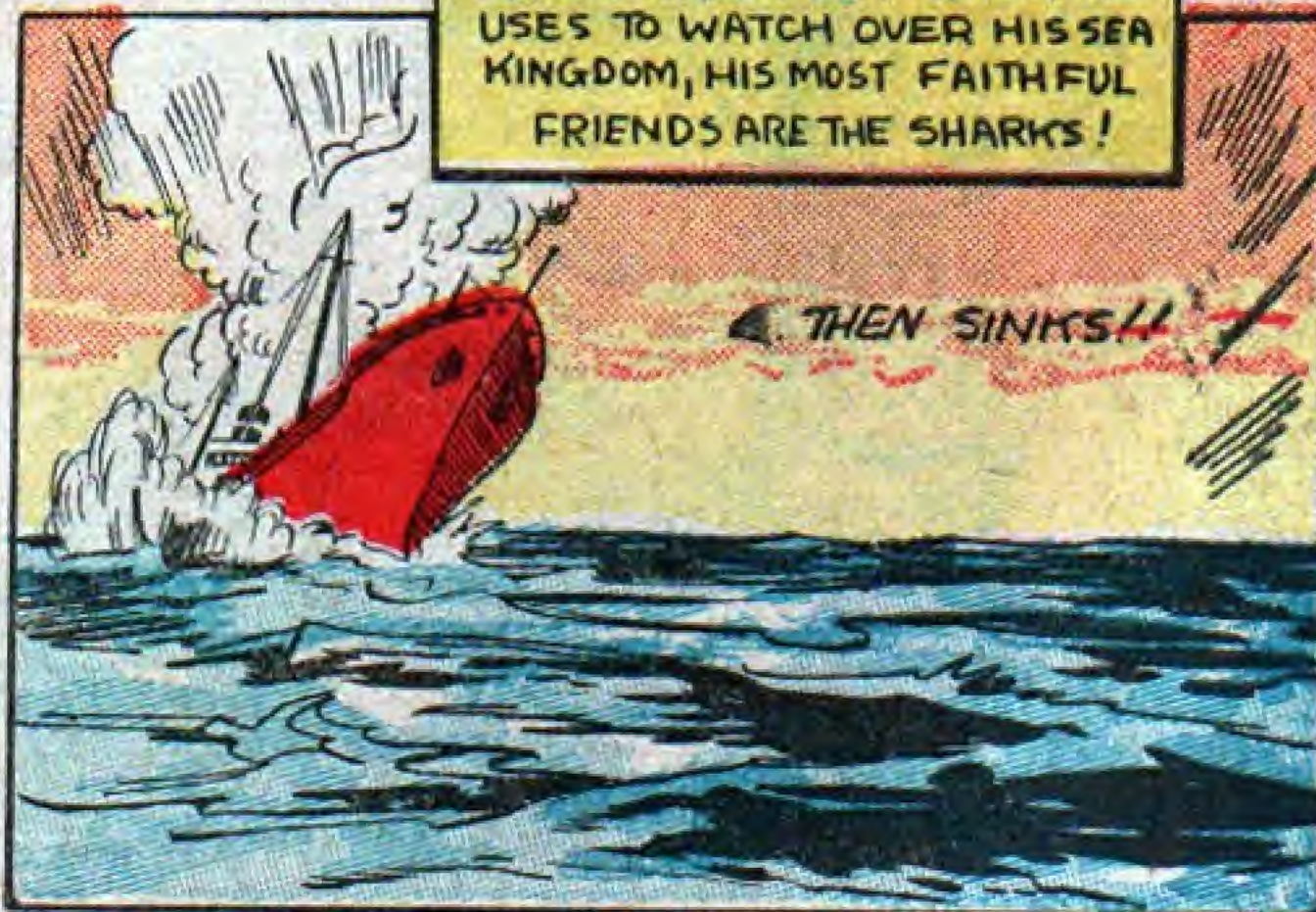




THE SHARK IS AN AMAZING UNDER-SEA CREATURE WITH WEBBED HANDS AND FEET, HE IS ENDOWED WITH ENORMOUS STRENGTH AND POSSESSES A SUPER-VISION SET WHICH HE USES TO WATCH OVER HIS SEA KINGDOM, HIS MOST FAITHFUL FRIENDS ARE THE SHARKS!



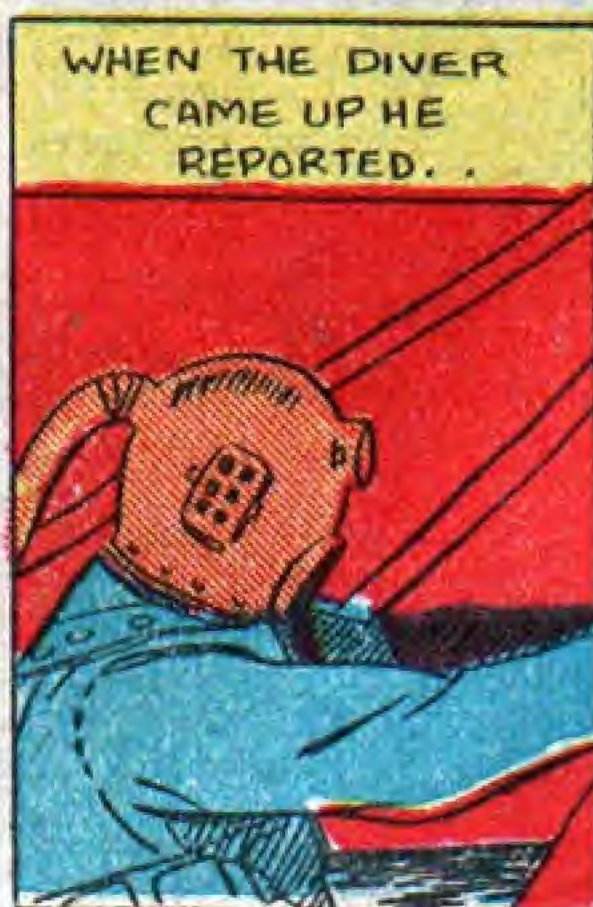
OUT ON THE HIGH SEA'S, A FISHING SCHOONER SIGHTS A BURNING CRAFT... SUDDENLY WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING EXPLOSION THE BURNING BOAT IS TORN TO PIECES



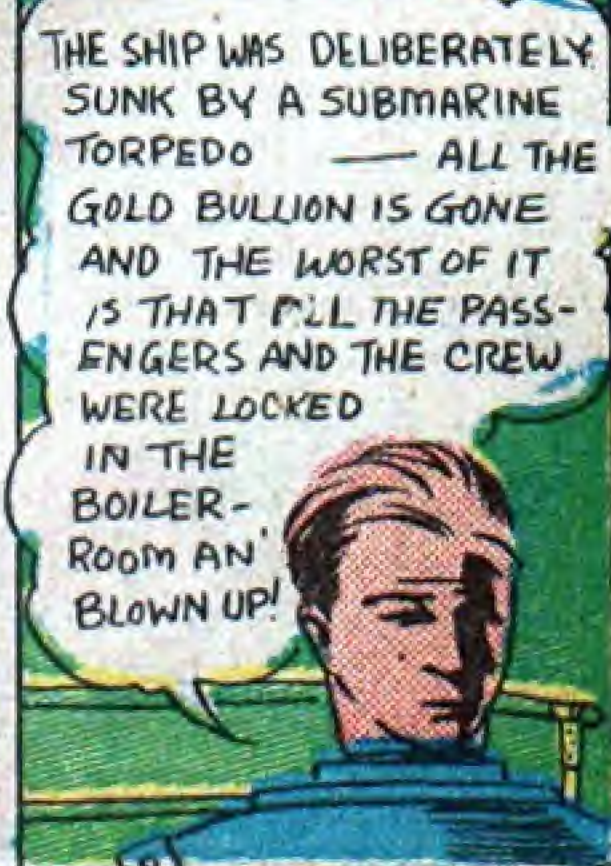
LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE A LITTLE TOO LATE, SEND DOWN A DIVER TO FIND OUT THE CAUSE OF THE DISASTER AND INSTRUCT HIM TO BRING UP THE GOLD BULLION, SHE HAD QUITE A LOAD, THAT'S ALL!

YES'R

THE COAST GUARD ARRIVE



WHEN THE DIVER CAME UP HE REPORTED...



THE SHIP WAS DELIBERATELY SUNK BY A SUBMARINE TORPEDO — ALL THE GOLD BULLION IS GONE AND THE WORST OF IT IS THAT ALL THE PASSENGERS AND THE CREW WERE LOCKED IN THE BOILER-ROOM AND BLOWN UP!



LATER ABOARD A SEEMINGLY INNOCENT  
FREIGHTER EXCITEMENT PREVAILS

CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN!  
THE COAST GUARD!  
STARBOARD SIDE!

DON'T GET EXCITED!!  
DON'T GET EXCITED!! EVERY  
THING IS COVERED UP, WE AIN'T  
GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT  
THE COPS WON'T GET WISE!

SORRY TO BOTHER  
YOU CAPTAIN VON  
SCLAGIAN BUT  
WE MUST IN-  
SPECT YOUR  
BOAT FOR FIRE  
PREVENTIONS  
AND LIFE BELTS

THE COAST GUARD USE  
THIS AS AN EXCUSE TO  
SEARCH ALL BOATS FOR CLUES

O.K.  
BOSS

THIS IS OUR  
CARGO! SOUTH  
AMERICAN SUGAR,  
BOXED!

THE COAST  
GUARD LEAVE

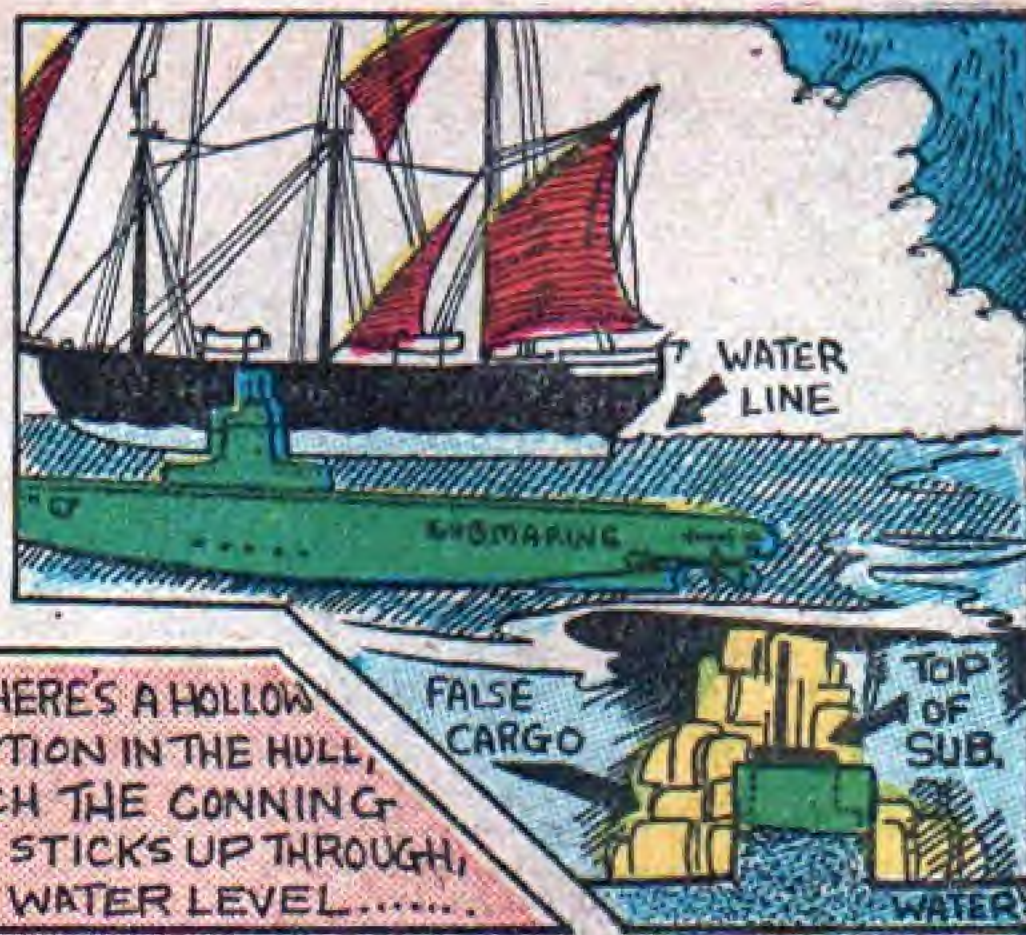
SO LONG !!!  
(YA' HALF-WITS!!)

HAW! HAW! HO! HO!  
WHAT SAPS !! IF THEY  
ONLY KNEW THAT THE  
CONNING TOWER OF  
THE SUB IS IN BACK  
OF THAT FALSE CARGO  
THEY'D KILL ME!!  
HA! HA! I ALMOST  
LAUGHED IN THERE  
FACES WHEN THEY  
LOOKED AT THEM EMPTY  
BOXES - HE!! HE!!



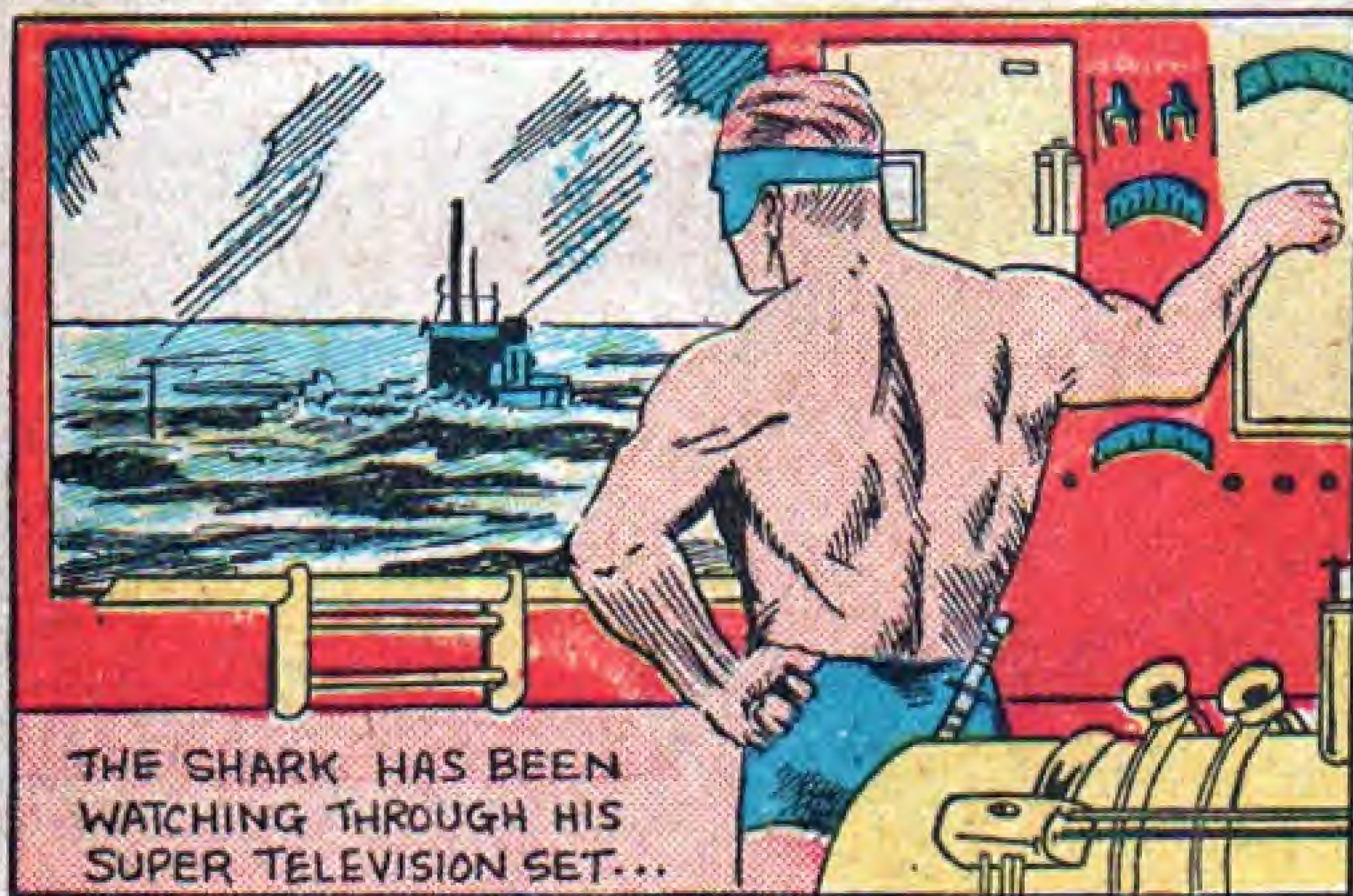
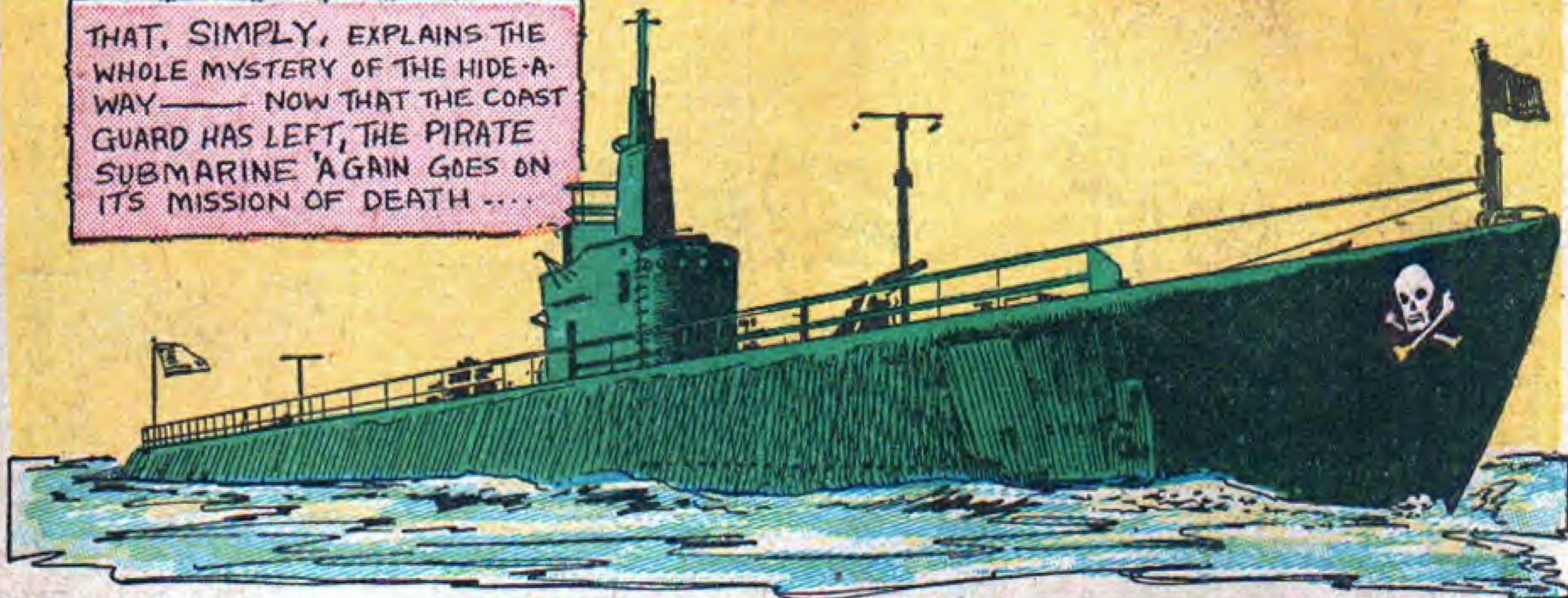


TELL THE BOYS TO TAKE OUT THE SUB AND PULL THAT JOB WE PLANNED, I'LL STAND BY THE RADIO IN CASE!

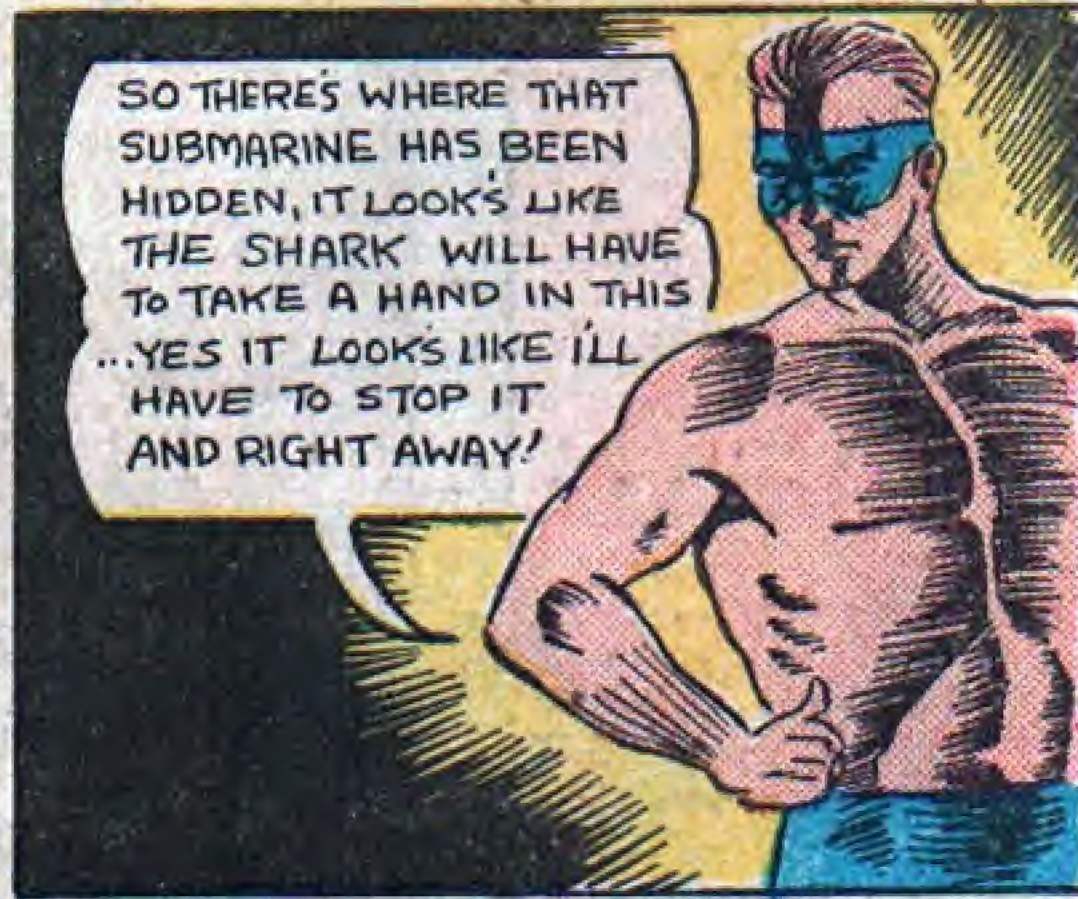


THERE'S A HOLLOW SECTION IN THE HULL, WHICH THE CONNING TOWER STICKS UP THROUGH, ABOVE WATER LEVEL.....

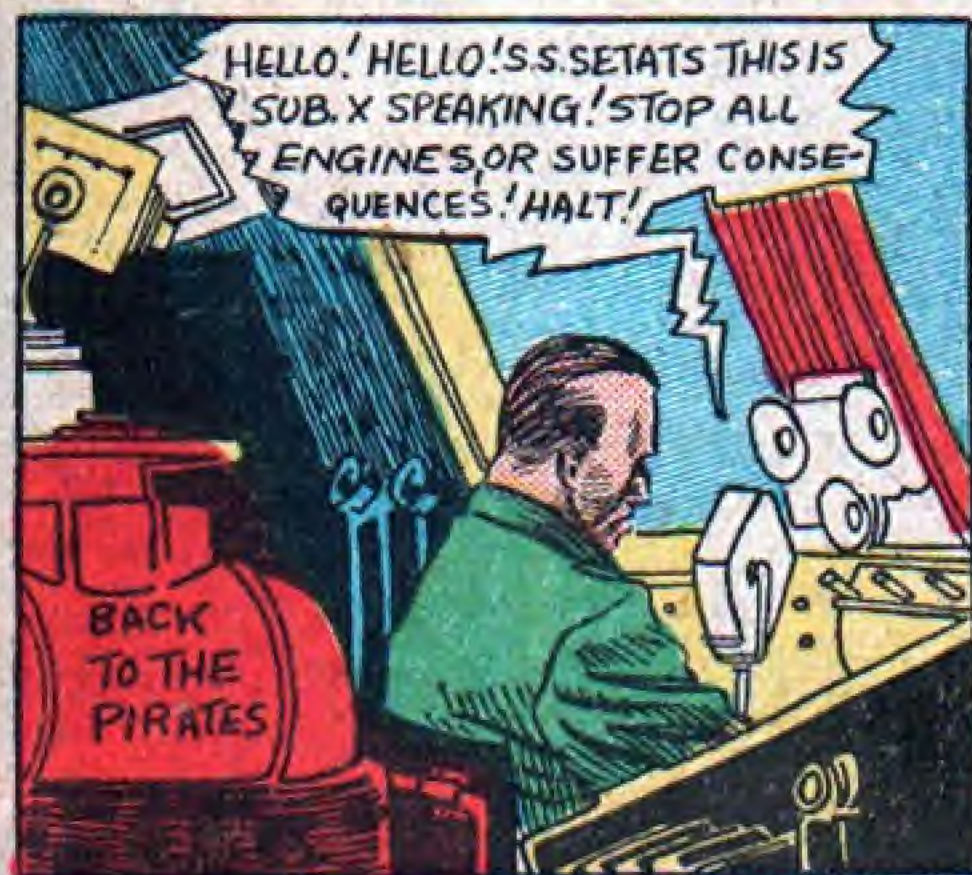
THAT, SIMPLY, EXPLAINS THE WHOLE MYSTERY OF THE HIDE-A-WAY—NOW THAT THE COAST GUARD HAS LEFT, THE PIRATE SUBMARINE AGAIN GOES ON ITS MISSION OF DEATH....



THE SHARK HAS BEEN WATCHING THROUGH HIS SUPER TELEVISION SET...



SO THERE'S WHERE THAT SUBMARINE HAS BEEN HIDDEN, IT LOOKS LIKE THE SHARK WILL HAVE TO TAKE A HAND IN THIS...YES IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO STOP IT AND RIGHT AWAY!



HELLO! HELLO! S.S. SETATS THIS IS SUB. X SPEAKING! STOP ALL ENGINES OR SUFFER CONSEQUENCES! HALT!

BACK TO THE PIRATES



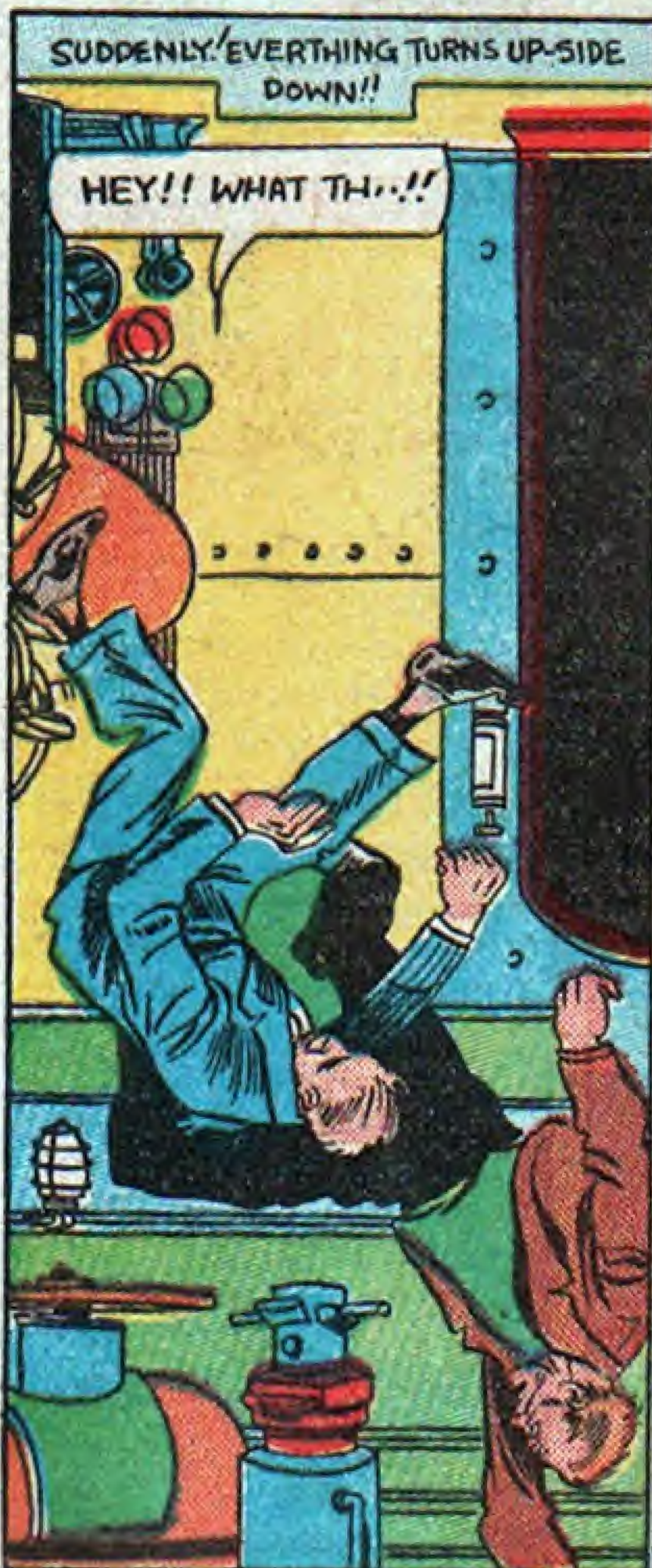
THE PIRATES FIRE ACROSS HER BOW

BAM!!



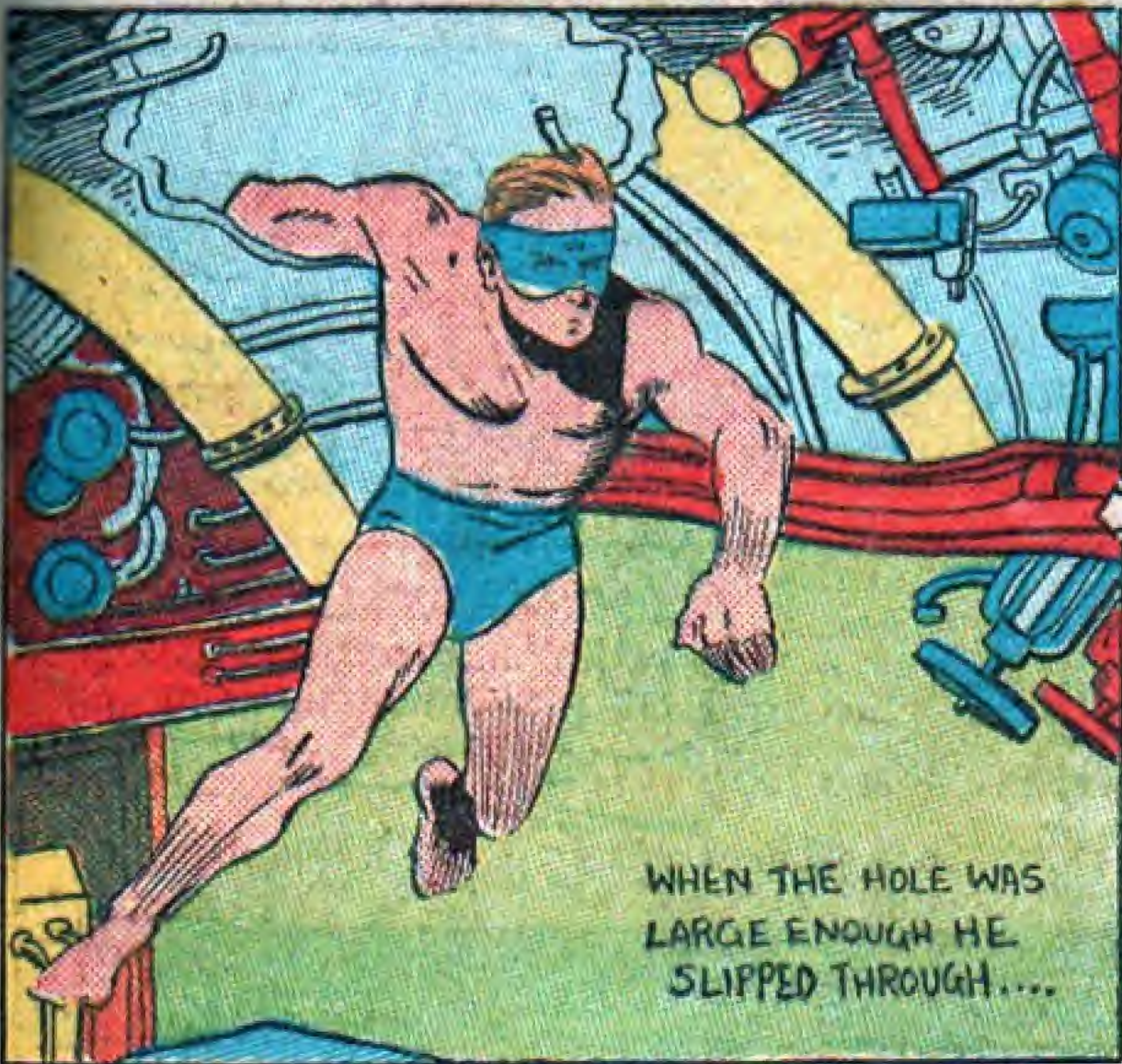
CEASE FIRING MEN! THEY'VE SURRENDERED AND WE'RE GOING ABOARD!







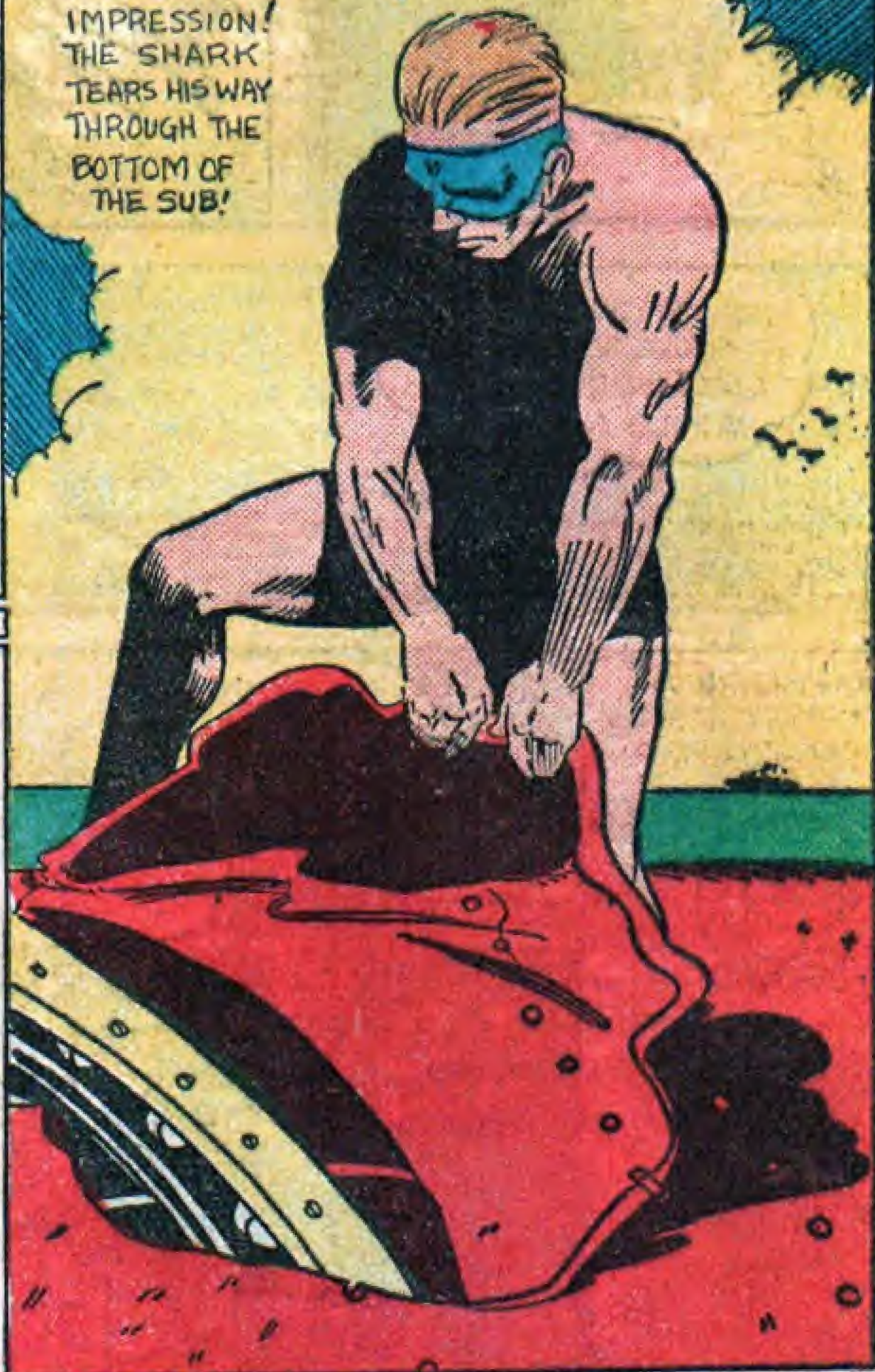
AFTER IT REACHES THE SURFACE, THE SHARK  
CLAMBERS ON ITS SLIPPERY HULL .....



WHEN THE HOLE WAS  
LARGE ENOUGH HE  
SLIPPED THROUGH....

I HAVE TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION  
ON THESE SEA-PIRATES TO SCARE  
A CONFESSION OUT OF THEM!!!

AND WHAT AN  
IMPRESSION!  
THE SHARK  
TEARS HIS WAY  
THROUGH THE  
BOTTOM OF  
THE SUB!



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES ITS  
The SHARK!!

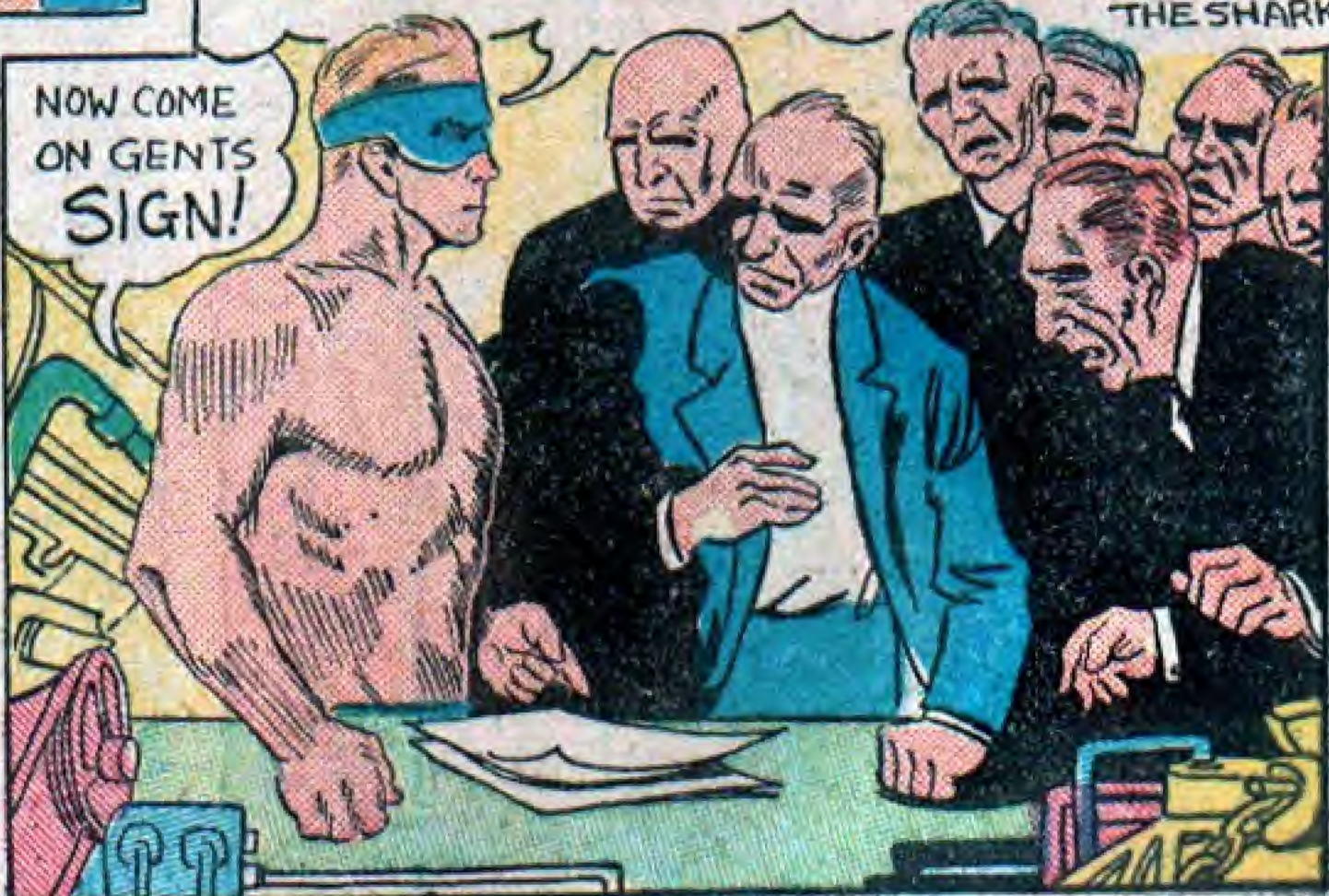


JUST STEP UP AND SIGN THESE TWO CONFESSIONS WHICH  
STATES WHO THE LEADER IS AND ALL THE OTHER DE-  
TAILS — NOW, IF THERES ANYONE HERE WHO THINKS  
HE DON'T WANT TO SIGN, I'LL JUST TELL HIM A LITTLE  
STORY ABOUT A MAN I TORE LIMB FROM LIMB AN' FED TO  
THE SHARKS

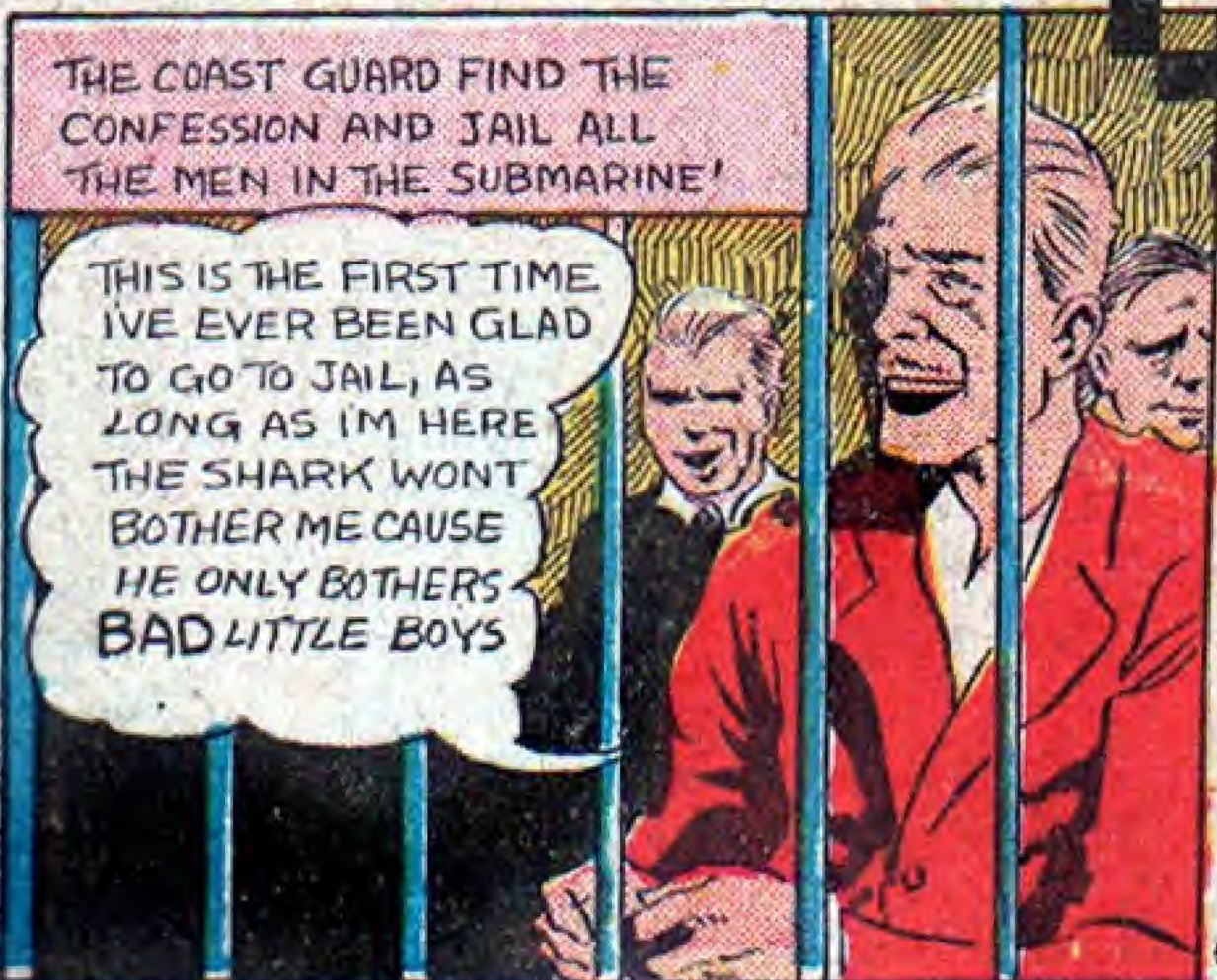
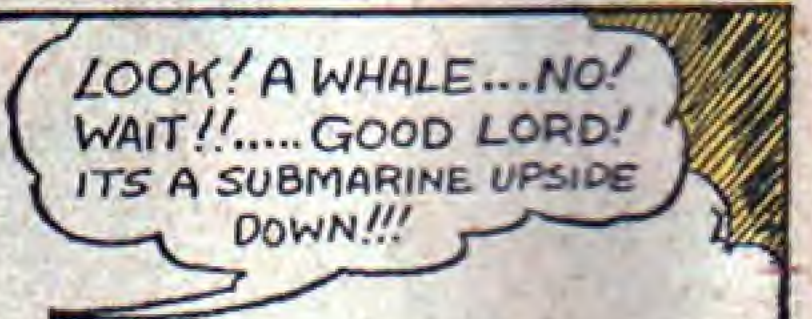
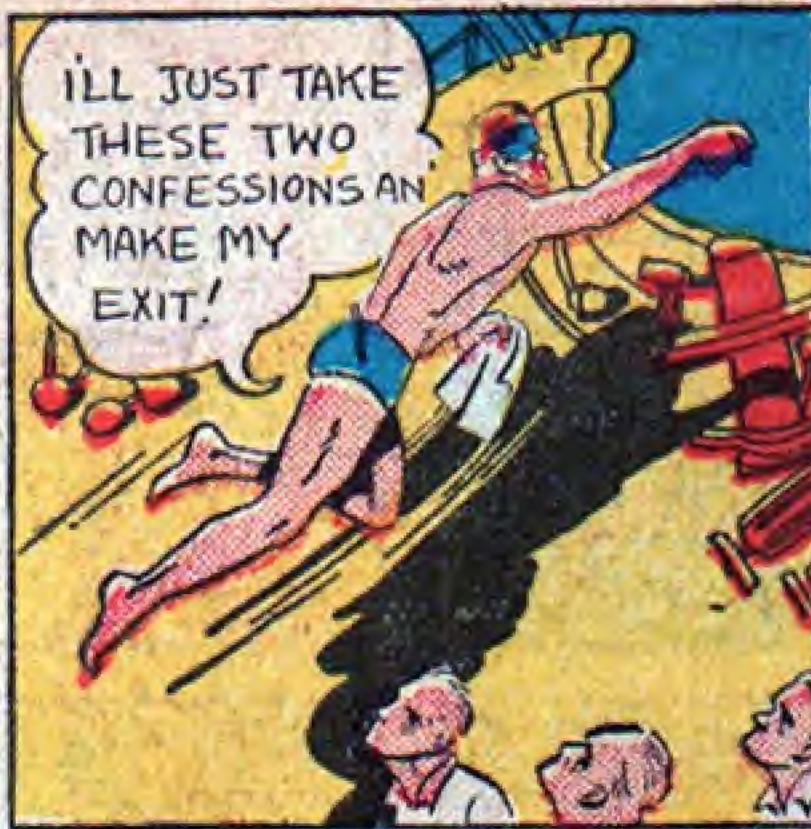
DON'T WORRY BOYS  
I WONT HURT YOU  
AS LONG AS YOU  
DO AS I  
SAY!!



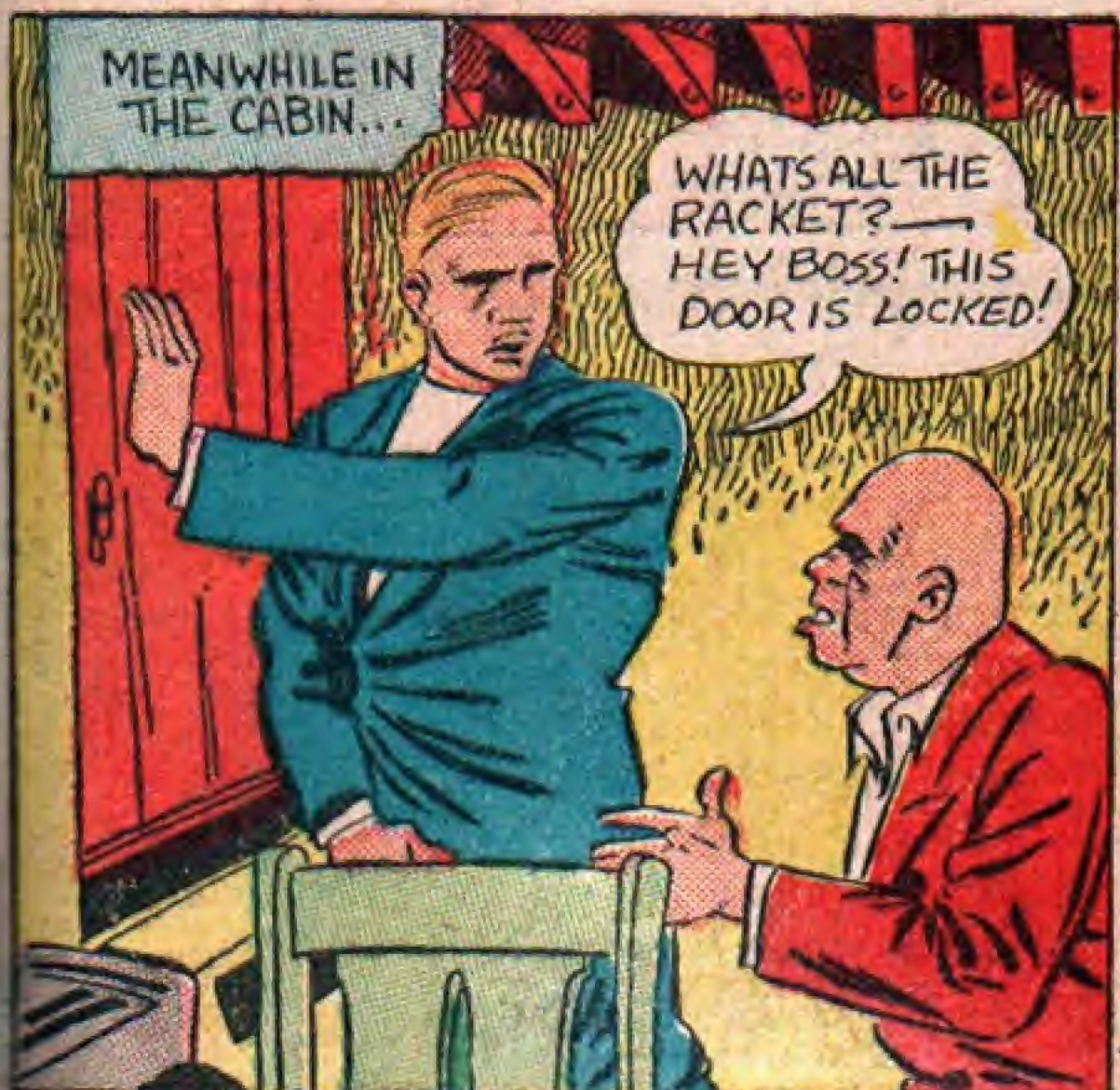
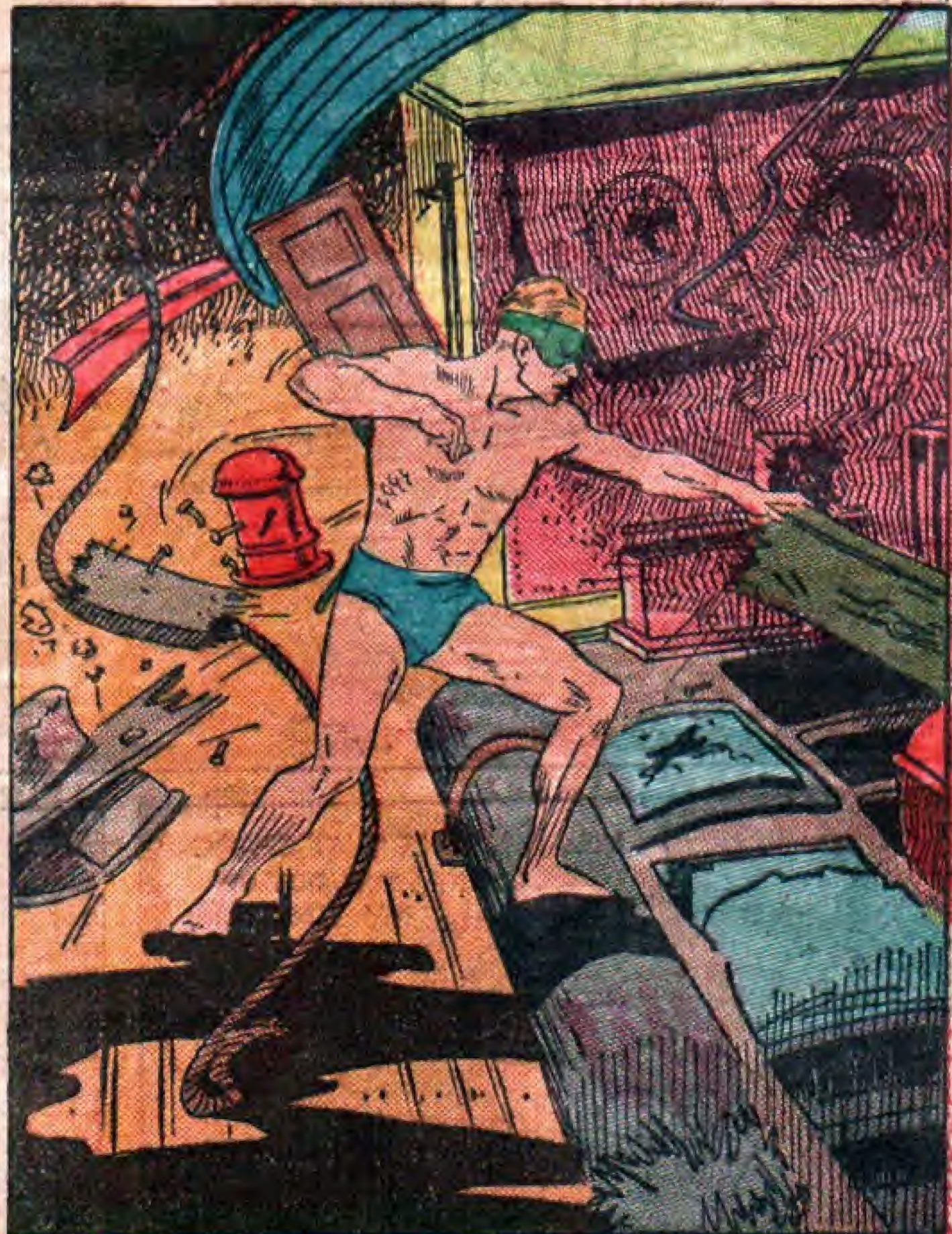
NOW COME  
ON GENTS  
SIGN!



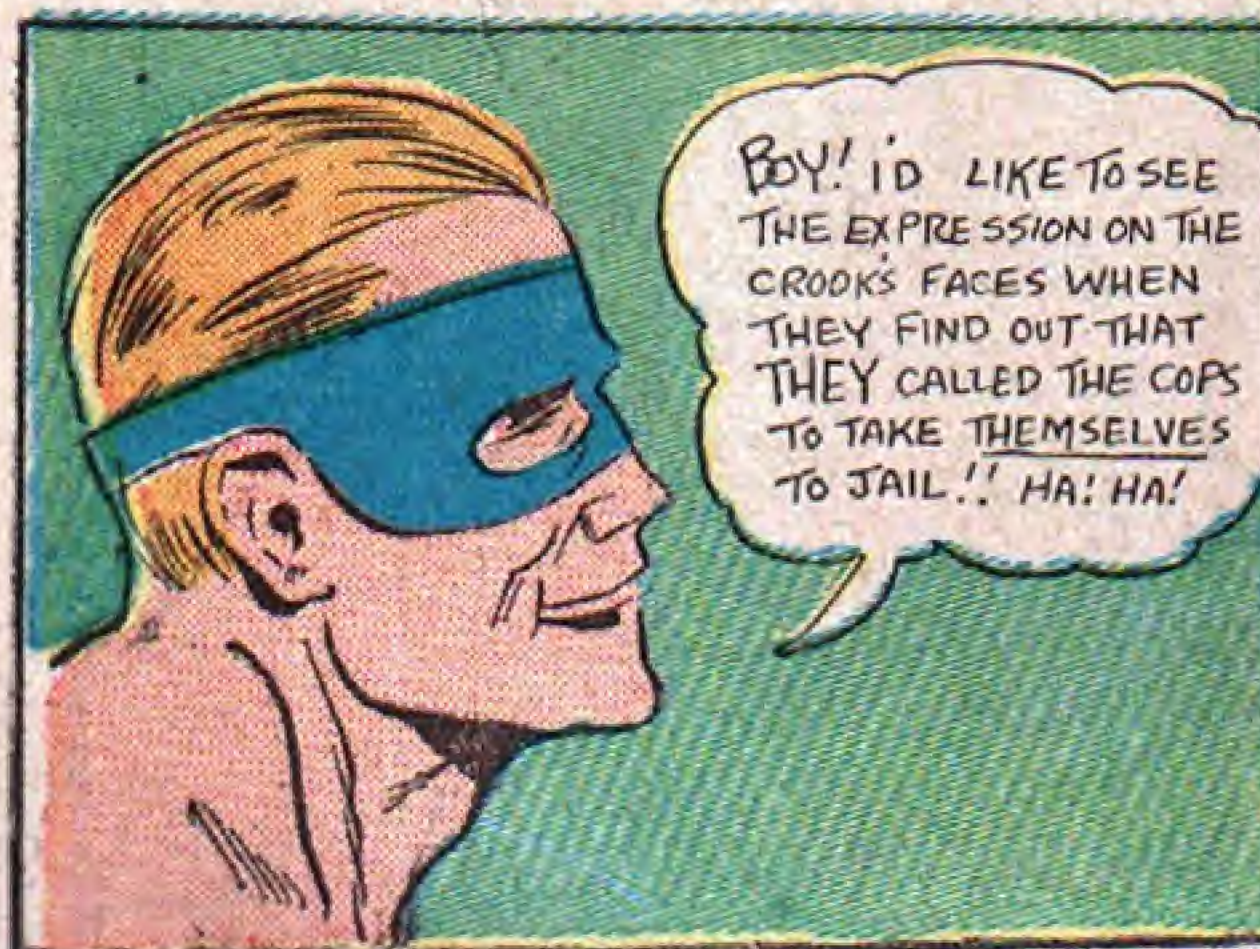
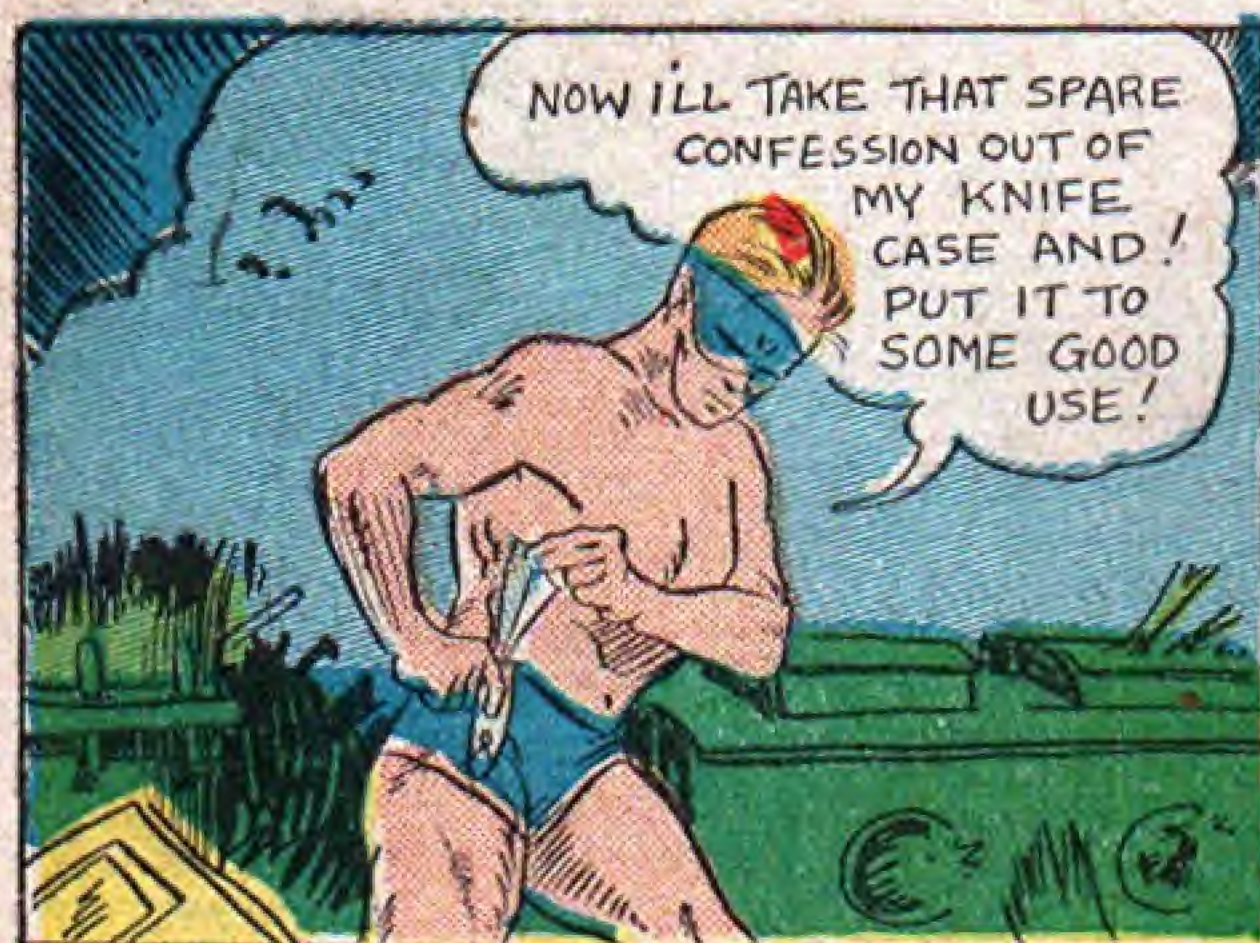




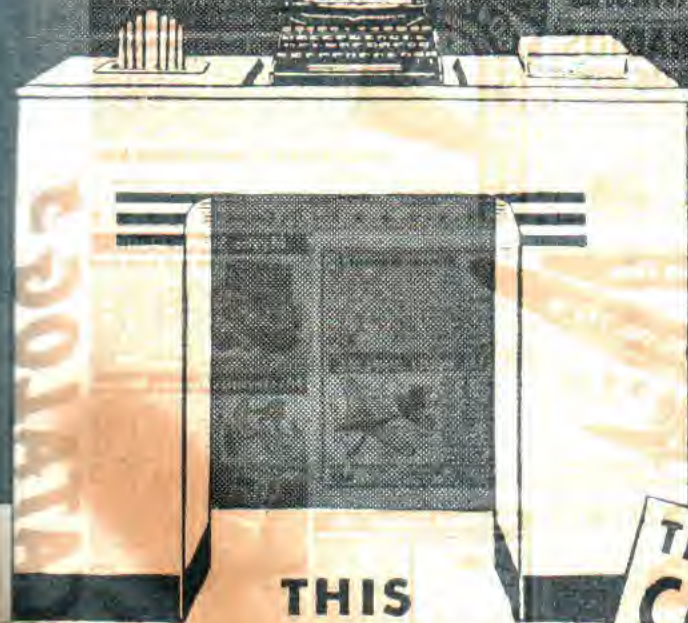












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